THE

SNOW FLAKE:

A

Holiday Gift,

FOR

MDCCCL.

PHILADELPHIA:
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Advertisement.

Encouraged by the marked kindness with which the Snow Flake has been received in former years, the publishers again send it forth among the "annual" candidates for popular favour. The engravings, nine in number, are all from the burin of that distinguished artist, Mr. Sartain, and are all engraved expressly for this work. In respect to the contents, great pains have been taken not to admit into the work anything which might offend the most fastidious, while, at the same time, the editor has aimed at a pleasing variety. Among the contributors the reader will recognise many popular favourites, such as Dr. Coates, Professor Moffat, Professor Rhoads, Mr. Donnelly, Miss Sproat, Miss Starr, Mrs. Pease, Miss Barnes, Kate Campbell, Marie Roseau, &c. Another feature of the book, to which special attention is invited, is the series of Tales illustrative of life and manners in different countries. Considering the excellence of the literary matter, and the rare beauty of the embellishments, the publishers commit their work with unabated confidence to a discriminating public.

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THE SNOW FLAKE.

MAY MORNING.

BY ELIZA L. SPROAT.

GREETED me at early day,
  Groups of girls the fields adorning;
Wreathing for their Queen of May,
  Blossoms of the morning.

Cease, I cried, o'er hill and heath,
  Wasting thus the fragrant hours;
I can make a fairer wreath—
  You shall be the flowers.

Who will be a violet?—
  Little Alice, take thy station;
Lo! thine eyes are dewy yet
  With some thought's creation.

Dainty words and bashful smiles
Wreathe thy fresh lips ever newly;
Conquering with thy timid wiles,
Harsher souls unruly.

Margaret, with pure cold eyes,
Thou shalt be a scornful lily,
Bending in a proud surprise;
Smiling calm and chilly.

Loose adown thy snowy veil,
Till those eyes, like stars of even,
Through the silver cloud burn pale,
Lighting still the heaven.

Now a rose! Now a rose!
Look at Julia, richly blushing,
Where the sun his kisses throws,
Hair and forehead flushing.

Floating o'er the crimson cheek,
Mossy ringlets fall disparted;
Darling rose! so wild, so meek,
True and fragrant-hearted.

Where shall we a daisy see?—
Yonder sits my romping Lizzie,

With her hand upon her knee,
In some mischief busy.

She has morning's golden beam
Prisoned in her flying tresses;
And the evening's rosy gleam
Still her cheek expresses.

Now the dimpled arms aloft,
Shouting to the birds above her;
Chanting now in carols soft,
Of the hearts that love her.

Geraldine, with lips of flame,
Thou shalt be a fusia, bending
Graceful near the ivy frame;
Strength and frailness blending.

Ah, thou art too purely fair;
Those sad prophet eyes are burning
With a light unearthly rare,
Neath their snow-lids yearning.

Death has dropped thee from his sheaves,
Through his harvest lately roaming:
Death returns for what he leaves;—
Bow we to his coming.

PATTY CONWAY.

A TALE OF IRELAND.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"And now she works her mammie's wark,
And aye she sighs wi' care and pain;
Yet wist not what her ail might be,
Or what wad mak' her weel again."

BURNS.

"GOD brake hard fortune afore any honest man's child!" exclaimed my worthy friend, Abel Conway—as he drew the back of his hand over his eyes, and turned to enter his own farm-house — which, *at first sight*, more resembled an English than an Irish dwelling. The windows were clean and entire; the thatch was neatly mended; the fronting free from dunghill; and, above all, the pigs were carefully enclosed in a strongly built sty.

So much for "the lights"—now for "the shadows." The windows were ill set; the door hung awkwardly upon its hinges; there were no flowering shrubs, of sly patches of woodbine and roses, clinging in helpless

beauty to the walls; and the pigs were loudly remonstrating against the injustice of condemning them to confinement. By the way, the difference of *piggish* manners in the two countries is very amusing: an English pig is a staid, sober animal, satisfied with limited boundaries, and of a quiet sort of half grumbling temperament; the Irish species is active, dirty, and bustling—a lover and talker of liberty—a sworn foe to bounds and order—and everlastingly revelling in mischief and dirty water.

Abel Conway did not approve of these dispositions in his swinish multitude, and, certainly, his farm-yard looked all the better for it. It displayed a considerable portion of rural wealth, in oaten, barley, and wheaten stacks, flanked by two substantial turf ricks, and sundry sheds. Three cows were amusing themselves in plucking the hay from a long, irregular hay-rack; while the young and interesting girl, who ought to have been occupied in milking them, was leaning over the gate that led into an adjoining paddock, her pail and three-legged stool lying at her feet, and her face buried in her hands, while her throbbing bosom plainly told that she was violently agitated. It was in vain that her mother—the comely and kindly Stacey Conway—endeavoured to render her the consolation which she herself evidently needed; the maiden only shook her head at intervals, and listened on in silence.

Two or three younger children were grouped near the house, apparently ignorant of the cause, and yet unwilling to pursue their pastime, because those they loved were unhappy. I was grieved to see that the weeping girl was no other than my especial favourite, pretty Patty Conway, ofttimes the humble, but intelligent, companion of my sea-side wanderings—a merry, but, withal, a gentle girl—a creature formed by nature as if to show how contradictions might not only mingle, but harmonize.

Patty was, by turns, gay and sad, sportive and sedate, tender and severe—a maid of many moods, but not of many minds, for her affections (however her rainbow humours might occasionally tint them) had long been fixed upon Edward Lavery; and it was the current report of the village, that as soon as somebody or other (I believe his uncle) died, he would be rich enough to claim the hand of pretty Patty Conway. I was interested in the progress of this love affair, having most certainly discovered the cause of the occasional fits of absence, awkwardness, and shyness, with which my humble friend became afflicted; and I certainly regarded the entire family, including even little Blaney (most troublesome of cur-dogs), with too much interest not to sympathize with their sorrow.

Without further ceremony, I entered the cottage; and observed that Abel was seated inside the chimney, on

an ancient high-backed settle, his youngest boy clinging to his knee. The father appeared perfectly unconscious of his caresses, for his eyes were fixed upon the curling steam that issued from an iron pot of boiling potatoes; his middle finger, meanwhile, continued almost mechanically stuffing a short pipe with tobacco, although any one might have perceived that the pipe was as full as it could possibly be.

"Good even, Aby"—(no reply.) "Aby, a kind good even to you."

"Och, my lady, is it you? I ax yer pardon—but, darlint," (to the child), "keep from under my feet, agra! Sure, I'm always proud to see ye—sit down, if you plaze, Madam—not with your back to the door, alanah! for fear of the air—here, now, is a clean chair for ye, anyhow." Abel, with genuine politeness, took off the bob-wig which partially covered a quantity of curling dark hair, and with it carefully dusted the offered seat; then, replacing the caxon on his head, leaned his back against the dresser, and crossed his feet, evidently at a loss how to commence the conversation.

"I hope, Aby, nothing has occurred to make my young friend Patty unhappy?—I saw her crying very bitterly; and, as she is a favourite of mine, I thought"—

"God bless you, my lady; I hope you'll forgive me for interrupting you: sure, it's the height o' kindness,

yer taking notice of my girl, at all at all—not but she's a good creature as iver broke bread—only a little—(I ax yer pardon, Ma'am, honey! sure, it's yerself knows the truth I am telling)—the least bit, like all faymale women, fond of having her own way. But why?—that's the luck that's afore every man, whin he enters into the holy state of matrimony, to be contradicted—you understand—and, tho' we see it straight forenint us, we think, whin we're bachelors, that, whin we marry, we'll manage the wives and daughters as asy as kiss my hand; but, God help us! it all finishes the same as in the ancient time of Adam—the women get the lead of us; and, in regard of obadience, and all that, upon my conscience, it's myself thinks it's worse they're getting, instead o' better."

"I am sorry to find you entertain so bad an opinion of us, Aby."

"Is it me? Och, Ma'am, honey, if you plaze, don't lay the colour o' that to me. Sure, I'm an Irishman, and my father and mother were so before me; and wouldn't it be unnatural for me not to love and honour all womankind, handsome or ugly, rich or poor, the foreigner or one's own. 'Bad opinion!' Sure I'd die, with all the veins o' my heart, tin times every day of my life, rather nor see a woman in trouble. And that young slip outside—let alone her mother—knows it; so she does, or, I'm thinking, she wouldn't take on so."

"But what is the cause, good Abel?"

"That's just what I'm coming to, if you plaze, my lady. You see—that is, you know—it was Patty's *luck* to meet that young wild high-larned chap, Neddy Lavery at every hand's turn; and her luck, I suppose, to pick up with him, contrary—"

"Abel Conway"—I interrupted, looking gravely at him, "what do you mean by saying it was Patty's luck?"

"Annan!" exclaimed the farmer, scratching his puzzled pate, evidently not prepared for the question.

"What do you mean," I repeated, "by Patty's luck?"

"Is it her luck!—Why her luck—sure ye'r sensible,* my lady—what's before her, ye know; the Lord save us!" And he crossed himself devoutly.

"Do you mean," I persisted, "what she cannot avoid?"

"Jist thin—that's it, sure enough—I b'lieve."—The last opinion he added doubtingly.

"If so, Aby, of course it would be unjust to be angry with my young friend, for what she could not help."

"Couldn't help!" repeated the farmer, somewhat angrily, "I didn't say she couldn't help it, did I?"

"You said it was her luck, which you have just con-

* You understand.

fessed means what is unavoidable; the same thing as not being able to help it, you know."

"Yer fine English 's too much for me," he replied, smiling good-humouredly; "I don't quite understand you, I think."

"Perhaps Patty was encompassed by a spell, which obliged her to meet Edward," I said gravely.

"You've spoke the true word, my lady—a spell, sure enough—the spell o' love, I suppose: the plague's own spell over the girls, it is—every day's bad luck to it, for bothering 'em! and, what's more, all belonging to them!"

Abel was too intent on Patty's affairs, to permit my entering into a disquisition, which I had long meditated, concerning his favourite tenet of "luck." The Irish peasants, without understanding the term, are almost, without an exception, predestinarians, and it requires both tact and temper to encounter them. They have a very provoking way of gaining a victory, (which they call settling an argument), by some *jeu de mot*, or sharp saying, which throws their adversary off guard, and invariably causes a laugh, in which lies more than the half of Paddy's triumph. A true Irish laugh is the most irresistible thing in the world:—how different from the rigid, prudent sort of muscular movement, which occasionally disarranges the stiff mouth of an Englishman, in which the eyes bear no part, and which

creates no sympathy; whereas, the laugh of my dear countrymen, is the veritable music of Momus—it will not be controlled. Heaven preserve unto them their light-heartedness! say I—they have little else to cheer them on life's pilgrimage; their green hills are covered by the rich man's flocks, while *they* perish around him; their fertile valleys are beautiful to look upon, and yield abundant harvests—yet, to taste of the produce of the land is denied the hard-working labourer; their glorious harbours, in which the argosies of many lands ride in riches and in safety; the wave that, as it sparkles on their shore, might truly say—

> "Bright wealth on my wings, for a hundred kings,
> From the sea's blue mine I bring;
> The loveliest glare that slumbers there
> I waft like a waking thing—
> While I strew the strands with diamond sands,
> And to beauty a pearl I fling."*

And even—but, alas! this digression has nothing to do with my story. So, craving my reader's pardon for the undue indulgence of my rambling propensities, and promising (if possible) to keep on in a straightforward way—I will, as an atonement, relate, in fewer words than it was told unto me, the cause of the commotion in Abel Conway's household.

* Laman Blanchard.

It must be confessed that the farmer, (an extraordinary prudent person, for an Irishman,) had, from the first, disapproved of Edward Lavery as a son-in-law; not that he could assign any specific reason for disliking the young man, but there were certain symptoms of wildness about him, which Conway feared might grow into unsteadiness. To confess the truth, the youth was somewhat careless in matters of business, was fonder of hurling than of farming, and had, unfortunately, a poetical talent, of which he was not a little vain; this vanity, however, was tolerably restrained, until, in an unlucky moment, one of his songs, called "The Irish Hunt," found its way into an obscure county paper; and Edward's mother, in the pride of her heart, and with what her neighbours called "dacent spirit," had the whole paper framed, glazed, and hung in all the dignity of glass and gold over the large oak table! This was, perhaps, natural enough, but it certainly did not improve the humility of Edward's demeanour, while it greatly impeded the course of his true love; for Mr. Conway was heard to declare, "that no young man who would give his mind to turning words through one another, after such a useless fashion, could ever come to good; and that it was ten times worse than setting up for a gentleman." Fortunately for the young people, Mrs. Conway was of a different opinion from her husband. She liked the young man for the very qualities

that had given rise to the worthy farmer's disapprobation; declared, "that he came o' dacent people—that he had a good many of the makin's of a gentleman about him—that the best wine bubbled the most at first, &c., &c., and finally, that he was just the fit husband for Patty."

This difference of opinion created, if not positive storms, certainly rough breezes in the family. Stacey would wrangle and talk, advise and declare, until she worked Conway (no difficult task either) into a passion; then the woman, wise and wife-like, would let him stamp and swear until he was out of breath and absolutely tired; then she would judiciously recommence, exaggerate all he had said, call him cruel and unkind, speak of her own worthiness and his demerits, touch him upon the tender subject, in her own peculiar way—the loves of their past lives,—appeal to him as the father of her children not to make her and them unhappy by his obstinacy,—and conclude her harangue with a shower of tears, which last had the desired effect. Abel of course apologized—gave up the point—until some fresh visit from the lover, some token discovered, or some village chat, renewed his animosity, and his wife's defence; then another debate followed on his part, with another resignation. Abel's humility on these occasions would really be a useful lesson how to manage a tyrannical John Bull.

It so occurred, that after one of these little domestic

disturbances, on the very evening to which my tale relates, Farmer Conway had gone, for the benefit of cool air and comfort, to "Paddy Murphy's Public." Just as he had finished his nice tumbler of punch, and laid down the scarcely legible London paper, that had been in constant request for three weeks at least, who should enter the region of whiskey, but "bothered Nancy Fay." Now be it known, that "bothered" signifies deaf; and Nancy was a little old cranky "bothered" woman, who travelled the country in the quality of a goose-plucker, and consequently news-vender to sundry parishes. She was an extraordinary-looking being, not more than four feet two or three inches in height, with a cunning sharp countenance, a lame leg, and a strong affection for whiskey. The feathers, which she either bought or stole, were contained in a blue cloak, sewed into a sack, and when this was strapped across her shoulders, she appeared like a misshapen roll of cloth, moving upon two red spindles, and getting forward on her journey by a swinging sort of movement rather than a regular walk; the feather bale swelled over her blackened straw hat, and the smoke which curled into the air as it proceeded from her cutty pipe, gave her appearance a most ludicrous effect to those who followed her ambling footsteps.

"God save all here!" she ejaculated, as, raising herself on the points of her toes, she unfastened the strap, and permitted the blue sack to rest on the board that

served, in the economical apartment of Mister Paddy Murphy, for both dresser and counter.

"Och Nancy, is that you?" responded the kind-hearted Conway, at the same time filling out a glass of Irish poison; "here's something to drive the could out of ye —the stuff that's the rale heart's blood of the country: take it, agra! and tell us the news."

She deliberately finished the "cappar," and fixing her little gray Munster eyes upon Abel, replied. "God's blessing be about ye, and the blessing o' the saints, and my blessing to the back of it, Mister Aby; and sure you're in luck's way this fine evening; for I heard for sartain, (and she lowered her voice confidentially,)—"I heard for sartain, that Ned Lavery, the high-go chap, that thought so much of himself and his bits of varses, 'listed with the red coats in Taghmore, and 's going to quit entirely for foreign parts. So now, astore, ye'll have yer own way for onst, in yer own house."

Abel literally sprang from his seat. If Edward had indeed enlisted, he certainly was likely to have, what Nancy had maliciously insinuated—his own way; but, perhaps, at that moment, victory was the last thing he thought of. The feeling that he had not done justice to Edward's good qualities, and had exaggerated his bad ones, was, perhaps, the first he could define, of the many that crowded his mind: how would poor Patty bear such a cruel desertion? what would his agony, as a father, be

if his own son were to enlist? When, in some degree, he conquered his agitation, he loudly and eagerly inquired where Nancy had gained her information.

"Is it where I *hard* it, astore?—Sit down, agra! and I'll tell ye. You see"—

"Thunder and ages!" interrupted Conway; "tell me, out o' the face, and don't squat there, like an ould goose—spake up, and at onst, ye bothered keener!"

Deaf as old Nancy certainly was, she fully understood the purport of this elegant oration; her little nose assumed a purple tint, and her gray eyes blinked and twinkled with spitefulness and passion.

"May the Dickens himself be at the trouble of fetching me, Aby Conway, if I say a word more about it to-night, till yer out of the house. I tould ye, for yer own good, what I was full sure ye'd be glad to hear; and thin ye turn as savage as a pluckt gander, for nothin' at all! —'Bothered keener,' agra! If I'm bothered, may-be there's other people blind! Find out for yerself, if it consarns ye. Or go down and ax yer dilicate daughter," she added, grinning; "I jist stept in, on my way, and tould her."

"Nancy, ye've no more feeling than yer ould bag," exclaimed the farmer, at the same time kicking the feather pouch with so much violence, that, in a moment, a cloud of gray and white down mixed with the smoke, and thickened the atmosphere—while Conway added, "The

next cappar of whiskey ye get from me, to be sure ye'll drink it."

"Is it throwing yer dirty, weak trash o' spirits in my face, ye are?" retorted Nancy, springing up like a fairy fury; "there it's back for ye," she continued, flinging a penny at his feet; "d'ye think I'm going to be behoulden to the likes o' you?"

Conway, perfectly aware that no good could be got of the "cankered weazel," while she remained in that humour, retreated, under the commingled cloud of smoke and goose-down; but the sounds of "My beautiful feathers! I'll make him pay for it!" followed him, even after Nancy had carefully picked up the penny which, in her indignation, she had flung before him.

When Abel arrived at his own home, Patty could not afford him any additional information. Nancy only said, that she heard Edward had enlisted, and was to march with the soldiers the next morning. "Father, dear father!—if you would only go and see—jist find him out," sobbed the poor girl, as she hid her face on her father's shoulder. "If you would only find him out—and tell him,"—

"That you're dying for him?"—interrupted the father, pushing her roughly from him.

"Not that," she replied, drawing herself up, in all the pure and conscious dignity of maiden modesty—"not *that*, father. Many years have we gathered the

same flowers, walked in the same sunshine, and danced, heart and feet, to the same music: you thought to put the couldness between us, jist as the briar parts the wild primroses, that grow from the same seed, on the hill-side. It is done now, I suppose; and you meant it for good; but all I wanted, was—jist to hear his own voice say, 'Goodbye, Patty—' and, may be, 'God bless ye!' Father, that was all!"—and she burst into an uncontrolled flood of tears.

"Me ax *him* to bid *you* goodbye—*you* that's far too good for him," said Aby, much moved, "whin he knew ye loved him? I'd suffer the heart to be tore out o' my body first? Lower a child o' mine in that way! If he's bent on going, let him go."

"It's easy to say, 'let him go,' ye hard-hearted Neabucadneazar of a man—and it's all along *your* fault," ejaculated Mrs. Conway.

"My fault!" repeated the husband, lifting up his hands despairingly. "For God's sake, woman, what had I to do with his 'listing? Och meal-a-murder! the blessing and protection of the Holy Saints be about me entirely?—and what had I to do with it?"

So saying, Aby turned from the hay-yard to enter his dwelling, but could not avoid casting a "lingering look behind," when the sight of his darling child, bitterly weeping on her mother's bosom, drew forth the simple

and touching Irish exclamation that I overheard "God brake hard fortune afore any honest man's child!"

When the worthy man had told me what I have related after my own fashion, I requested permission to go to the hay-yard, and prevail upon my young friend to enter the house.

She accepted my arm, with a stupid, unconscious look, and sat down, apparently without exercising any will of her own: she took no part in the conversation that succeeded, and her swollen eyes were fixed on the ground. Her mother endeavoured to entertain me with the usual topics of country conversation, but the effort was too plainly visible, too feeble, too slight, to veil the mental anguish, under which she suffered. Abel stood in his old position, glancing occasionally at his daughter, with a mingled expression of stern and tender feeling, that was at once both comic and tragic.

Suddenly, a footstep approached the door — it was evidently a known sound to the sorrowing girl, for she sprang forward, and, at the same moment, fell perfectly senseless into the arms of Edward Lavery. Various exclamations followed—and to the general question of "Are ye 'listed?" he answered, "No, nor sich a thing niver came across me." As Patty recovered, she passed her hand listlessly over Edward's coat, as if to ascertain what alteration it had undergone: a feeble smile passed over her countenance, on finding that his

dress was unchanged; and her eye, which still appeared filled with tears, rested for a moment on his hat—when, turning towards her mother, she released herself from his support, and said, "No cockade—no soldier!"

"Before another word is spoke," observed Conway, "I jist want to spake myself:—Edward Lavery,—you have that in your keeping—and I can't but say I'm sorry for it—that gould nor silver couldn't buy, and that is, the pure and sunny heart of Patty Conway! There, child, don't go for to deny it—though it's my firm belief, now that I'm for ye, yer mother will turn to the other side, jist by way of a change. There is no use in keeping the hand when the heart's gone; and whether your uncle lives or dies, sure I've enough for both. But, be kind to her, Ned—be kind to my girl; and remember, that a cool look, much more a cool word, is a blight, a bitter blight, to woman's love. I will niver gainsay it more—ye have both my blessing and my consint."

Edward and Patty fell at his feet—and, amid tears of joy and tenderness, the old people pronounced an earnest blessing over the trembling pair.

"How could that ould limmer make up sich a story?" said Stacey Conway, wiping her eyes, for the twentieth time, with the corner of her check apron.

"God bless her for it, the poor sarpint," replied Edward, "for it's ended well for me; and sure, Patty, 'tis only manners for ye, to ax the Lady to the"—

Patty placed her hand on his mouth, which prevented his finishing the sentence.

"It must ha' come thro' this," proceeded Edward—"the sargent 's a first cousin o' my mother's half-brother's wife, and, out o' good nature, he trated me at Mick Luke's house; and while I was sitting there, in came Katty Flin, the ould gossip, and she began telling the misthress how bothered Nancy was plucking the geese, and was to pay her so much apiece for them—'but,' says she, 'for fear she'd pluck the goslins, the craturs, that's green yet, and their skin as tender as May-butter, whin my back's turned, I'd better go watch.' 'Do,' says I, glad to get sight of her back, 'and tell her I'm 'listed.'"

Patty Conway and Edward Lavery, were married the very next week, and a merry wedding they had. The bridegroom gladdened his father-in-law's heart, by taking an oath against poetry; and Patty presented to her husband's mother a beautiful sampler, which, when framed and glazed, made an admirable companion to the "Irish Hunt."

MUSINGS.

BY PROF. JAMES RHOADS.

Softly the tears of the sorrowing evening
Gather in crystal, on grass-blade and flower,
Brightening the greenness and freshening the blossom,
Cooling the breezes that welcome the hour.

Sweetly in song now the pitying night-bird
Warbles its praise to the heavenly throne,
Pours forth in music its kindly emotions,
Thankful but plaintive, contented but lone.

So to the heart of the desolate mourner,
Softly and sweetly fond memories bring,
Images life-like, of dear ones departed,
Resting in bliss where the Cherubim sing.

Thanks to our God, ever loving and gracious,
Frost nips the flower, but soon spring shall renew it;
Youth fades in beauty, to brighten in loveliness;—
Dark is the storm-cloud, but light shall break through it.

Dreary and sad though our pilgrimage here be,
Griefs and afflictions in mercy are given;
An hour of existence on earth they embitter,
To fit us for bliss during ages in heaven.

THE ACCEPTED.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

I.

I THANK you for that downcast look,
And for that blushing cheek;
I would not have you raise your eyes,
I would not have you speak:
Though mute, I deem you eloquent,
I ask no other sign,
While thus your little hand remains
Confidingly in mine.

II.

I know you fain would hide from me
The tell-tale tears that steal
Unbidden forth, and half betray
The anxious fears you feel:
From friends long tried and dearly loved
The plighted bride must part;
Then freely weep—I could not love
A cold unfeeling heart.

III.

I know you love your cottage home,
Where, in the summer time,
Your hand has taught the clematis
Around the porch to climb:
Yon casement with the wild rose screen,
Yon little garden too,
How many fond remembrances
Endear them all to you!

IV.

You sigh to leave your mother's roof,
Though on my suit she smiled,
And, spurning ev'ry selfish thought,
Gave up her darling child:
Sigh not for *her*, she now may claim
Kind deeds from more than *one;*
She'll gaze upon her DAUGHTER's smiles,
Supported by her SON!

V.

I thank you for that look—it speaks
Reliance on my truth;
And never shall unkindness wound
Your unsuspecting youth:

If fate should frown, and anxious thoughts
Oppress your husband's mind,
Oh! never fear to cling to me,—
I could not be unkind.

VI.

Come, look upon this golden ring—
You have no cause to shrink,
Though oft 'tis galling as the slave's
Indissoluble link!
And look upon yon church, the place
Of blessing and of prayer;
Before the altar hear my vows—
Who *could* dissemble *there!*

VII.

Come to my home; your bird shall have
As tranquil a retreat;
Your dog shall find a resting-place,
And slumber at your feet;
And while you turn your spinning wheel,
Oh! let me hear you sing,
Or I shall think you cease to love
Your little golden ring.

THE GAME OF LIFE.

A TALE OF FRANCE.

BY REYNELL COATES, M.D.

"How fortunate it is, Citizen Liancourt," said Camille de Bourbon-Vendée, "how fortunate to enjoy the privileges of younger sons, in times like these. Though of noble blood, we have but little to lose by the abrogation of titles, and if the departments in general display but half the spirit of loyalty that distinguishes the *paysans* of La Vendée and the Rhone, God and the King will soon recover their rights, despite the roaring of Messieurs, the sovereign mob."

"Life is a game of chess, *mon ami*," replied Liancourt, "and our stake, though not very high in honours, is sufficiently deep in wealth to make us wary in the game. The mere convocation of the States-General, though the extravagance of our system rendered it inevitable, was a serious move, and the destruction of the Bastile a most formidable check. In the first summons of the *tiers-état*, I saw an impending mate!"

"*Qu'importe ces bêtises?* The King can never be taken, and the Queen has sufficient power to relieve him,

under almost all possible circumstances, dark as the prospect appears at present."

"Perhaps! Our *superbe* Austrian has certainly moved over the board in all directions with a determined purpose, but you have seen with what strange pertinacity Neckar has succeeded in always placing his master on the wrong square. Who shall set bounds to the consequences of his errors?"

"And do you then really anticipate permanent anarchy from this succession of fierce *émeutes* in the capital?" inquired M. de Bourbon-Vendée.

"Most assuredly, Citizen," replied his friend; "the ravings of the Academy have crazed the nation; morals are at an end, religion has become a jest; throughout all France the hand is armed against the head, and a convulsion is even now in progress in which her vitals will be torn by her own suicidal fingers.—Oh, Liberty! what crimes shall be committed in thy name!"

"Your forebodings, my dear Liancourt, are singularly gloomy for one who bears honourable wounds encountered in defence of liberty. Is this the sad result of your experience in the school of Washington and our own glorious Lafayette?"

"I tell thee, Camille, the equality of man is a vain dream of the philosopher. In a millennial age such doctrine might hold good, but now!—France is not ripe for liberty."

"So, then, you view even the young republic of the West, the new Hesperian star, as a mere transient meteor, a flash of momentary brightness, serving no other purpose than to render the moral darkness still more palpable. I had promised myself better things, and cannot but believe that from our own fermentation there will arise a permanent and wise reform. *Toujours en avant!* The march of mind can never retrograde."

"*Peut-être! Toujours en avant*, through seas of blood! But I may have spoken rather too strongly. America was peopled by men accustomed to the exercise of chartered rights. The oppressions which drove them from the parent country were spiritual rather than social wrongs; and flight, with them, was not less honourable than resistance; for it saved human life, and victory in a religious war would have resulted only in a change of despotism. The very air of the unbounded woods in which those fugitives took asylum, breathed only freedom; the savages, who could alone dispute their tenure of the soil were free, even freer than themselves; and when the starry banner of the West unfurled its stripes in proud defiance, on the first weak invasion of popular rights, its opening folds were hailed by the wild shouts of millions, nerved by the sunshine of a century of undisputed liberty. Alas for France! What likeness can there be between Washington, with his Virginian Cavaliers and northern Puritans, and Brissot with the

Girondists or Robespierre with the rabble of the Mountain? The King, confined by the mob within the walls of Paris, is wellnigh fatally checked; and, the Queen in danger, what hope can there be in the game? The future is red with the hue of blood!"

The speakers were both originally gentlemen of La Vendée, and related not only to each other, but to the noble house of ———. Camille still resided upon his patrimonial estate; but Liancourt, after having served with Lafayette in America, had removed his family to an elegant villa in the neighbourhood of Lyons, which had become vested in him as part of the property of his deceased wife; and he was now a visiter to his cousin on the seaboard. The time was the middle of August, 1792; the blush was already beginning to grace the sunny side of the grape; and here, on the very eve of the Reign of Terror, the two friends had wandered forth into the park, in order to enjoy the calm beauty of the fields and forest, so strangely in contrast with the fierce passions and horror-fraught fermentation of the national mind.

That the gloomy forebodings of Liancourt were permitted to mar the peaceful influence of the scene was not surprising; for the almost hourly report of startling occurrences at that eventful period, foreclosed the possibility of peaceful thoughts in one to whom the capital was more familiar than the comparatively quiet province;

and even as he spoke, his words received fresh confirmation.

Bounding along the grassy path that led from the rear of the mansion of Camille, down rushed young Alphonse de Bourbon-Vendée with eager haste.

"*Mon père! mon père!*" shouted the youth, though still distant from the group, while his long, dark, waving curls streamed forth upon the breeze, and the broad skirts of his embroidered coat flapped like a banner. As the gentlemen turned suddenly to face the messenger, they saw the chiselled features of the youth working with strange emotions. The passion of maturer age sat like a tyrant on the smooth brow of eighteen, and the dark hazel eye flashed lightning.

"What news?" cried the somewhat agitated father, when the panting boy came within reasonable hail.

"A sword! give me a sword, *mon père!* I go to perish for the King and France!" replied the noble lad, while horror and resolve contended for the mastery in his expressive countenance.

"The King!—what of the King?" exclaimed both gentlemen in a breath.

"Give me a sword, I say! The mob have again assaulted the Tuilleries; they have driven the King and all his family into the tiger's den, and the *maudite* Assembly have consigned them to the Temple. Give me a sword, *mon père.*"

The gentlemen gazed into each other's faces with a deep meaning.

"The beginning of the end!" said Liancourt.

"And what do you propose? We are Frenchmen!" inquired Camille, deferring to the greater age and experience of his cousin.

"Give me a sword, *mon père!*" reiterated Alphonse firmly.

"Young man," replied Liancourt, "your loyalty does honour to your heart, and your courage is natural to your age and blood; but loyalty mistimed is a vice, and courage without prudence and discretion leads to crime. Would you rival the *bonnets-rouges?* you of an honourable house! Your single arm could only add to slaughter,—if not upon the field, why then upon the guillotine. France will want champions when Louis is no more,—*l'état ce n'est pas lui;* and noble blood, alas! is scarce and will be scarcer: pursue your studies, sir; your destiny is not yet ripe."

"*Alphonse, mon cher,*" said the father, "retire now, if you please. The cause of France demands more able heads than yours, and we would confer alone. When I shall see fit occasion for your services, you shall not lack a sword."

Filial duty, in the class and age to which Alphonse belonged, was held a higher virtue than it is in our modern world of rampant independence, where the

mental freedom, born of so many revolutions, displays itself, sometimes to culpable excess, in the domestic circle. The young man bowed, and quietly withdrew.

"And now," added Liancourt, "in reply to your question, Camille. The King a prisoner, we must perform our duties. How stands the peasantry of La Vendée?"

"Noble and peasant, loyal to the core. The people will be fired to madness by this awful outrage, and with L'Escure for council and Laroche-Jacquelein for desperate chivalry, La Vendée is a citadel impregnable to all of France. Oh! that the King were here!"

"Then, Camille, be it yours to assuage the popular fury; but fan the flame of loyal patriotism, and bide the issue of events. Just now, the Mountain rules supreme. I will to Paris, and through you advise your noble Vendéans of the current of affairs. Success depends upon the choice of time. There must be no mistake."

"*Ha! ha! ça ira!* The weasel climbed to the eagle's nest, but the eagle had sharp eyes!" cried a keen, but musical voice, close in the neighbourhood. Both gazed around in astonishment for some time, unable to detect the source of the sound; but presently, the attention of Liancourt was attracted by the singular motions of a small bundle of straw, apparently wind-lodged upon the top of a thick hedge, at the distance of a few feet. While his gaze was riveted for a moment upon this object, he suddenly observed two penetrating eyes, peering from

beneath it—their keen light shining through the green foliage of the hedge. They were of that profundity of well-like blackness which seems to cover and conceal unfathomable meaning, and the awe which such eyes are calculated to inspire, was enhanced by the meteoric scintillations which rendered still darker, by contrast, the intensity of shadow.

For a single instant, Liancourt, extremely startled, debated with himself what beast of prey thus boldly faced the broad daylight; but immediately remembering that he was now in La Vendée, where the wolf is the sole marauder, and not in the wilds of America, with bears and cougars, the truth flashed fully upon his mind.

"Ha! traitor! eavesdropper!" he shouted; and with uplifted cane, he cleared the hedge at a bound, in pursuit of the intruder.

Leaping and springing with the agility of a gazelle, a female, fantastically dressed,—her head-kerchief decked with the tricoloured cockade and interlaced with nodding straw and flaunting ribbons,—was seen in full career towards the neighbouring grove: and as she fled, she raised her hand aloft, shouting in a shrill, unearthly voice, "*Qui va la? c'est un aristocrate! Ha! ha! ça ira!*"

A few seconds sufficed to convince Liancourt that pursuit was useless, and yielding to the banter of his Vendéan friend, who congratulated him, *à pleine voix*,

upon his probable victory over an Amazonian antagonist, he retraced his steps.

"Who can this singular being be? and what means she by these ominous cries?" said he, as he rejoined his friend.

"Some unfortunate lunatic, beyond doubt," replied Camille; "I am surprised you should be so moved by her harmless ravings."

"There was more meaning in her eye than belongs properly to insanity," returned Liancourt; "France is covered with the emissaries of the vile clubs of the *faubourgs;* and had you witnessed the procession of the populace to Versailles in '89, you would not smile at my agitation at finding our conversation watched even by a woman. That woman wears the tricolour, and utters revolutionary cries, however incoherently:—the pretence of lunacy is sometimes a convenient cloak. But let her pass! In these troublous times, there is one thing that oppresses me with care, and acts as a serious restraint upon my motions. Mademoiselle Liancourt, motherless and just seventeen, remains at my villa near Lyons, with no other protector than our good old housekeeper, Dame Julienne. While I am watching, at Paris, for every opportunity to serve the unfortunate monarch, who will defend *ma chère Violette*, when the hurricane, now brewing at the centre, shall extend its fury to the more distant provinces?"

"*A propos* to your inquiry!" said Camille. "The business of education is at an end, in consequence of the troubles. My fate is linked with that of La Vendée; and in the desperate struggle that now appears inevitable, the noble house of —— will not fail to leave many a victim on the field. Alphonse is not so far removed from the line of collateral succession, but that the fate of war may render him, in time, the representative of our hereditary honours—"

The speaker paused, in some embarrassment; for there were reasons connected with the old conventional prejudices of French society which rendered the delicate subject of his thoughts peculiarly difficult of approach.

Seizing, with the constitutional quickness of his race, the object of his friend, and changing the current of his ideas from grave to gay, with truly French vivacity, Citizen Liancourt exclaimed laughingly, "*Ah, ah! mon ami!* So, you would play a double game. Well; Love and War are twin sisters; why do you not proceed? The *salique* law may guard the throne, but it bars not humbler successions. Mademoiselle Violette stands between Alphonse and a Marquisate, if it should please Bellona and the *sans-culottes* to remove four prior heirs; but can you not neutralize this little advantage on her part, by a slight increase in the settlement?"

"My wealth," said M. De Bourbon-Vendée, "is far inferior to yours; and hence my diffidence in making a

proposition which would throw these young persons into a closeness of association, not warrantable by the rules of propriety, even between cousins, until after an arrangement."

"Alas, my friend! *Messieurs les bonnets-rouges* have already removed the disparity in point of title, and the fate of revolutions is likely soon to remove that of wealth also;—but what assurance have we that these young ones will approve our measures?"

"I trust, M. de Liancourt, that my son has been too faithfully educated to rebel against the will of his parent, or to substitute his own for the superior judgment of experience, in a matter so nearly affecting his own happiness and the honour of his family."

"All very appropriate to the notions of the *ancien régime*, M. de Bourbon-Vendée: but just now the honour of our house is in the keeping of the Legislative Assembly; to-morrow it may be in the wardship of the Jacobin Club; and—tax me not with yielding too much to the progress of the age—I have learned, in America, that after the exercise of kindly parental advice, and the proper regulation of circumstances in the management of affairs of the heart, the exercise of parental authority is unnatural and dangerous. Individual happiness is safest in the hands of those whose interest is most immediately concerned; and *ma pauvre Violette* shall be left, in this respect at least, to follow

the popular doctrine of Liberty, Equality, and universal Fraternity. What say you then? Let Alphonse retire to my villa on the Rhone; and there, in the intervals of study, if he think fit to amuse himself with a small game upon Love's chess-board, with hearts for stakes, while we are busy with the loftier struggle involving thrones and sceptres, so let it be! Should the contamination of the times infect too strongly the people of our province, his arm may be a shield to my poor motherless child: there will be deep sympathy between them; for he too is motherless; and Cupid will give bonds, if I mistake not, that no other quarrel shall lead him to endanger the succession of the old house of ——, by risking his young life in the high cause to which we owe our own, should adverse fate demand them. This arrangement will leave us free, and *Dieu défende le droit!*"

The arrangement being completed, the gentlemen returned to the mansion, and the afternoon was spent in calm deliberation on the plans of action best suited to the exigencies of those fearful times.

When the family were assembled at supper, these plans were made known to Alphonse. M. de Bourbon-Vendée was to remain in the province, and assist in preparing for the rising of the people, in defence of the monarchy, should it become necessary and feasible; M. de Liancourt was to proceed to Paris, cautiously to report the doings of the Assembly, the plots of the *Commune*, and the action of the Mountain and the populace;

while, in the mean time, Alphonse was to travel post to Lyons, with letters of instruction to Dame Juliette, and to consider himself specially charged to watch the feelings of the tenantry and act as special guardian to his beautiful and accomplished cousin. But it was strictly enjoined upon him to avoid all popular commotions, and not to attempt the interchange of correspondence, unless upon direct request or in circumstances of extreme emergency, lest the motions of these rational patriots should become known to the emissaries of the mob.

During the evening, young Alphonse, whose mind seemed labouring with some important secret, requested a private interview with his father, and, on retiring to the library, narrated an incident characteristic of the times, which occurred during the afternoon. By the mystery with which it was connected, it had given him much uneasiness. As this incident has relation to one of the actors in our little drama, it is proper briefly to describe it.

On leaving his relatives in the park, mortified and chagrined at the lecture of Liancourt, which impugned so unceremoniously the manhood of eighteen, Alphonse avoided the mansion, and strode with energetic footfall, but without special object, though swelling with high resolve, towards the town of Bourbon-Vendée. As he approached the suburbs, the noise of a popular broil arrested his attention:—"Take her to the *maire!*"—

"*A bas le maire!* he is a creature of the Convention."—"To the horse-pond with her!"—"Who contemns the Convention? *Vive le peuple!*"—"*Vive le Roi! Mort aux ennemis du Roi!*"—"*A bas les bonnets-rouges!*"—"Kill her!"—"No; take her to the magistrates." Such were the cries that came upon his ear, commingled with curses and expostulations in measureless confusion.

Alphonse sprang forward, and on turning the corner of a hedge, came suddenly upon a crowd of peasantry in terrible commotion. A glance sufficed to show, that the mass was engaged in dragging an unfortunate female by a by-path, towards the main road leading to the town. She was a small, active-looking brunette, not more than twenty-five years of age, originally dressed in a fantastic garb of particoloured muslin, now rent and torn by violence, until its real character was scarcely discernible. Her bosom, partially exposed, gave evidence, by numerous black and blue marks, of the brutality of those by whom she was surrounded; and one knee, protruding through a broad rent in the skirt, was already stained with blood. The face, wrought into fury by the outrage to which she was subjected, still bore the marks of no ordinary beauty. That beauty even enhanced, perhaps, by the terrible energy of passion, as trampling, *par force*, upon a turban, ornamented with ribbons, straw, and a tricoloured cockade,

her coal-black eyes flashed tiger-like, her jetty curls hung round her like the snakes of Medusa, and, regardless of the blows and missiles of the infuriated mob, she snapped with demoniac rage at the shoulders of the two rude townsmen who held her pinioned upon either hand. That she had thus far escaped with life, was due to the exertions of a few who dared to uphold the cause of the revolution among the loyal peasantry of La Vendée, and who now added to the Babel of the crowd, by keeping up a score of independent personal contests, in the midst of the general struggle.

To dash into this *mêlée* was, with Alphonse, the instinctive impulse of a moment. The habitual respect of the peasants for the son of one of their most valued proprietors, immediately opened him a passage to the centre of the crowd.

"Unhand her instantly!" he shouted at the pitch of his voice. "Would you disgrace the name of man, and the fair fame of the *Bocage*, by murdering a woman? Unhand her, poltroons and cowardly assassins!"

The peasants shrunk back in very shame; but not so the two ruffians who held her arms: as part of the rabble of the town, they partook not of that deep but manly respect for their superiors in wealth and education, which characterized the patriarchal society of that pastoral province. "She has been singing the *Marseillaise* and '*Mort aux aristocrates!*'" they cried; and,

seizing upon the opportunity offered by the partial separation of the crowd, they would have hurried their bruised victim violently forward.

"She is a lunatic! Unhand her, I say," was the reply of the young man; and finding that he was not instantly obeyed, he struck one of the savage persecutors to the earth, by a well-directed blow. At the next instant, he would have fallen beneath the arm of the other, who relinquished his charge, to avenge the fate of his companion; but half-a-dozen peasants threw themselves before the infuriated man, with the exclamation; "Would you assault the son of M. de Bourbon-Vendée!" Liberated for a moment, by this little affray, the persecuted female stepped to the side of Alphonse, as if to claim his protection, and placing her lips close to his ear, breathed, in a hissing whisper, these ominous words:

"The son of an aristocrat has saved the life of the Nameless—the Nameless will guard him, when the wolf is on the trail."

Then, with a sudden spring, she rushed through an opening in the crowd, leaped a hedge, traversed a small field, bounded across a ditch of extraordinary width, shook her left hand on high, and shouting "*Ha! ha! ça ira!*" disappeared in a neighbouring thicket, with the major part of the rabble in full, but ineffectual pursuit.

"You have acted nobly, my son," said Camille,

when Alphonse had completed his narrative. "Alas, that the fury of party should lead to scenes like this, in the quiet and peaceful Bocage — the paradise of shepherds! But there is method in this madness, *mon cher;* I fear that M. Liancourt has reason for suspecting this singular being, as an envoy of the Jacobins. *Eh bien!* the time may come when this act of kindness may be of use to you and yours. We have fallen upon evil days, and the humblest instruments are sometimes used by Providence, to accomplish great results."

On the succeeding day, the parties separated; Liancourt to mingle unobtrusively with the populace of Paris; Camille to confer with Henri de la Roche-Jacquelein, and Alphonse to play his game upon Love's chess-board, by the banks of the rushing Rhone.

The sun rose and set upon the blue hills of the Rhone. The summer flowers bloomed and faded beneath the almost Italian sky; the autumn fruits blushed, ripened and were gathered; the rains fell, the forest leaves paled and were scattered, and the mountains assumed their robes of snow;—but within the villa of Liancourt reigned an unvarying spring. A moral earthquake shook the capital of France; tower after tower of the time-honoured barriers of human rights tottered and fell, and the air of France was thick with the groans and agonized cries of the mutilated victims,

struggling beneath the ruins;—but, within the villa of Liancourt all was peace. Oppression scourged the beautiful city of Lyons; the coffers of the rich were drained to supply the wants of the Convention and the extravagance of the tyrant Chalier; a heavy contribution was even levied upon the estate of Liancourt, and the poor old steward wept as he paid over the hardly won totality of his resources;—yet, still the air of the proud halls trembled with music, and happiness unbroken reigned throughout.

Was the day gloomy?—Alphonse gazed into the love-lit eyes of Violette de Liancourt, and wondered that sunshine should be thought beautiful! Was the night stormy?—Alphonse dwelt upon the downy cheek of Violette de Liancourt, and dreamed not of the moon! Day after day, eve after eve, these two young beings sat misplaying at the game which, of all games, most clearly represents the game of life; while good dame Juliette stood calmly by and smiled, and blessed her stars that the tenor of her master's letter relieved her from the disagreeable duty of checking the free converse of the lovers, or sighed as visions of her own bright youth rose up before her, mirrored in those juvenile faces. What mattered it to Alphonse that the wide world trembled at the horrible convulsion that shook all Europe to the centre?—there passed not a shadow over the brow of his beloved. What mattered it to Violette that murder

and rampant violence were shaking the faith of mankind, even in humanity itself?—her trust could not be shaken!

Once only, in five long months, a letter from the father of his chosen one reminded him, with a momentary feeling of dread, of his connexion with the seething, bubbling, and fermenting cauldron of revolutionary life. It bore date September 3d, and was delivered on the 20th of November, to the porter at the lodge, by a seeming mendicant in tattered garments, who spoke no word, but passed on, as if desiring to shun all observation.

"Horror upon horror!" said the note, which was written on an unsealed slip—crumpled, torn, and soiled, and bearing neither signature nor superscription. "Yesterday I witnessed the massacre of the prisoners. You will hear the details, which I dare not write. I passed the ranks of the infuriated female demons, through which they were compelled to run the gauntlet. The hags were in the act of tearing to pieces the body of a victim. One woman darted from the crowd. I knew the tiger eye! Her arms were bathed in blood. She held a heavy bludgeon, she whispered hurriedly in my ear, 'The weasel in the eagle's nest! The Nameless has sworn to defend him and his! Fly!' Then leaping back into the ranks, she shook her left hand high above her head, and crying, '*Ha! ha! ça ira!*' proceeded with the

work of murder. Would to God, I could be with you! but my duty must be done. Beware!—This maniac seems friendly; but beware! Farewell!"

A natural uneasiness on account of his uncle, and perhaps that of his father also, involved as they both were in the immediate dangers of the struggle, cast a momentary gloom over the heart of Alphonse, and it was heightened by the mysterious conduct of the strange wanderer who called herself the Nameless. Love sympathizes with mystery; and he could not avoid the impression that some hidden destiny had linked his fate with that of the wretch whom he had saved from the mob on the outskirts of Bourbon-Vendée;—but just as he concluded the note, Mademoiselle Violette appeared, and the gloom passed away like the mist of the morning.

Beautiful morning of Love! How richly thy golden light flows over hill and vale, tinging with glowing hues alike the bald front of the savage precipice, and the bright green carpet of the meadow! Even the crime-furrowed front of revolution lost its terrors in those young eyes, seen through that magic veil. But the tide of time rolled on, and the rosy light was destined soon to disappear beneath the black wing of the hurricane.

Towards the end of January, 1793, the political game upon which the nations had been gazing in a trance of astonishment for four long years, was closed in blood.

The last legitimate move had been made on the 10th of August, at the time when our tale commenced. Now, every law was broken;

"And all but the after carnage done."

Nothing remained but the brutal and ferocious struggle of the gamblers for the stakes.

Yet even the great tragedy of the age,—the death of the unhappy Louis, the royal victim of centuries of accumulated wrongs, himself so blameless,—proved insufficient to arouse young Alphonse from the lethargy of love. It is true, that when the aged steward announced, with blanched cheeks and trembling voice, the fearful news, he sprang from his chair, though seated by the side of the surpassingly lovely heiress of the villa;—true, his first thought was on his sword, and the luxury of a patriot's revenge;—but as he had almost reached the door of his apartment, his glance, in turning, fell upon the terror-stricken face of Violette de Liancourt, and a smile stole over his features, as he calmly resumed his seat, with the remark; "Let kingdoms fall and thrones be overturned! My home, my hope is here!" Some stronger cause than a mere monarch's death was needed, to dissolve the enchantment of love's witchery, woven round two trusting hearts of bright eighteen; and alas! a sadder motive was not long delayed.

It was a beautiful evening in the beginning of April;

and the park was glowing with spring flowers, and the trees enrobed in the freshest of vernal green. The cousins were seated on the portico of the villa, which overlooked the Rhone,—their feet protected from the chill marble pavement by a strip of India matting. Between them stood the chess-board; and, as the shadows of twilight began to settle slowly down upon the landscape, Alphonse, who was a finished player, perceived that the pieces had accidentally assumed the position known to amateurs as Philidor's legacy. The blacks were with him, and the move was with the whites. He smiled as he recognised his inevitable fate; for, unless from some bad play on the part of Violette, five moves must terminate the game. He smiled as he thought how little he desired to change that destiny which left him thus dependent upon her; but there was sadness in the smile. His action in the game was now mechanical; and leaning his head upon his hand, he watched the play of thought in her soft blue eyes, as she considered the various combinations of the play; the expression varying like the light and shade glancing athwart a field of flax, as it surges and ripples with the breeze. For the first time in the history of his love, a prescience of coming evil pressed upon his soul; and he seemed as if slowly awakening from a long and blissful dream, to the more and more perfect consciousness of the horrors by which he was surrounded, involving not only himself, but those also to whom he

owed his birth and present happiness. The narratives of blood and outrage, heard, but unheeded since his arrival at the villa, came over him like the vague memory of strange sounds heard in slumber. Then arose the recollections of the pale, perplexed, and care-worn brow of the old steward, the sad looks of the impoverished tenantry, the gradual change from finery to simple plainness in the garb of good dame Juliette, the neglected conservatory, the disordered park, and all the accumulated marks of poverty, so carefully guarded from his own and Violette's observation, by the affection of the hereditary domestics. He thought, with a shudder, of the cause of all these evils,—the oppressions and exactions of the villanous Proconsul Chalier, squatting like Fuseli's nightmare, upon the heaving bosom, and gloating over the tremor of the beautiful limbs of Lyons, as they hung supine and powerless over the green banks of the Rhone.

The arched brow contracted, the muscles of the soft smooth cheek grew marked and rigid, the gentle lip was curled, the fingers twitched convulsively, and the teeth were clenched, as he gradually awakened to the full sense of the dangers steadily and fatally inclosing one, that to him was dearer far than life. Still he played on mechanically, and the game drew towards the inevitable close. "Coward and fool! thus to be idling on the

verge of a volcano! Is this my love for her?" were the words that flashed into his mind, and wellnigh forced an utterance.

"Mated! I have you now!" exclaimed Violette, springing from the table, and throwing herself laughingly into another chair. But instantly perceiving the stern looks of the young man, she added, in trembling tones, "What ails thee, dearest Alphonse?"

To cast himself at her feet, seizing her hand between his own, was the work of a moment. Gently smoothing his long black glossy curls, she raised his face towards hers, and looked down into his eyes, as a star looks into a shadowy brook,—all love, and calm, and heaven.

"What ails thee, Alphonse!"—The waves of the shadowy brook were stilled.

"Ah, Violette! who could gaze upon thy face and feel the storm of passion? But, dearest, danger is around us! For myself, I heed it not; but I have been dreaming;—it is time that I awake,—for thy sake it is time."

"Danger, dear Alphonse? I care not if it leaves me thee."

"Then give me the legal right to guard thee. France is but one wide field of blood and outrage; we may yet be driven even from the protection of this villa, by the wolves that tear her vitals;—already it is nearly ruined by one of these vile beasts of prey."

"Are we not cousins?—I care not, if I go with thee."

"We must be nearer, dearest! The world permits not the freedom of Nature in the affections. It is impure itself, and disbelieves all purity in others. We must wed!"

"Nay, Alphonse; marriage is a holy ordinance, and the Convention has denounced the priests. No priest dare marry us, dearest, and I cannot respect a republican marriage!"

"A republican marriage! Alas! La Vendée will soon see many republican marriages!" cried a voice immediately beneath the portico; and both the lovers started to their feet.

A young female, clad in the garb of a Marseillaise peasant, was seen ascending the steps. She drew near, with a basket of fruit upon her arm, and, courtesying, said in the mildest tones: "Buy some of my sweet oranges, citizens; I am tired, and my basket is very heavy. Heigh-ho! But there are those as young, whose burden is heavier, and I ought to be thankful to the *bon Dieu*, poor outcast though I be!"— and she fixed upon Alphonse the light of those coal-black eyes, which, once seen, were never to be forgotten.

"What brings you here, mysterious being?" said Alphonse, instinctively stepping between her and the lady.

"The son of the aristocrat saved the Nameless!

Did not I swear at Bourbon-Vendée to guard both him and his when the wolf was on the trail?"

"And you, whose cry is ever '*A bas les aristocrates!*' —you who belong to that banditti who delight in blood and deny all holy things—you who assisted in the butchery of unoffending prisoners on the awful second of September—what confidence can I feel in the oath of such a monster,"

No word was answered to this desperate burst of passion, which, overheard by the emissaries of Chalier, would have consigned him to an early grave, and proved how totally unfit he was to act as the protector of youth and innocence in those fearful times. Not a word was spoken in reply; but raising her left hand, while she placed her right fore-finger significantly upon her lips, this strange being bowed her head for a moment in the attitude of reverential devotion. Then stepping lightly around, she examined the rear of every pillar, pried into every neighbouring recess, and once more approaching the lovers, drew from the bottom of her basket a dingy slip of paper, which she handed to Alphonse. The young man glanced at the billet, and instantly reeled for support against the balustrade.

Regaining his self-possession with an effort, he addressed himself to Violette in a voice rendered sepulchral by deep emotion, and a countenance almost of despair.

"Arm yourself, my own Violette! Call to your aid all the firmness of virtue, all the consolations of religion

which you have learned from the teachings of your sainted mother: you will need them all!"—and he read the billet. The boy had become a man in one short minute, by the steeling influence of terrible misfortune, which nerves unless it crushes, and he read it in a full, firm tone:

Conciègerie, Paris, March 10th, 1793.

My dear Alphonse:—

Farewell, farewell for ever. I am here, and you know the inevitable sequence. Seek not to shield Violette yourself: the son of Camille de Bourbon-Vendée is a marked man. He is doomed. Let her fly France; and fly yourself, if possible, from this heaven-accursed soil. Trust to the Nameless. Bloody and savage as she is, she would have saved me, for your sake; but I refused to fly. She is charged with my last commands—that she is worthy of your trust, the delivery of this note will prove. Once more, farewell, to you and Violette! To her I dare not write. Give her a parent's blessing.

Achille de Liancourt.

"Well!" said Violette, as the reading was concluded, —her figure drawn up to its full height, and that beautiful face pale, and apparently as stony as the Parian marble —"Well!"

"Merciful heavens!" exclaimed Alphonse; "her mind is wandering!"

A strange smile stole over the features of the young girl, and she replied, "Think me not so weak, dear Alphonse; the daughter of Achille de Liancourt is equal to her duties. I waited only to hear you pronounce them. You are silent! When do we leave for Paris?"

"For what, my Violette?"

"For what!—And Liancourt in prison!—To seek my father and to share his fate!"

"Too late!" was the quiet remark of the Nameless; "he had suffered before I left the capital."

A shudder ran through the frame of the unhappy girl. She raised her eyes to heaven with the solemn appeal of the orphan: and her voice was husky and her breathing oppressed as she said: "Then we must seek shelter with your father and my uncle, M. de Bourbon-Vendée."

"He fell on the twentieth of March, at the head of his brave Vendéans," replied the Nameless.

A deep groan escaped from Alphonse, and Violette, drawing near, threw her light arm round his neck, casting upon the stranger a look of infinite tenderness that seemed to say, "Here is a home from which no fate shall tear me!"

"Chalier," returned the Nameless, "demands from the Convention three hundred aristocratic heads of the inha-

bitants of Lyons. I saw *his* name, this day, upon the fated roll!"

One long shriek rang through the villa, as she sunk into the arms of her lover.

"Wretch! Fiend!" cried Alphonse, as old dame Juliette and the frightened maidens appeared, and bore their fainting mistress to her apartment.

"Honour me with what titles you please," said the fruiterer, "but hear me! Do you know this ring?"

"It is the signet of M. de Liancourt."

"*Bon!* I received it from him as he went forth from his cell; and with it, from his dying lips, the charge to lead his daughter in safety out of France. Will you dispute his right?"

"Trust her with you! the crime-stained and unsexed companion of the assassins of her father! Never! We will fly together—"

"And with the bloodhounds on your scent, and on your lips the insulting tone of childish arrogance so proper to your class—that has driven to frenzy an oppressed but once loyal people—that has cost your monarch his head, brought ruin on the church, and made all France a hell—that rewards a service tendered at the risk of life with such kindly epithets as Monsieur is pleased to bestow upon a poor orange girl of Marseilles—you would subject the object of your love to all the chances of detection and ruin on a march from

Lyons to Turin, from the peculiar courtesy and gentle temper of Monsieur and the delicate sensibility of Mademoiselle, who endures the death of a father with Roman firmness, but faints at the bare suggestion of danger of her discreet and calculating lover! Commend me to the wisdom of M. de Liancourt, who, in dying, submitted his daughter to the charge of a *roturière* of her own, in preference to an aristocrat of the other sex."

"Woman! Who are you, that thus use language of command where you were educated to obey; converse in words and style beyond your station; discoursing of proprieties with your hands still reeking from the massacres of Paris; and uttering treason to the Convention, under the very arm of Chalier, after narrowly escaping death in La-Vendée, for crying, '*Mort à tous les Rois.*' Woman, I say; whence, and what are you? Speak!"

"An offspring of the Revolution;—a child of the philosophy of the Academy, by the vice and oppression of the *ancien régime!* Such was my second birth: my first—But listen, and you shall hear. We are alone, and you will have no motive to betray.

"My father was *un honnête homme*, a fruiterer in the department of the Mouths of the Rhone. His grounds were coveted by a neighbouring noble—they adjoined his park, and my father refusing to sell at half the value, it was made convenient for him to move:—

Monsieur understands the little arts by which the rich accomplish such desires?"

"I understand your meaning, for I have heard of such oppressions; but I was born in La Vendée," said Alphonse, proudly.

"Monsieur was fortunate. Well; we moved to Marseilles. My father traded in imported fruits. He had five children. He was not prosperous, and I became apprenticed to needlework and embroidery. I read till I was nearly blind, in the intervals of work. I thought till I was nearly crazed, when I should have slept. They called me pretty and accomplished. Time passed, and I was twenty. My trade was dull at Marseilles, and my little sisters wanted aid. I went to Paris in search of employment. Madame Bovin was very kind; she was like a mother to me. I had time to read, and time to think, and time to practise a little on the piano. I improved it. A brother of one of the grisettes, my fellow-labourers, was a young painter for the School of Arts. (The Nameless brushed away a tear.) He wrote poetry, and he loved me; we were engaged. Monsieur knows that the poor have the presumption sometimes to cultivate the luxury of the heart?"

"In La Vendée, noble and peasant acknowledge their common humanity," said Alphonse, with impatience.

"Had I been born in La Vendée, then, there would

have been saved a multitude of lives! Guillaume, thou hast been bitterly avenged! But to proceed. It was in the month of June, four years ago, that we wandered forth, one Sunday evening, to enjoy the music at *Champ de Mars*. I was annoyed by the fixed gaze of a young man of noble stature and appearance, who wore several honours, and was attended by a valet. Guillaume perceived it and endeavoured to remove me from his view, by mingling with the crowd; but three times he crossed our path, and we sacrificed the enjoyment of the evening by returning home. It was not until we paused at Madame Bovin's door, that we perceived our footsteps dogged by that same liveried valet; and hastily exchanging our adieus, I rang the porter's bell and fled to my apartment in alarm. Monsieur is aware how feeble was the guard of poverty and virtue, in that splendid capital, while *noblemen* had rule."

Alphonse bowed and sighed.

"Next day, the same high personage appeared at Madame Bovin's shop. He purchased some small articles, and pointing towards the corner where I sat trembling at my task, exclaimed, '*Comme c'est charmant, cette jeune fille là!* Let her convey these trifles to Rue St. Germain, M. La Follet, *au troisième, nombre* —.' Monsieur is acquainted with *les mœurs de Paris?*—'*Mam'selle est fiancée*,' whispered Madame Bovin, with a blush of indignation at the assumption of such a name and resi-

dence, by a man of obvious rank, and then turned pale at her own boldness. It was kind in Madame thus to risk offence to a rich customer, for the protection of a friendless girl. The man of *honours* smiled and left the shop.

"Oh, who shall tell the misery of the next three weeks! During all that time we neither saw nor heard of Guillaume. His sister was in agony. Faithless, I knew he could not be, for he wore no royal honours. But alas! what was this suffering to the wretchedness that succeeded! It was on the first of July, when wandering in a state bordering upon distraction, along the Rue St. Honoré, that I suddenly encountered the fiend who traced me from *Champ de Mars*.

"'Ah, Mademoiselle, well met,' said he; 'fair *fiancée*, would you wish to unlock the gates of the Bastile? You hold a key of power!'

"I trembled, and should have fallen, but his lackey laughed at my distress, and I felt the last spark of the softness of my sex depart. One vast wave of revenge swept over my soul, and I became another being, moving in another atmosphere. Returning the rude stare of the *noble* villain with a glance of fiery scorn, I flew rather than ran to my room at Madame Bovin's, and snatching a purse which contained my scanty earnings, left my last home for ever, to avoid the vigilance of a police

which was but a pander to the vices of a vile *noblesse!* Securing a desolate garret in the worst part of the Faubourg St. Antoine, I changed my grisette garb for the tawdry attire of a lunatic. My days were given to plotting, and my nights to meditations of revenge. Paris was full of riot and outrage, the natural offspring of heartless oppression. When the shades of evening served as a veil to evil thoughts, I wandered forth, and became familiar with the leaders of the mob. I purchased a dagger, and swore, in the stillness of the night, never to know rest or peace until its point should be dyed in the best blood of him by whom the hopes of my first, my only love were crushed—the wretch who dared to play that love against my honour!

"The 14th of July arrived at last. Among the infuriated crowd, I rushed into the Bastile. Cell after cell was opened. I saw the skeletons of those who had perished in the gloomy vaults. I witnessed the frantic embrace of those who had been separated for years. I saw the old man step forth from his dungeon-home, to enter once more the deeper solitude of crowds where there lived none who knew him: but where was Guillaume?—At last we reached an apartment deep below the waters of the moat. Snails trailed their slimy track athwart the door. The water dripped drop by drop along the aisle. We entered. The red light of the

torches flared upon the upturned face of an emaciated, fever-spotted corpse."

The wretched woman buried her face in her handkerchief, and her frame shook with deep emotion; but after a brief pause she raised her eyes. Alas! they were still tearless. She proceeded with her narrative.

"Alphonse de Bourbon-Vendée! I entered that apartment a *pretended* lunatic. God grant that all that followed may have been *real* madness! I joined in every movement of the populace. Murder became my pastime. As an emissary of the Mountain, I spread the seeds of ruin through Brittany and La Vendée, and there, by saving me, you planted in my heart the only humanizing sentiment which I have known throughout this reign of terror. You were the first of your class who ever did a kindness to me or mine, and I have sworn an oath as deep as my revenge, to pay that debt in full.

"It was not that I sympathized with the bloodhounds of the Mountain, but to insure destruction to the unknown murderer of my Guillaume, that I would have immolated the whole grade of nobles: they were the hereditary oppressors of my class; and my revenge, ennobled by the very grandeur of popular crime, ceased to be wholly selfish. I deemed myself a female Attila. Even when I held the staff that bore the head of poor Lamballe before the windows of the Temple, I felt elated with a sense of duty! To such a depth of madness may even

female nature be reduced by centuries of wrong! Your uncle, for your sake, I would have saved, but he refused to fly. I followed him to the fatal guillotine, and there, if there be hope for such as me, my maddened soul was saved. Five victims suffered at one blow; and among the severed heads,—how my frame trembled with delight!—beside the sad remains of one I would have saved, *there* lay the ghastly features of the author of my wo! I sprang—I leaped—I shouted! The dagger, devoted expressly to his death, had been forestalled by the tool of general murder. I plunged the weapon in the streaming blood—my vow was thus fulfilled, and with the act, the cloud that wrapped my spirit in its folds, rose like a morning mist and left my vision clear! That stain still lingers on the blade. There lies the instrument of wrath, yet reeking with the blood of a whole hecatomb of victims offered to the manes of my young heart's first love. The vices of their class had made me what I was."

As she spoke she drew the weapon from her breast, and dashing it at the feet of her entranced and motionless auditor, burst into a torrent of tears.

"And it is to you,—creature of stormy passions, victim and avenger of national wrongs and errors!" said Alphonse, almost tenderly, when he recovered the power of speech;—"it is to you that the dying Liancourt would entrust the safety of his only child! But I am

now her nearest by blood, and her affianced by agreement. Say, why should I resign to you, however grateful for an accidental service, the charge which is my right by law and nature?"

"Because you are proscribed, hemmed in, cut off. Chalier watches the frontiers of the Alps with a lynx eye. The route to Toulon is clear for a Marseillaise by birth, who served powder to the people on the tenth of August; but think you it would prove so to a doomed youth with the discretion of eighteen, his warm blood boiling with revenge against the Jacobins, the murderers of his sire? No, no!—To-morrow this villa will be a heap of smouldering ruins, fired in revenge for the escape of the sole offspring of a royalist of La Vendée. Go you to Lyons in deep disguise, to join the bands of moderates, who even now are plotting the destruction of the tyrant Chalier. They will succeed in his destruction, only to be crushed by the dread arm of the Convention; but the short respite may unlock to you the gates of Switzerland the free."

"And Violette?"

"She goes with me, through scenes of wo and riot to Toulon, where the Spanish and English flags still offer some protection to the sinking cause of royalty. Nay, speak not! there is no alternative but death. The rest is all in darkness."

"And we shall never meet again!"

"If there be hope in heaven for one loaded with such crimes as mine, you shall; and this one deed of mercy may serve as my atonement:—I swear it by the stern will of a child of the Revolution."

She drew from the depths of her basket the light *blouse* of an *ouvrier*, and the simple dress of a *paysanne* of the southeast of France. The purpose needed no words of explanation, and uttering the command, "Meet me at midnight by the great willow in the park," she darted away, humming the war-notes of the Marseillaise.

In July, 1796, a young military officer stepped into the old Coffee-house in Philadelphia, which answered, for so many years, the purpose of an Exchange. He flung himself despondingly upon one of the long, wooden-backed settees that disfigured the great, half-furnished apartment. His dress and carriage plainly marked him as one of those French refugees cast forth in hopeless exile from their native land by the struggles of the Revolution. There were but few persons present at the time, in the hall "where merchants most do congregate," and these were talking with pale lips—not of the terrors of war, or the declining interests of trade,—but of the reappearance of the dreadful plague which had thrice swept over the devoted city, and twice wellnigh depopulated it.

The stranger smiled listlessly as he caught the import

of the ominous whispers around him. What cared he for the presence of death in any form? He had survived the deadly sortie of the Girondists of Lyons, when fifty only of the desperate two thousand escaped the shots of the Terrorists, and the clubs and pikes of the marauding peasantry, fighting their way to Piedmont. He thought upon the two long years of useless search for one who seemed to have disappeared on the fearful night, when, by the light of burning vessels, and urged onward by the booming of artillery, the crowded boats made good the retreat of a portion of the fugitives;—the night when England and Spain retired from the defence of Toulon, and the star of Napoleon first rose above the tossing billows of the Revolution. Had she fallen, mangled and torn by the grape poured in upon the unarmed crowd of still remaining victims? Slept she beneath the bright green waters of the bay? He had searched all England, mile by mile, in vain: the fugitive was not there. Fell she by poison or the dirk, at the hands of the half-maniac guide to whom he had entrusted her? "Fool! fool that I was to confide in the uncertain whims of that fierce lunatic assassin!" he muttered, in the agony of utter hopelessness.

"Buy any of my sweet oranges?" asked a young female, who had stolen unperceived upon his revery.

He started from his seat. The coal-black eyes of the Nameless were upon him!

"And Violette?" he exclaimed, seizing her convulsively by the shoulders, and gazing into those well-like orbs, as he would read her soul.

"Monsieur should remember that human limbs are not adapted, like iron, to the vice," gently replied the woman. "*Grace au Bon Dieu*, the ship that saved us, as our boat sunk by her side in the harbour of Toulon, bore the stars and stripes! Monsieur has but to follow."

She led him to a neat apartment on the second floor of a small tenement that overlooked the grounds of old Christ's Church. The merry peal of its most musical chime struck up, as if in welcome, as they passed the threshold. A fair young creature, clad in the plainest garb, sat busily employed at a tambour, with her back to the entrance. She turned at the sound of footsteps, and sank fainting into the arms of Alphonse de Bourbon-Vendée!

"And is that all!" asked a sweet girl of thirteen, who sits beside me as I conclude the foregoing narrative.

"It is the whole story as it was written by the young friend of Alphonse, from whom I received it," I replied; "but I remember that, when travelling in Western Pennsylvania, in 1842, I once stopped at a noble-looking farm-house to inquire for a tavern; for the road was strange to me.

"'There is none within four miles,' said a hale, gentle-

manly old man, apparently verging upon seventy years of age, and who was just in the act of entering, 'but our dinner is on the table,' he added, 'and the hour is late. John, put up the gentleman's horse. Walk in, sir! walk in!' This dictatorial invitation, pronounced as it was, in a frank and cheerful voice, admitted of no refusal; so I did as I was bid and took my station on the right hand of mine host, at the well-appointed board.

"At the foot of the table sat a venerable dame, with snow-white hair, and by her side, one still older, who, from appearances, I judged to have no hair at all. The former still bore the signs of having possessed great beauty in her youth, and her calm blue eye still shone with almost youthful brilliance. Sorrow had, indeed, cast over it a shadow, as if from the memory of scenes long past.

"The brow of the latter was furrowed by deeper suffering, and the twilight of her mind was evidently fading into night. The chair on the left of the old gentleman, was occupied by a young man of five or six and twenty. Would you judge of his appearance? look on this beautiful plate:—the family-likeness is very strong—but the fair-haired young buck-eye matron, who sat nearly opposite, with her little daughter on a high chair at her elbow, bore no resemblance to the female figure in the picture.

"'Father, I think of visiting France, next year,' re-

marked the young man, as he refilled his glass of claret and water.

"'For what, my son?' inquired my host.

"'I should like to see the country of your birth, if but to look upon a court, and to observe of what materials a king is made,' returned the young man laughing.

"'You are right to fix an early time for such a journey,' replied the elder speaker, 'for, if you live to my age, you may travel far to find a king: but take heed, lest the tinsel of a court should prove too tempting to your inexperience, Liancourt. You have not, as I have, seen monarchs tossed about like nine-pins, in the mad sport of the people. Domestic life is like the game of chess, where prudent calculation regulates the issue, and the impending mate forewarns us of our danger: but public life is a pure game of brag, and no one can foresee the measure of the stake.'

"'Well, then; suppose I play the private game, and go to search out our old rights in La Vendée and Lyons.'

"'You have enough, my boy; why trouble yourself with more? But if you do go, I have an old claim upon the present King of France, which I shall ask you to attend to.'

"'Ha! what is that?'

"'An unpaid bill, for one whole bag of excellent potatoes, grown on these grounds the first year after they were purchased with the hard-earned savings of your

mother, and old Margaret the Nameless, by working at embroidery and selling oranges. The good king, who then thought little about kingdoms, assured me that he would pay me when he was able; so I heaved down, bag and all, on the floor of his old school-room, by the banks of the Ohio, and no doubt he will honour the draft, if you reach Paris before the next Revolution.'

"'Revolution!' muttered the oldest lady, in her childishness; 'I had a terrible dream once about revolution. Let me see!—I think it was in France. I used to have awful dreams when I was young, but, thanks to the *Bon Dieu*, dreams do not disturb me now!'"

LIFE'S ILLUSIONS.

BY JAMES M'CLUNE, A. M.

When joyous through life's morn we pass,
And view its schemes in Fancy's glass,
No sombre tint, no gathering shade,
Obscuring scenes she has portrayed,
We fondly hope that coming years
Will all confirm which there appears;
Nor dream that truth's effulgent light
Will soon destroy those colours bright;
That Fancy's visions, hopes, and schemes,
Are lost amid life's sterner scenes.

Next Fame advances; at her shrine
We freely offer manhood's prime,
Plan, labour, suffer to enrol
Our names upon her lengthened scroll;
Oft fail, despair, commence again,
And, if at last the object gain,
Soon find that time's effacing hand
Permits no name long there to stand;

Astonished pause—then with a sigh,
Ask for the "names not born to die;"
But learn with grief that even Fame,
Her scroll, herself, is but a name.

At last approaches hoary age,
The look demure, the aspect sage;
No fame attracts, no fancy's play
Now leads the sobered thoughts astray;
Surely a period has arrived
When man can be no more deceived;
But, oh, what youth so often spurns,
And manhood worships but in turns,
Illusive wealth stern rules the hour
That should acknowledge wisdom's power,
Nor fame, nor truth, is heeded more
Till death arrives—deception 's o'er.

And such is life; for gaudy toys
We hourly pass substantial joys,
Through all its stages led astray
By some alluring phantom's ray.

THE CASTLE OF ST. MICHAEL.

A TALE OF AUSTRIA.

BY WILLIAM KENNEDY.

I.

My family, by the paternal side, was originally of Berne, in Switzerland, whence a branch of it removed to the Milanese, to improve its fortunes. The name of Reding—well known in the Cantons—was sustained with credit by my father. He inherited a thriving mill and farm, about a quarter of a league from the straggling village and venerable castle of St. Michael, within sight of the Tyrolese Alps. Travelling to Zurich, where he had distant connexions, he returned with a companion who weaned him from the desire of wandering any more. She was the daughter of a pious pastor on the borders of the lake. From him she derived a dower of upright principles and solid acquirements, which it was her dearest wish to transmit with interest to her children, all of whom died early, except my sister and myself.

The Castle of St. Michael, with the estate on which

our little property was situated, belonged to an Austrian noble, who managed it by deputy, and lived in courtly splendour at Vienna. Count Mansfeldt was equitably represented by his steward, Engel; and under him, our house enjoyed prosperity from the days of my grandsire.

We were the only persons in the place who professed the Protestant faith. My father's temperate conduct gained him the unrestrained indulgence of his opinions. The dread of proselytism did not preclude my entrance into a Catholic school. The teacher, a liberal Piedmontoise, was a lover of learning, and separated austerity from instruction. He observed, and gratified, my partiality for history and the classics, and thus unconsciously assisted in the formation of my future character.

My mother was the sole superintendent of my sister's education; she thought the feminine mind, so susceptible of impressions, should never be spontaneously consigned to foreign culture. Katherine was worthy of her preceptress. It is not for me to dilate upon her excellence —a portrait by my hand might be deemed the glowing creation of a brother's fondness. It is enough to mention the strength of our attachment. I was two years her senior; and when her age qualified her for sharing in childish pastimes, she was the welcome partner of all my amusements. I showered into her lap the first flowers of spring, and brought her the wild strawberry from heights where few would venture. In her friend-

ship I reposed the confidence of ripening boyhood; frequently were the overflowings of a sanguine temperament repressed by her mildness. With innocent wiles she endeavoured to veil my errors from parental eyes: when I did incur displeasure, her accustomed gaiety was gone, and the voice that recalled her truant smile was ever that which pardoned the offender.

A cheerful home is the paradise of the young: ours was illuminated by mutual love. The lightsome moments spent by the domestic hearth form the only period of my life that I would willingly live over again. The music of the camp and of the theatre, heard in after years, failed to awaken the emotions I experienced long ago, when my mother sang the plaintive melodies of her mountain land. I have seen the most renowned generals of an age memorable for strife—among them, one to whom an astonished world did reverence—but no warrior have I beheld to rival my conceptions of William Tell. The peasant of Uri was the hero of our fireside. When the casement shivered to the gusts of winter, and the headlong flood thundered down the ravine, we called to mind the intrepid hand that steered the bark of Gesler over the stormy waters. Altorf and the Austrians were to us exhaustless themes; and I prayed that I might yet have the opportunity of imitating the courage of my namesake, Albert, the Patriot's unshrinking son.

II.

I was entering my twentieth year, when our situation underwent an important change. Our landlord was gathered to his ancestors, having bequeathed his Lombardy estate to his second son, Count Rainer. Engel, the good old steward, was soon after dismissed from office, and retired with the fruits of faithful service, to his native town in Carniola.

Count Rainer was a captain in the imperial army. He was with his regiment at Pavia when informed of his father's death. Devolving his authority on an emancipated sergeant of hussars, the purveyor of his libertine pleasures, he despatched him to St. Michael to wring money from the tenantry, and prepare for his reception.

Ludolf was a swaggering bravo, emulous, at middle age, of the vices of profligate youth. On his arrival, he circulated a pompous intimation that he came vested with full powers to treat with the vassals of the Count, and renew their engagements.

My sister had gone to the village to make purchases, and I left the mill at vesper chime with the intention of meeting her. The path was abrupt, and little frequented. I was cherishing discontent at the husbandman's unvaried existence, when I was roused by the distant accents of a female in distress. They were

clearly distinguishable, and I rushed to the quarter whence they proceeded. In a corner of an open spot, backed by a deep ditch, fenced with luxuriant underwood, Katherine was keeping a man, unknown to me, at bay: he was above the middle size, and in his beard and costume affected the fashion of the military. He faced me as I approached, and my sister, with disordered dress and agitated frame, flew to my side. Defenceless as I was, my first impulse was to chastise the ruffian, though he wore a sabre; but consideration for the terrified girl, who clung to me imploringly, induced me to forego my purpose. We had not receded many paces, when Katherine relinquished her hold, and uttered a warning cry:—the hand of violence was already at my throat; and a harsh voice, unsteady from rage or intemperance, demanded why a contemptible slave dared to interfere with the representative of Count Rainer.

Unequal to my opponent in bulk and inert force, I was far above him in activity and the resources of a vigorous constitution. A sudden jerk freed me from his hold, and a well-applied push sent him reeling to the verge of the ditch. He drew his weapon with a rapidity on which I had not calculated: Katherine's coolness saved my life: she arrested his arm in its sweep. Ere he could disengage himself, I collected all my energy for one buffet, and laid him supine in the reservoir of mud.

III.

Count Rainer was greeted at St. Michael with the show of rustic rejoicing usual on the appearance of a new master. He was accompanied by a train of riotous associates. The roar of bacchanalian merriment shook the dusky halls of his patrimonial fabric, which, in the blaze of unwonted festivity, seemed to have renewed its youth. Nought, from the evening of the encounter, had we heard or seen of Ludolf. His rudeness might have originated in the coarse jocularity of a soldier, stimulated by too fervid an application to the bottle. Prudence required that I should abstain from needlessly irritating a man whose enmity might mar my father's arrangements with his lord: I therefore avoided the chance of collision.

I was strolling about the fields with my gun on my shoulder, when a pet pigeon of Katherine's whirred past me, pursued by a hawk. I fired at the bird of prey, which dropped in an adjoining meadow. Springing across the intervening hedge, I found myself in the presence of a group of mounted sportsmen and their attendants. One of the horsemen was examining the dead hawk; his attention was directed towards me by a retainer, in whose brawny proportions, husky voice, and ferocious mustachios, I recognised my adversary, Ludolf.

My gun was demanded, in the name of Count Rainer: I refused to surrender it. The party formed a circle around, pinioned me, and wrested it from me, ere I could attempt resistance. "Mr. Steward," said the Count, "you may now acquaint your friend with the consequences of destroying a nobleman's falcon."

The ready villain and his servile followers dragged me to the earth; they profaned my person by stripes. When they left me in my abasement, the air felt pestilent with their brutal laughter.

I lay with my face to the greensward long after their departure. My brain was eddying in a hell-whirl. I could have welcomed the return of chaos, that the circumstance of my shame might be obliterated in the clash of contending elements. Had the sun been blotted from the heavens, and the summer earth turned to blackness and desolation, I should have thought them fit and natural occurrences. I raised my burning brow; but the orb of day was riding high in his glory, and the meadow grass and wild flowers were fresh and fragrant as if they had not witnessed the act of degradation. I discovered that a stranger had been regarding me with a vigilant eye. I confronted him, and darted at him a devouring glance; his firm, contemplative look remained unaltered. Placing a hand on my shoulder, he said, "Albert Reding, consider me your friend."

"I know you not," I answered, "nor care to know

you." He smiled benevolently: "Young man, I am no Austrian. I shall be with you to-morrow."

IV.

The stranger kept his word—on the ensuing day he came to our dwelling. Making, he said, a tour through the north of Italy, the picturesque scenery tempted him to prolong his sojourn at St. Michael. In his excursions, he had chanced to hold random converse with my father, whom he professed to value as the worthy descendant of an independent and intelligent people.

I had forborne to grieve my family by the story of my disgrace, nor had it yet been detailed to them by the officious communicativeness of pretended friends. Our visiter made no allusion to it, but expatiated very agreeably on topics of general interest. He described the passes of the Alps with the accuracy of a mountaineer, and displayed an intimacy with the localities of the Cantons, that filled my parents with pleasure and surprise. In pursuit of knowledge, he had traversed the most remarkable sections of the globe; and his observations, affluent in instruction, proved that his wanderings had been of a different order from the capricious migrations of sight-seeing wealth.

The warmth with which I seconded some of his sentiments appeared to please him. He complimented my father on my education; adding, that the judgment with

which I developed its resources, designated me for a wider sphere of action than belonged to a tiller of the soil of Lombardy. I had been vain enough to entertain the same opinion; and its confirmation, by a competent authority, was balm to my spirit. Gladly I acceded to his request, to guide him to the Baron's Font, a romantic cascade, where, to use his own language, he sighed to offer allegiance to Nature.

The Baron's Font was distant about three leagues, among the hills. Rustic tradition ascribed the origin of its name to the cruelty and profanity of a feudal noble, who, in mockery of the Christian's initiatory rite, precipitated the objects of his ferocity from an impending cliff into the basin of the waterfall. My companion noted the peculiarities of the route, and committed to writing the information I furnished respecting the district. We rested on the summit of a steep, skirted by the foaming stream of the cascade, beyond which rose wooded grounds in bold acclivity, mellowing with their dusky greenness, the gloomy grandeur of a mouldering tower.

The stranger abruptly adverted to the hateful humiliation of the preceding day. He descanted on the contumely I had suffered, with a vehement bitterness that chafed my young blood to flame. I denounced endless hostility against the Count and his minions. He calmly commented on the futility of the threat. In the frenzy

of exasperation, I insinuated the possibility of resorting to the darkest means of accomplishing revenge. He replied, that in cooler moments I would spurn the idea of Italian vengeance. Requiring a pledge of secresy, he proceeded to point out an honourable mode of lowering the crest of the oppressor.

"My name," he said, "is Philippon; my profession, a military engineer, in the service of the French Republic. The armies of liberty only await the capture of Toulon, to sever the chains of Italy. I am terminating a secret journey of observation through Piedmont and the Milanese. Come with me to Paris, and join the standard of Freedom. In France, no parchment barrier excludes untitled youth from fame and fortune; draw a blade in her cause, and relieve the place of your nativity from the thraldom of its petty tyrant. These brutal and stolid Austrians must be driven to their land of hereditary bondage: justice demands it. The time has gone by for insulted and injured humanity to shed tears in secret. Five dreary years I pined in the dismal solitudes of the Bastile. I saw it fall amidst the curses of my countrymen; and never shall the spirit of a liberated nation taste repose, until every stronghold of remorseless power is patent to the winds of heaven as yon grim old fortress, where the Count Rainers of the past outraged with impunity the natural equality of man!"

The majesty of generous indignation irradiated his

brow; the eloquent thunders of the Roman forum seemed to roll around me. I agreed to attend him to the capital of the young republic.

V.

Bent on entering the field of martial adventure, I anticipated much difficulty in obtaining the concurrence of my father. A lover of tranquillity, he had sickened at the sanguinary measures that crimsoned the cradle of the French Revolution. Yielding also to age and infirmity, he had been accustomed to the prospect of resigning to me the chief management of our affairs. The narrative of my shame, however, which led him to tremble for the consequences, determined him against opposing my departure. Of my military project, and the pursuits of my patron, I made no disclosure. I barely stated the fact, that he had promised to provide for me at Paris, and proposed, in the mean time, giving me employment as an amanuensis.

Sorrow and joy are twin daughters of affection. Notwithstanding the excitement of curiosity and ambition, reluctantly and despondingly I crossed our humble threshold. I went away at night, and this added to the melancholy character of the separation. My mother was unwell, and at her bedside I received her blessing. The features of my gentle-natured sister gave dim and pallid testimony to the fulness of her affliction. When

I had parted with my parents, she escorted me to the extremity of the orchard. "Oh, Albert!" were the only words she had power to utter; and her face looked so mournful—so heart-appealing, in the moonlight—that to desert her smote me as a sin. One embrace, and I bounded off like a chamois—then paused, till weeping relieved my soul—Katherine! Katherine!

Through provinces where every man appeared fearful of his fellow, we journeyed to the metropolis of France. That city, the great political heart of the empire, more than participated in the feverishness of its members. Armed artisans patrolled the streets; the shrine of St. Guillotine had left the Romish calendar destitute of homage, and ecclesiastical processions were rendered obsolete by the morning march to the scaffold. Terror stalked gigantic in the citadel of Freedom: the dead were thrown into unhonoured graves, and the living cowered timorously in corners to lament them. I entered the Assembly, whose decrees had struck down the proud and elevated the lowly. Here, thought I, are sages congregated worthy of creation's golden era! The chiefs of the Convention pronounced their orations:—Proscription! Proscription! was the cry; and, as the elements of discord raged, the scene resembled a hideous mêlée of savage beasts in an ancient amphitheatre.

I could not conceal from Philippon the extent of my disappointment: "You talk of regenerating the world,"

I exclaimed, "and you have revived the horrors of the Triumvirate!"

"Yours," he replied, "is the decision of inexperience, that condemns the fruit ere it has had time to ripen. The healthful wind, which ministers to the drooping frame of Nature, at the same moment dissipates contagion and whelms the mariner in the deep. Neither political nor physical good is gratuitously granted; rather let our fields be irrigated with blood than that their harvests should be gathered by the hands of bondmen! What is the doubtful lease of life—this brief and irksome tenure—to the happiness of posterity? Were I to linger here for centuries, would not my native land still survive me with its millions of kindred beings, to whom social law must prove the mighty instrument of evil or of good?"

VI.

I remained about a year at Paris in the house of my patron. Toulon had fallen, and the army of Italy had commenced operations by a successful movement on the Sardinian frontier. Profiting by the opportunity I possessed of studying the theory of the military art, I was rewarded with a commission in a regiment of the line—one of those destined for the invasion of the Milanese. I received, with alacrity, the order to proceed to Nice. I was shocked and disgusted by the dreary spectacle of civil broil, and I thirsted for distinction. The memory

of wrong also rankled in my bosom, and in my dreams I planted the revolutionary banner on the battlements of St. Michael, and heard myself hailed in the halls of the insolent Austrian with the acclamations due to a hero.

I joined my regiment and learned, not many months after, that my protector, Philippon, had fled to England, to escape the fate which, as a philosophic patriot, he affected to disregard. His exile grieved me. I had shared largely in his favours; and he had never neutralized their influence by the slightest alloy of unkindness.

A government weakened by vacillations in its form, and dissensions in the capital, permitted the army, with which my hopes were associated, to languish ill-appointed and inactive. Instead of running a career of glory, it was forced to contend with the most depressing privations. In my despondency, a long-delayed letter arrived from my father. Its contents were almost limited to the earnest request, that I would immediately hasten home.

Its emphatic urgency, unaccompanied by explanation, assured me that all went not well. I would fain have obeyed the summons, but it was impracticable. The Directory, established in authority, ordered the army of Italy to the field. General Bonaparte, an officer in his twenty-sixth year, marshalled the way to the Alps.

VII.

Napoleon's campaigns in 1796 are familiar to all the world. It was my fortune to be present in the most remarkable engagements, and to escape without a wound. When Wurmser, after repeated defeats, succeeded in recruiting his forces in the Tyrol, a strong body of our troops, headed by the commander-in-chief, advanced against a division of 20,000 Austrians stationed at Roveredo. Our line of march lay through the district of my birth. A few hours before we were in motion I was summoned to the quarters of the General. It was the well-known characteristic of this extraordinary man scrupulously to ascertain the extent of his resources, even to the qualifications of an individual soldier.

Aware of my knowledge of the country he was about to penetrate, he wished to make it subservient to his purpose. He questioned me as to the correctness of some local information, which I perceived had been derived from the documents of Philippon. Satisfied on these points, he sportively inquired, if I had any dislike to act as his herald to my old neighbours. I related my obligations to our Austrian superior, and he promised me ample powers for discharging them in full.

We were evidently unexpected. No artificial obstacle opposed our progress, and we proceeded with unexampled celerity. Our advanced posts were only separated from

St. Michael by a few miles of broken ground, when I was despatched with a detachment to surprise it. The troops halted in a chestnut grove, about half a league from the mill, while I, grappling a fowling-piece, assuming a light-hunting cap, and covering my uniform with an ordinary cloak, went forth to reconnoitre the place, and to provide for the safety of my relatives.

I skirted round the village and castle, which I found were occupied by a company of Hungarian infantry under Count Rainer. Not anticipating the irruption of an enemy into their secluded fastness, camp indulgences had relaxed order. My informer, a poor peasant, seemed afraid of confiding to a stranger his opinion of the Count and his followers. I asked concerning my family, but with the name of Reding he was unacquainted.

It was the beginning of September. There had been a continuance of unusually sultry weather, and the melting of the mountain snows had swelled the stream at St. Michael to an impetuous torrent. Twilight was approaching when I reached a sheltered position on the bank opposite the castle. The waters dashed furiously against the base of the building, and the crazy supports of the antiquated bridge quivered like a harpstring.

I resolved on a nocturnal attack, and was about to seek a passing interview with the dear domestic circle, when, looking towards the castle, I saw what stayed my

step. A female ran wildly to the stream, pursued by some menials, in the rear of whom, on horseback, came the Count their master. The fugitive cleared the bridge just as her pursuers gained it. At that moment the centre of the infirm structure gave way to the torrent. Concealed among the trees, I perceived the female on bended knees, distractedly blessing God for her deliverance; and I knew that it was Katherine, my only—my beloved sister!

I fired a shot at him who had been foremost in the chase—the infamous Ludolf—as he clambered up a remnant of the shattered bridge. He stood unhurt amidst the group that surveyed me, while I sheltered the dove of my boyhood in my bosom. In the confusion I exposed my uniform; the alarm was given, and every instant became precious. I supported Katherine until out of sight of the foe. "Fly!" I cried, "fly to our parents, dear sister! tell them I shall bring glad tidings in the morning!"

I counselled in vain. *The sense of injury had unsettled her mind*—she hung helplessly upon me—her lips moved, but I could distinguish nothing of what she spoke, save the repetition of the words, "Home! I have no home!"—Oh God! she was sadly altered!

A bugle echoed among the cliffs. I bore her to a cavern, the discovery of my youth, and wrapt her in my

cloak. Hurrying, by familiar paths, with a speed I had never before exerted, I rejoined my associates.

VIII.

An intricate and circuitous track, brought us at midnight to the isolated church of St. Michael, commanding the village and the narrow road to the castle. We crouched in the churchyard until every sound ceased, and the lights that had blazed in different directions were no longer visible. Leaving part of my force to intercept the communication with the village, I led the remainder to a point of the fortress which I had scaled in my youthful rambles.

The pacing of the sentinels, and the noisy vigils of the Count and his guests, were clearly audible as I descended the ivied wall. My party followed, one by one, and our success would have been signally complete, but for the accidental discharge of a musket. This was answered by a volley from the guard, the din of arms, and the hasty gathering of a tumultuous body of defenders. Ordering my men to keep close and follow me, we pressed forward to a private door that opened into the body of the pile.

This barrier was quickly shattered by a shower of balls, and in a second the great hall resounded with the groans of the dying and the shouts of the triumphant. In that arena of slaughter, I was as collected as I am

now. Once had Rainer's bloated visage confronted me in the fray, but the baleful meteor vanished, and bootless to me was the issue of the conflict, until blade or bullet did its work on him and his subordinate.

The hall gave indications of a carousal. The red wine streaming from flagons overturned in the struggle, mingled with the life-drops of the wassailers. Death derived a more appalling aspect from the relics of recent revelry. Some intoxicated wretches had been bayonetted with the goblets in their hands. One had fallen backwards on the hearth above the burning embers; he was mortally wounded, and the blood gushed freely in the flames. I stooped to raise him from his bed of torture. The streaks of gore did not disguise the lineaments of Ludolf. The reprobate had closed his reckoning with mortality.

Victory was ours, but discipline was at an end; I could with difficulty muster sentinels for the night; the cellars were ransacked, and weariness and intemperance soon produced their effects. Sending confidential messengers to attend to my sister's safety, and convey intelligence to my father, I prepared to await the dawn of morning.

Feverish from anxiety, I felt no inclination to grant my wearied limbs repose. My brain was racked with the thought of Katherine, and apprehension for my parents. I had seen enough to convince me that Rainer

had done his worst.—What confederate demon had enabled him to escape me?

I paced from post to post, execrating the sluggish march of time. Leaning over an eminence near the broken bridge, I listened to the turbulent music of the waters. A subterraneous opening cut in the rocky soil below communicated with the vaults of the castle. Hearing the echo of a footfall, I bent cautiously over the outlet. A lamp glimmered beneath. A muffled figure raised it aloft to guide its egress, then extinguished it hastily. The light fell on the face of the Count.

I grasped his cloak as he emerged, but, slipping it from his shoulders, he retreated towards a shelving wood-walk on the margin of the stream. Had he gained it, the darkness must have saved him. Both my pistols missed fire. I outstripped him in the race, and bore him back to the very edge of the ravine. He made a thrust at me with his sword. I neither paused for a trial of skill, nor attempted to ward off the weapon; the butt end of a pistol found its way to his forehead; not a sound passed his lips; down he went—down—down—passively bounding over the jagged declivity, till a heavy splash told that he was whirling with the torrent.

Vengeance was satisfied: I recoiled involuntarily from the scene of the encounter. Suddenly arose an explosion, as if a volcano had torn up the foundation of the

castle: I was felled to the earth ere I could speculate upon the cause.

IX.

My campaigns were over. Rainer had laid a train, and fired the powder magazine of his captured hold. The bravest of my men perished; and I, crushed beneath a fragment of the toppling towers, lived to curse the art that returned me, mutilated and miserable, to a world in which I was henceforth to have no portion.

I left the hospital a phantom, and set forth on a pilgrimage, the performance of which was the only business that remained to me in life. The tide of battle had ebbed from St. Michael, when I crawled up its steep—the church and castle were blackened ruins—the habitations of the villagers roofless and deserted—the mill a shapeless mass of timber and stones. Our orchard was unfolding the buds of spring—I fancied that the hoary apple trees wore the aspect of friends. The voice of singing floated on my ear, as I neared the dwelling of my infancy, and the fountain of my heart reopened.

Close to the spot where our pretty porch once stood, a matron, in the garb of extreme penury, was bending over the trampled remains of a plot of flowers. Her features were only partially revealed, but the mountain melody she sang could not be mistaken—I fell at my

mother's feet! Shading back the hair from my scarred temples, she asked me if I had come from her children!

Mercy was vouchsafed to her and to me. She soon slumbered with the clods of the valley. My father had died, ere my departure from France; and the story of our injuries from the Austrian lightened the burden of remorse for the shedding of blood. I have discovered no trace of Katherine since I quitted her at the cave.

X.

My day has been without a meridian—divided between eventide and morn: heavy were the clouds that eclipsed its sunshine, but they are fleeting away; and, now that night is waxing apace, my upturned soul beholds its moon rising resplendent with hope.

If I have not experienced felicity in the friendly shades of the Lake of Zurich, I have at least cast off the poisoned garment of reflection. Ever be they blessed, the kind ones who smoothed the pillow of the spirit-broken!

War has been over the globe. The arch-destroyer and a myriad of the unnoted slain are wrapt alike in the undiscerning dust, yet man is still unredeemed from bondage. When shall Peace go forth as a conqueror, arrayed in the panoply of Wisdom?

THE ICICLE.

BY MISS E. W. BARNES.

It hung in a nook so drear and chill,
Not a sun-ray reached it there;
Not a loving look, not a kindly word,
No gentle tone had it ever heard,
Not a breath of love or prayer.

It seemed forsaken of Heaven itself,
As the winds swept heedless by;
And like an inverted spirit it hung,
While the hours rolled on and the pendulum swung,
And Time's record was writ on high.

All dark and drear was its loneliness;
It could see no light in heaven,
And the earth beneath, where it soon must fall,
Was covered, alas! with a dreary pall;
All hope from its heart was riven.

Then a little child in mirthful glee,
Like a bird on joyous wing,

Came bounding on, in the rock to hide,
Where the Icicle's fate it was to abide,
A lone and forgotten thing.

"Ah, beautiful gem!" with a shout of mirth,
Cried the child in guileless joy,
"Come forth to the light, thou glittering thing!
Ah! thou shinest with tints of a bright bird's wing,
I'll make thee my fav'rite toy!"

Then her warm hand grasped its chilling form,
Unchecked by her childish fears;
And its first warm kiss a sun-ray pressed,
On the Icicle, now so deeply blessed,
It melted away in tears.

Ah! hath not life full many a nook,
Where a loving heart abides;
Its life-warm current made cold and chill,
Pressed down by adversity's iron will,
Which the joyous spirit chides?

Forsaken it feels, by man and heaven,
Nor lifteth its gaze from earth;
But, hopeless waits for the better hour,
When the opening grave shall assert its power,
Nor dreams of a higher birth.

With no gentle voice to cheer it on,
Through its path of deepening gloom:

And no friendly hand to point on high,
Where the smile of God in the sunlit sky,
Speaks of light beyond the tomb.

One heart-warm pressure, one friendly tone,
One grasp of a loving hand,
And the chilled heart melts in grateful tears,
A sunny smile has dispelled its fears,
This world is a "better land."

Then seek ye the lone ones, in lonely homes,
The sheltered nooks and drear;
And bear in your bosoms the priceless gem,
The pearl of sympathy, dear to them
Who have nothing else to cheer.

And point them to the radiant light
From the cross, that gleams afar;
And the crown, that still beyond appears,
Whose price is earthly wo and tears,
To them, a Bethlehem star.

Oh! let sighs for sighs, and tears for tears,
To earth's weary ones be given,
And light on the darkest clouds shall rise,
Like a "midnight sun" in midnight skies,
And earth shall be more like heaven!

COUNT ROLLO'S BRIDAL.

AN ITALIAN LEGEND.

BY ARATUS.

WINTER's snowy sheet was cast
On the ridge of Apennine;
But a gush of music passed
Down the mountain's mighty spine.
Burst the sharp and sweeping hail
On the forest's giant tree;
But amid the tempest's wail,
Came the shouts of peasant-glee;
And upon the thunder's wing
Floated sounds of flute and string.

Now upon Velino's height,
Like a young volcano's brow,
Flashes through the deepening night
Many a casement's golden glow,
Where the Tuscan pencil's dye
On the oriel pane has thrown

Shape of saint and hue of sky,
Knightly helm and kingly crown.
Genius, from thy hand they came,
Like thy spirit—living flame!

Now are heard delicious tones;
As the chapel aisles along,
Like the summer rainbow's zones,
Move the young and lovely throng;
Where, the phœnix of the land,
Haughty Rollo's trembling bride,
At the altar gives her hand;
And her warrior, eagle-eyed,
Smiles to see her wear the chain,
That but death can loose again.

Now the holy rite is done:
Rushes back the living tide;
Like the stars before the sun,
Heralding that royal bride;
Fading into dim eclipse,
Diamond eyes and cheeks of rose;
While the minstrel's burning lips,
Glowing as her beauty glows,
Chaunt the lofty orison,
"Love and glory now are one."

Now the festal hour is high,
Golden bowl to bowl is rung;

Song and shout of revelry
To the tapestried roof are flung;
Lute and harp their soul are breathing,
Noble hand in hand is twined,
Forms of love the dance are wreathing,
Like the rose-tree in the wind;
Every wave, and rise, and fall,
Fragrance, grace, and beauty all.

But a sudden trumpet-tone
Echoes on the startled air;
It has deepened to a groan;
Fear and agony are there!
It is gone.—A clash of swords,
As of charging chivalry
Plunging on the Moslem hordes,
Sweeps the gazing revel by;
Followed by the chauntings drear,
O'er some noble warrior's bier.

Peals the tempest's doubled roar,
Broad as noon the lightning plays,
Sculptured roof and marble floor
Quivering in the livid blaze;
Tinging every face and plume,
In its ghastly burst of blue;

Looks the mighty hall a tomb—
Awe-struck form, and stony hue,
Silent lip, and soundless tread,
Look a gathering of the dead.

But one visage paler still,
But one eyeball's wilder glare,
But one bosom's fiercer thrill,
Tell the man of evil there:
On that bridegroom, one by one,
Fixes every burning ball,
Turns half oped the lip of stone;
But his glance defies them all.
Look not on him, shuddering bride,
By thee sits—the Parricide!

Now, as by a giant hand,
Wide was flung the palace door;
Onward marched a warrior band,
Sable priests a burden bore;
From the bier a hooded monk,
Slowly raised a bloody pall,
In it lay a headless trunk:
From the roof-tree of the hall,
Where his father's helmet hung,
"Murder!" through the tempest rung.

Whose the hand that gave the blow?
'Twas the sitter on that throne;
For the bauble on his brow,
Was the deed of horror done.
Youth is hot, and age is cold,
Passion is a lion fanged;
Soon the tale of guilt is told—
Dagger against dagger clanged;
At his feet his father died,
Thus were won his crown and bride.

Through the hall no voice awoke,
Moved nor step, nor eye, nor hand;
But the broader thunders broke,
Broader blazed the lightning's brand.
Every torch and cresset dies,
Phantom priest and monk are gone;
But what groups around him rise,
Guardians worthy of his throne!
Through the solid darkness glare
Eyes of terror and despair.

Shapes that by the fiery flood
Hover on the sleepless wing;
Shapes, the worm's eternal food,
Vassals of the grisly king;

When the cup of guilt o'erflows,
Guilt no more to be forgiven,
Called the boaster's hour to close,
Reft of hope in earth and heaven:
Death without, and death within;
Sin, the punisher of Sin!

In Count Rollo's haughty hand,
Sweeps the sword,—its blade is fire;
On Count Rollo's brow the band
Starts to life, a serpent's spire;
Gem-wrought sandal, broidered robe,
Worth the ransom of a king,
All are now a fiery globe;
Knightly star and jewelled string,
Trophies of immortal days,
All are now one whirling blaze.

Still the murderer, unconsumed,
Sits upon the ghastly throne;
Every feature fire-illumed—
Who has heard Count Rollo's groan?
Who has seen his spirit bowed?
Still he taunts the eternal ire.
But ascending in his shroud,
Stands before the Son the Sire:
Howls the tempest:—"Thou'rt undone;"
Count Rollo's corpse is on his throne!

THE CAPTIVES.

A TALE OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY MARY SPENSER PEASE.

CHAPTER I.

NORWOOD.

"Go abroad
Upon the paths of nature, and when all
Its voices whisper, and its silent things
Are breathing the deep beauty of the world,
Kneel at its simple altar, and the God,
Who hath the living waters, shall be there."

WILLIS.

AMONG those that "came over," were *three brothers*—the magic number—by the name of Norwood. The youngest brother—the pivot of the present tale—married a pretty little English girl, the daughter of the good chaplain who came in the same vessel with him.

Brave sons and beautiful daughters were given to them, and no family in the then comparatively new colony of Plymouth, stood in better esteem than that of Norwood. In a treaty with the Indians, Norwood had

purchased a large tract of land somewhere in the interior of Connecticut—lying north and west of Hartford, and in the Green Mountain range—with a view of establishing a new settlement there, in the uncultivated forest. Years passed on, however, and found Norwood still closely clinging to the place where he had enjoyed so much heartfelt pleasure, in the knowledge of being fully beloved and respected by an ever-increasing circle of friends and family—in the satisfaction, also, of being allowed to worship God unmolested, after the manner his own conscience dictated. As year also followed in the wake of year, each succeeding one found him more firmly rooted to the spot of earth on which he had transplanted himself, and less and less willing to tear out the deep-struck roots and seek a new soil.

Not so with his fourth son Dudley. Full of youth and hope, and with a spirit of enterprise that found its birth in the new, unsettled times, he armed himself to encounter all difficulties, and prepared with his young wife, to seek a new home in the then rude country.

Travelling on horseback was the only safe method of journeying in those times of jagged forests and ragged roads. His little wife he placed on a sure-footed, easy-paced animal, that had won the name of "Griselda," for its gentleness and untiring devotion to the family. Two serving-men and one stout maiden, all equally well mounted with himself, several mules loaded

with blankets and implements of housewifery and husbandry, composed his own immediate *suite*. He was accompanied by some half dozen young men, with ready hands and brave hearts, who intended to pitch their tents in the new country, and afterwards to return and take to themselves wives, and with them again seek the new settlement.

The number and strength of their party insured them from attacks of the wild beasts; and the Indians at that time being for the most part peaceably inclined toward the whites, they had not much to fear from them. At the end of the tenth day, the tired travellers had achieved a distance that takes now about half as many hours to accomplish.

A more lovely spot could not well have been conceived, than the one where they found themselves at their journey's end.

The town of "Norwood"—taking its name from its originally greatest land-holder—without appearing to be quite *buried* in mountain ranges, is, nevertheless, snugly sheltered among the highest of those lofty eminences, which overlook the mountains of Massachusetts on the north, and whose ice-cold springs supply the numerous tributaries of the Housatonic on the west, and the Farmington River on the east, with the never-failing waterbrooks, that flash and sparkle down many a roaring waterfall on their arrowy way to the ocean.

These streams, springing from all points of this high ground, if not the homes of many an undiscovered Undine, are the abode of piscatorial "beauties" that a lover of the angle only, can appreciate; and their thickly wooded margins were at that time the haunts of a world of wild game—from the harmless grouse or pheasant, that still abounds, to the ferocious otter, or industrious beaver, whose wonder-exciting embankments may yet be traced in the fertile meadows they once served to overflow and make fat with the decayed vegetation of uncounted seasons before the white man's sway.

CHAPTER II.

THE WITCH-HAZEL.

"Mysterious plant! whose golden tresses wave
With a sad beauty in the dying year,
Blooming amid November's frost severe,
Like a pale corpse-light o'er the recent grave.
If shepherds tell us true, thy wand hath power
With gracious influence to avert the harm
Of ominous planets."

Early in the afternoon of a warm June day, in the year 17—, a solitary horseman was riding leisurely along the rough road leading to Norwood from the north.

Both horse and rider seemed decidedly to belong to the "upper class"—for the animal was sleek and well-conditioned, seeming altogether as fine and spirited a piece of horseflesh as could well have been found; while the man — young, well-formed, and handsome, with eyes as dark as the blackest thunder-cloud, and looking as though their flash might be very much like that cloud's lightning—had altogether that indescribable air of grace and ease about him that comes only to the travelled and highly cultured.

As the young man proceeded thus lazily on, buried in a pleasing reverie, a slight rustling noise caused him to look around. A dozen dark faces, fierce with paint and scowling eyes, glaring on him, met his startled gaze. Still he would have felt no other emotion than surprise, at seeing so many around him and so suddenly, had he not found himself before he was aware of their intent, firmly and securely bound to his horse with strong ropes of twisted bark. Resistance was vain. He therefore quietly allowed himself to be led to the Indian encampment, concealed in the heart of the old forest, and very shortly he found himself arraigned before the grim tribunal of the Indian chief, as a spy. With the quiet simplicity of truth, he denied the charge, stating that he was an Englishman—a friend to the red man; travelling solely for his own pleasure, gratifying his love of the beautiful, in studying the wild and pictu-

resque scenery of America, as well as his love of novelty in the men and manners of the new country.

The chief, who spoke English very tolerably, listened gravely to the young man's words, and at the conclusion, wisely shook his head, and scowling until the bright vermilion stripes over each eye met in one bloody line, abruptly said: "Pale-face cannot deceive Pontiac. You see before you that great warrior. Pontiac likes the English pale-face not at all; for has he not found the pale-face tongue ever fair and false? Where are the lands of our fathers? Did they not reach from the ocean beyond the big river of the Mississippi? Pontiac's tribe very great. His chiefs have ever been renowned in council and in war. Were not our braves as numerous as the leaves of the forest? Were not peace and plenty ours until the white man came among us? Pale-face have smooth tongue and sharp sword."

"You may have received many wrongs from some of my countrymen, but others there are who regret those wrongs, and none more than myself. I would see my red brothers of the forest receive always justice and mercy from the invaders of their soil."

"White brother's tongue very soft. Indian eyes wide awake; Indian eyes never deceive. White brother come as friend;—why does white brother ride on

enemy's horse? Major Gladwin a snake in the grass—Pontiac hate him."

The Indian concluded his sentence with one of his peculiar scowls, his small black eyes glistening like burning coals under the frowning paint. The prisoner started. A choking and chilling sensation of dread crept through his veins; at a glance he saw why he, alone as he was, had been taken captive. The horse *had* belonged to that celebrated major, his friend, until, on account of his sagacity, and capacity of endurance, Gladwin had presented the animal to him. Until now during the short peace with the English, and the numerous tribes who crowned Pontiac as their leader, the young man had travelled much through the interior of New York and the New England States, and had ever been treated with the greatest respect and kindness by the Indians. But the times were again becoming troublous. Several outrages, both on the part of the English and the Indians, had reached him, and rumours of war were afloat. Still had he continued to journey fearlessly on, with the hope of youth before him, with no particular object in view, save that of gratifying his thirst for the beautiful, in looking upon nature in this her new phase—her sublime old forest—her ocean lakes—her towering mountains and giant waterfalls.

He had now full leisure to contemplate the sublimity of an American forest, in all the grandeur of its anti-

quity; and as the shadows among those venerable old trees began to lengthen and deepen, and as night crept softly down through that heaven-high canopy of leaves, the heart of the young man beat thick within him, as much in awe of the solemn tale whispered to him by that dim old forest, as in fear of the fierce savages. As those shadows grew more and more black, the flickering fire-light grew brighter, and the strange-looking Indians, in their fantastic dress and unchristian paint, as they flitted back and forth between him and the gleaming tongues of forked light, began to assume shapes weird and mysterious. The Indian encampment became a magic dream. The Indians were demons and gnomes, practising their unlawful rites.

A light whisper in his ear awoke him to the consciousness that he had been sleeping. The silence of the grave had taken the place of the Indian's rude mirth. The full moon over head showed the time to be past midnight; its soft light revealed the lovely face of an Indian maiden bending low over him.

With his habitual instinct for the beautiful, Clarence had watched the lithe forms and free graceful motions of the young Indian girls; for Indian maidens before they become wives, and are compelled to hard labour in field and tent, are generally as delicate in form and beautiful in face as their civilized sisters.

Their beauty is in fact often more striking and symmetrical.

A face more full of heaven's beauty than the one now kneeling over him, the young man had scarcely seen; and as she knelt, low, soft Indian accents sank into his ear so sweet and dreamlike, that he almost fancied he still slept.

"Would the young Antelope love to be free? Liberty is sweet. Shall the Indian maiden loosen the cords of her pale-face brother? Our braves think the dark-eyed Antelope an enemy—"

"Thy braves mistake me—"

"Hist! Tomahawk sharp. English scalp bring much gold in the French Canada. White brother's hair fine and soft—too pretty to hang up scalp by—"

"Thy chiefs would not dare—"

"Hist! Red man dare anything. Red man sleeps now. Red man ears very long. Witch-Hazel put poppy-juice in the sentinel's drink; he sleep very sound. Can the young Antelope run?"

"Swift as the deer, swift as the lightning that follows thy Manitou's dread voice."

"Good! When the dark-eyed Antelope is far over the mountain, let him thank the Witch-Hazel for his liberty."

"The Witch-Hazel shall have beads and feathers, and fine silk," said the young man as he felt his bonds loosened.

"Let the young Antelope turn his dark eyes to the moon. The Great Spirit speed him, and in a few hours he will come to pale-face lodge."

The "young Antelope" did not wait for a second bidding, but pressing the little brown hand of his beautiful friend, he noiselessly and fleetly sped on in the direction named.

The dawn of the day found him far from the pretty Witch-Hazel, and still hastening on in the ragged, tangled road.

The soft, gurgling voice of an unseen Undine called pleasantly to him from the low meadow beyond; and being unable to resist the sweet, pleading sound, and feeling himself at a safe distance from his scalping friends, he wandered into the meadow, and sitting down beside the clear, cold stream, he first slaked his thirst, and withdrawing his boots he dipped one foot, then the other, into the refreshing water;—then he laved his whole person, the merry, laughing sprites, meantime, splashing and dashing him with the white spray from over the great rocks, down which the glittering waters foamed and danced.

A most plentiful breakfast had he there from the sweet, wild strawberries which grew around him in the utmost luxuriance, upon that fertile meadow-land.

The wood-robin, the wren, and the blue-bird sang for him their sweetest songs while he tarried among them.

Feeling himself fully rested, at length he sought, with a new life, the road again, and proceeded on toward the settlement.

CHAPTER III.

THE SISTERS.

"*Our witches* are no longer old
And wrinkled beldams, Satan-sold,
But young, and gay, and laughing creatures,
With the heart's sunshine on their features—
Their sorcery—the light which dances
When the raised lid unveils its glances;
And the low-breathed, gentle tone,
Faintly responding unto ours,
Soft, dream-like, as a fairy's moan,
Above its nightly closing flowers!"

WHITTIER.

JUST as the "dark-eyed Antelope" had come within hearing of the village noises—a welcome sound to his heart—such as the barking of dogs, the ploughboy's loud "gee, whoa," the merry, ringing voice of children at play, — just as he reached the well-known "Devil's Rock," after passing old "Haystack,"—that venerable mountain-hill, rising up grim and dark at his right hand, he was startled with the sudden step of a deer as it bounded lightly out from the woods into the

road. But the deer proved to be a two-footed *dear*—and two pretty and nimble little feet they were—and, as they sped on, from the same path in the thick greenwood, out popped another dear little maiden in fleet pursuit of the first. A hasty and casual glance was all the little fairies, or whatever they were, vouchsafed the traveller. He watched them in their airy course until a bend in the road hid them from his view. Their silvery laugh, still sounding in his ear, reminded him of all the wild and beautiful things he had ever read in fairy-lore, or thought in his own bright imaginings. With the superstition of those early times, any one might have been justifiable in fancying the flying maidens connected with those mysterious little beings, the fairies—perhaps pet daughters of the Fay-Queen herself—for they were as slightly and delicately fashioned as the lily-bell, and, like the lily, their dress was purest white. Garlands of holly and woodland honeysuckle wreathed their floating hair and slender waists.

The young man quickened his pace, and as he turned the wooded point, he once more caught sight of the fugitives, and also of the pretty village beyond. The two young girls were now walking, with each an arm around the other's waist—as it is the fashion with maidens when they have no stronger arm to encircle them.

It was not long before the more rapid strides of the

traveller brought him close to the side of the two. The simplicity of those early times rendered the ceremony of an introduction as useless, as it in reality should be, and the young people soon found themselves in the heart of a spirited conversation.

The traveller discovered the pretty maidens to be sisters, and daughters of the first landed proprietor of the village, and that their names were Annie and Irene Norwood.

In return for their artless and confidential conversation, the stranger entertained them with his adventure among the Indians—at which they duly shuddered, congratulating him on his escape—and also with many other marvels he had encountered during his travels. As they found themselves at the door of a "well-to-do-" looking mansion, Annie Norwood gaily remarked, "You have delighted us with your vivid and graphic descriptions, sir stranger, but you have not yet told us by what name we shall introduce our new friend to our dear parents."

"Forgive my seeming want of frankness, but I could hardly find an opportunity of insinuating my name, especially before it was asked of me."

"Ah!" laughingly said Annie, "that undoubtedly is meant to correct us for our glibness of tongue, in revealing unasked, not only our names, but all that concerns

us, or ours, nearly as far back as the Norman conquest, for we can date our ancestors back quite to that period."

"Hush, Nannie, that sounds too much like bragging," interrupted Irene, "and you do not give the stranger any opportunity—"

"Nay, sister," said the other playfully, "it is yourself now that is preventing the desired revelation."

"Hist, sister Nan—"

The young man fixed his midnight eyes on the two, wondering in his heart which was the most beautiful—and in his marvel he forgot to satisfy the natural curiosity of the sisters as to who he was, until Nannie exclaimed with an arch *naïveté* that well became her dimpled face;

"Will you not walk in, and rest and refresh yourself, Mr. ——; my mother will be in the highest degree gratified to entertain so distinguished a guest, Mr.—"

"Norwood," quietly said the stranger.

"Norwood!" ejaculated both of the sisters.

Upon comparing notes, the family found the stranger to be a son of the eldest of the four brothers Norwood—the one who did *not* "come over" in person;—perhaps preferring to wait and send his present son as substitute.

This elder branch of the family had a title, and young Norwood, being a second son, might or might not become a baronet.

A refreshing dinner, a stroll in the garden and down

in the meadow, to the brook-side with the bright sisters—Norwood being yet undecided as to which was the most beautiful—a daintily cooked and bountiful supper, completed the first day of him whom the Witch-Hazel had fantastically named the "dark-eyed Antelope." And now evening set in; and a merrier or happier evening could not well have been conceived than the one enjoyed by the Norwoods. The gay Annie initiated her handsome cousin into the mystery of "peas porridge hot." And the old hall rung again with the clapping of the little white hands of "Nannie," and the more manly ones of young Norwood. While the gentle, quiet Irene sang old ballads for him, in her sweet tender voice. Occasionally the clear rich voice of "Nan" joined her sister's in a harmonious duet.

Tales were told, and jokes laughed at; the father and mother Norwood, who were as young and fresh as the young people themselves, contributing their full share to the amusement of the evening.

"What a delightful thing it is to have such a delightful cousin," said Annie, "and to have him pop so all of a sudden among us; but he has not yet given us any more familiar name by which to call him than Norwood; even that he seemed chary of until after much entreaty. One would fancy his name gold, at least—that article being just now the scarcest thing among the colonies."

"Should not the name be golden that holds such a priceless gem in its most fair descendant?" replied the young man with much fervour.

The soft bright blushes spoke from the maiden's cheek, while with her lips she laughingly said, "But thy name, cousin mine; give us thy name."

"Clarence, then, at thy service."

"Clarence! how odd—how *very* odd, the very name, is it not, Reny dear?"

"Peace, foolish sister!" said Irene, blushing tumultuously. That blush startled Clarence again into wondering which of the two really *was* the most beautiful.

Bed-time came at length, and to the new-found cousin was assigned the "best room," whose linen-spread bed vied in whiteness with the winter's snow. The sisters had taken care to fill vases with the choicest flowers the garden could boast, and the room was fragrant with the damask rose, the sweetbrier and mignonette.

Through his dreams all night, floated visions of two most lovely, joyous beings. Occasionally a dark, nut-brown face, of exquisite beauty, bent lowly over him; while, with the musical voices of the sisters—melting in sweet cadences with his sleep—mingled the lowest of soft Indian accents, whispering wild lullabies to his spirit.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SECRET DISCOVERED.

"I will tell you a secret," the honey-bee said
To a violet drooping her dew-laden head.
"The lily 's in love! for she listened last night,
While her sisters all slept in the holy moonlight,
To a zephyr that just had been rocking the rose,
Where, hidden, I hearkened in seeming repose.
I would not betray her to any but you,
But the secret is safe with a spirit so true—"

FANNY OSGOOD.

DAY after day sank behind the old dark green forest to rise no more. And each new one found Clarence Norwood still lingering in the home of the cousins; just to see which *really* was the most beautiful—Irene with her tender, loving ways, her gentle playfulness, or Annie with her bright irresistible spirit of fun and mischief—for no other reason he was sure, unless it was to find out *why* Irene blushed when Annie had commented upon the singularity of his name being Clarence, "the very same name," &c.

At one time when Annie's bright playful witchery had ensnared him, he was sure she was the most beautiful. Again, when he met Irene's pleading soft blue eyes, he

was morally certain she was the loveliest thing in existence. He thought too, he saw in Irene a more decided preference for himself than Annie displayed, notwithstanding he imagined he had discovered that *the* reason why Irene had blushed so prettily, at the coincidence of his name being Clarence, was because the maiden had a Clarence of her own—*somewhere*. A wise conclusion, and perhaps he was right.

Meantime, Norwood had sent by the then slow and uncertain mail, a letter to Gladwin, who had command of the station at Detroit, informing him of his capture and escape.

With Irene's deep blue eyes in his heart, with Nannie's glad laugh in his ear, he wandered alone, one bright early morning, down through the meadows back of the village, to the favourite haunt of the sisters. Though a wilderness for loneliness and wildness, it was but a few hundred yards from the mansion of the Norwoods and formed a part of the family lands.

Some terrible convulsion of nature had lain bare a stratum of rocks; and there they gloomed high above one another in vast and strange confusion: trees interlacing grew from out the yawning fissures, one over the other, and rock and tree soared on heavenward, each outvying the other in striving for the unattainable above. Upon the summit, a level and comparatively bare strip of land, which the villagers had called "the ledge,"

sloped gently one way into the garden of the Norwoods, whose house stood on the highest ground of the village, and the opposite way descended gradually down for a quarter of a mile, forming a sort of *causeway* promenade, and terminated in the junction of the two streams, "Blackberry River" and "Wood Creek." There the merriest and maddest of foaming waterfalls tumbled headlong down a ravine of some seventy-five or eighty feet.

It was at the foot of the wild ledge, westward of their garden, where the most terrific of "jumping-off places" overlooked a cave, that the young Norwood maidens loved to while away hours and days, taking with them their books or needlework, or sketching-paper and pencils. They reached the spot by the more round-about and easier descent of the grazing-land, and under those rocks, through the tall chestnuts that sheltered the spot, came glimpses of the broad meadows through which the murmuring brook flowed in musical cadences. Far in the distance arose the hoary heads of the Tochannok Mountains, seen above the tops of the forest trees that bounded that wide extent of landscape.

Here young Norwood had seated himself, gazing abstractedly on the far-distant mountains, lost in a pleasant reverie, when he was startled by the sudden appearance of the Witch-Hazel, as with a light step she sprang from a rock to his side.

Mutual congratulations followed, when the Witch-Hazel broke suddenly out with,—"Indian maid came to warn young Antelope. Pontiac's braves tired of peace,—nothing to do. In a few days, all go to the big lakes to fight the English—before they go, they will get back the dark-eyed Antelope, and—" The girl finished her sentence by making a significant circle with her finger around the crown of her head.

"Your friends will not care to trust themselves very near the village with murderous intentions?" The young girl interrupted him, by reminding him that her chiefs would dare anything, for a sufficient object; that they would by every stratagem endeavour to secure him, as they still considered him an enemy.

"I will look to myself, to please you, and promise not to leave the village,—if so doing, will protect me from their merciless clutches," replied Norwood—the impetuous earnestness of the Witch-Hazel, impressing him disagreeably with the vision of a tomahawk's sharp edge grazing his skull.

"The Antelope will do well," responded the maiden.

"I have been looking for you for many days, beautiful Witch-Hazel." The Indian girl started, and a rich crimson blush overspread her nut-brown face. "See, I am as good as my word; here are the trinkets and ribands I promised you."

The Witch-Hazel received them so timidly, and with

so much agitation, that Norwood felt a sudden suspicion arise within him, that he was more to the maiden than his own feelings for her would warrant. He instantly banished the suspicion as unworthy of himself, but unconsciously to himself he treated her with a new tenderness and consideration, that sprung from his awakened interest in her, and that left her, when their interview was concluded, with a flushed cheek, a light step, and a happy heart.

The soft steps of the Witch-Hazel had no sooner died away, than a rustling noise in another direction brought the heart of the young man in his throat. His vivid imagination pictured the Indians in close pursuit of him. He placed his back against a tree, and with his hand grasping his rifle, awaited, half in fear and half in defiance, the approach of his foes. In another instant the white flowing drapery and lily-fair arms of Irene gleamed through the foliage. She was walking slowly, and her soft blue eyes were earnestly gazing upon a miniature she held in her hand.

Norwood felt a twinge of pain pass through his heart as he thought, "this then is the Clarence the beautiful Irene loves; this is the *secret* Nannie would not reveal."

An irrepressible desire to see the face of that miniature took possession of him; and, as the maiden advanced and passed him—she being too absorbed to look

up, a few leafy saplings only being between her and Norwood,—he could not prevent a slight inclination of his head that enabled him to see—no, he surely was not mistaken!—there, in truthful colours was an exact resemblance to—himself!

Softly as a dream the maiden went on, and the warm blood thrilled to his fingers' ends, as he saw her kiss the face and press it to her heart. A whole legion of conflicting emotions then took possession of him; his thoughts shaped in words might have read—"She loves me! the beautiful, beautiful, *beautiful* girl! *Does* she love me? *Is* it I, Clarence, she loves? Are there two I's? If it is not I, who is it? Clarence, Clarence, *her* Clarence! Am *I* her Clarence? If not, who is? Is that picture I? If not, who is it? Oh, I am in a bewilderment—an amazement—"

What could it mean? And, to ascertain what it meant, Clarence went forward to join her, taking care to go in a round-about way that she might not be startled into the fear that she had been seen kissing a miniature. When Clarence came up to her, the blue riband was hanging as usual around her white neck, but the picture was hid in her soft bosom.

"How is my beautiful cousin Irene, this early morning?"

"As well as she hopes she sees her cousin Clarence."

"Which could not be better; the only drawback to

his happiness, being the knowledge that in a few days he must leave this glorious spot and the society of the beautiful sisters."

"Going! Is our cousin Clarence tired of us so soon?" And Irene turned snow-pale, and her tender voice was tremulous with emotion.

"Not so, dear Irene. I could never weary of such sweet friends; but necessity, over which I have at present no control, urges me for a time away. A messenger arrived last night with letters for me—"

"And how soon will you return?"

"Perhaps in a year, perhaps in six months."

"A year!" And the dim tears that had been struggling in her soft blue eyes now rolled quietly down her paling cheek.

"Will my sweet cousin Irene sorrow for me when I am gone?" said Clarence, drawing the unresisting girl tenderly towards him, and seating her on the mossy bank beside him. "Will my sweetest cousin ever think of me, as I shall never cease to think of her?"—continued Norwood, in a low voice—feeling at that moment he had discovered which of the sisters *was* most beautiful—at least to him; that the slender waist his arm encircled contained the heart he craved more than any earthly good; that the gentle girl by his side was dearer to him than all else the world could hold. He sang his love-song in her ear, and never was love-song listened to by

more willing ears, or replied to in notes of sweeter music.

An hour had passed by unmarked—an hour delicious to both with the wildering joy of love first given and received. Annie's glad voice and dancing step surprised the two who were so absorbed in each other.

"Ah! I see how it is with you both," said Annie, in her clear, round tones. "A hopeless case. I suppose you neither of you will ever want anything to eat again. Breakfast has been waiting only an hour and a half. Irene, I have long seen, was past redemption; she has lived for the last ten days or so on what the chameleons feed. I suspected how it stood also with cousin Clarence; but men 'take it easier,' as the old nurses say. But, really, you must come home; papa and mamma will think you are both drowned in the brook, or captured by the Indians."

At Nannie's last word, Norwood felt a shudder of dread, a sort of undefined presentiment of approaching evil; he cast the half-formed fear from him, and said gaily to Annie, "Yes, we will go at once, and on the way, dear cousin, you shall tell me what you meant by that significant 'how odd! the very name,' &c., when I said my name was Clarence, and why Irene blushed."

"*Shall* I tell, Reny, dear?"

"No! *no!*" answered "Reny, dear."

"Yes, *yes!* why not tell? Clarence might think it worse than it is, when it is only——"

"Nannie! Nannie! *dear* Nannie!" and the blushing Reny attempted to stop the saucy little mouth with her slender fingers, but Nannie sprang lightly from her, and obstinately continued her explanation.—"Mamma was listening to our foolish prattle only the evening before you came, dear cousin Clarence,—brother Clarence, I mean,—I was descanting on how I should do when I came to have a house of my own; everything, of course, was to be on a better plan than any one else had ever conceived. We came, after a while, to discussing names; Reny said, of all names, she thought Clar——"

"Dear, *dear* Nannie!" again expostulated "Reny."

"She thought Clarence the most beautiful, and that her husband should be called Clarence, and that she should call her first boy Clar——"

"Sister Annie——" And Irene's imploring eyes were ready to weep, but she swallowed her tears and looked up sweetly, and with loving, childlike simplicity, said,—"So it *is*—the most beautiful name in the world. And *my* Clarence, is the most beautiful Clarence in the world."

Clarence held her to his heart, and then turning to Annie, "So," said he, "the wonderful secret that has been tormenting me so long is this, and discovered at last; and is, I must say, a *very* odd coincidence—but,

dear Nannie, you have not told me the name of *your* prospective cara sposo."

"Oh! Ernest. I shall never marry until I find an Ernest, enough in earnest, to love such a madpate as poor I."

"I know an Ernest—young Grey—who would be a match for even your quick wit and beautiful wickedness; and what is more, I have written for him, and expect him every day with a detachment from Detroit, to help rout these terrible Indians."

At that grim word, their name was legion. Cave, rock, and bush, each yielded up, like an evil spirit, its swarthy face, fierce with war-paint, while terrific yells filled the air.

Young Norwood fought like a tiger, and succeeded for a time in keeping the savages at bay. One shot from his rifle laid the foremost Indian at his feet. Several others were wounded by his dirk; but what could one do against thirty? Again, Clarence found himself a captive, and this time the knowledge was embittered by the thought that the one being he loved more than his own life, and her beautiful sister, were both in the same lawless hands, while he was powerless to release or comfort them.

CHAPTER V.

THE INDIAN ENCAMPMENT.

ROARING BROOK.

"It was a mountain stream, that with the gay leap
Of its impatient waters had worn out
A channel in the rock, and wash'd away
The earth that had upheld the tall old tree,
Till it was darkened with the shadowy arch
Of the o'er-leaning branches. Here and there
It loitered in a broad and limpid pool,
That circled round demurely, and anon
Sprung violently over where the rock
Fell suddenly, and bore its bubbles on,
Till they were broken by the hanging moss,
As anger with a gentle word grows calm."

WILLIS.

AND there, in the music of that ever-onward, joyous, rushing, "roaring brook," about two and a half miles from the village, had the Indians built their fire, and driven the stakes of their temporary lodges. There sat the renowned Pontiac in all the grim grandeur of savage state; and there, under the shade of rock and tree, were the captive sisters, as free, seemingly, as the Witch-Hazel at their feet. Free as they appeared, fifty jealous eyes were stealthily upon them, to note their slightest motion.

The smoke from the unceasing fire, as it swayed to the wind, now revealed and now concealed from the sorrowful eyes of Irene, the form of Clarence Norwood, bound and guarded in another part of the encampment.

The Witch-Hazel was arrayed in the trinkets given her by Norwood; upon her jet-black hair, smoothly parted from her brow, glistened the brilliant diadem Clarence had discovered in an old chest and begged of his aunt. His pearls were around her neck, and her nimble fingers had woven the ribands and beads he had given her into her pretty moccasins. Some of the sisters' sadness seemed to have dimmed her dark, lustrous eye, as she sat at their feet, apart from her people. Her glance at last rested on the blue riband around Irene's neck.

"What has the pretty White Fawn on her beautiful neck? Let Witch-Hazel see." And with a playful rudeness, the young Indian girl seized the riband.

"The dark-eyed Antelope," ejaculated she with a scream of delight. She glanced furtively around to see if she was watched by her tribe; and seating herself again on the low mound at the feet of the captives, she turned the picture this way and that with childish curiosity, making every now and then a low exclamation of joy, either at its brilliant setting or the strong resemblance it bore to Clarence Norwood. She gazed long and attentively at the miniature, as you see her now in

the sketch young Norwood gave to the artist, taken in afterdays, from memory — so deeply was the scene graven on his heart. Picturesquely as the three beautiful ones had grouped themselves, did he depict them —Annie standing, looking mournfully into the dark old forest, as though she expected some unknown succour to arise up for their release. A black scarf, thrown loosely over her beautiful head, contrasted strangely with the unusual paleness and sadness of her lovely face. One arm was resting fondly on the shoulder of her sister, who was sitting on a mossy bank by her side, her fair head leaning lovingly upon Annie, her white hands clasped in utter hopelessness, while her gentle blue eyes gazed sadly and longingly on the miniature the Indian maiden held in her hand.

"Did Clarence give you that miniature, dear Reny?" asked Annie.

"No, dear sister," replied Irene, in a mournful voice, and without changing her desponding attitude; "I painted it myself."

"You! ah, that accounts for the mysterious manner in which you always shut your portfolio, when I came into your august presence," said Annie, with her own fun-loving self sparkling again in her eyes. "Poor simple I, all the time, imagining my love-stricken sister was writing verses—"

"Nannie dear, how *can* you laugh when you do not know what may become of us or of Clarence?"

"Forgive me, dearest Reny, if my laughter disturbs you, but I was born to laugh, and hope, and look upon the bright side of life. So were you, until you were so changed by love.—Ah! if love saddens every one, as it has you, deliver me from it, from this time forth henceforward and for ever."

"It does not sadden, dear Nannie—"

"No, no; you were and are only *sorrowful*, not sad—doubting all the while Clarence's love for your unworthy self—as it seemed to you,—thinking he loved me, or any one but yourself, until he told you his love: then, I suppose, your sorrow would have shone forth in supreme joy, had not this unfortunate capture come upon us. Even now, the fate of Clarence troubles you more than either your own or mine; does it not, sweet sis? Ah, you think I do not know you! I saw that you were "drawn" from the first toward Clarence, though yourself did not know it; and while he seemed half the time inclined to be charmed with my light mirth, not knowing which of us he really did love best, though his heart from the beginning was with you alone, if I had not so distinctly seen and felt what I say to be true, I might have been tempted to fall in love with him myself, notwithstanding his name is not Ernest."

"Ah, Nannie! how can you jest at such a time?"

"I am not jesting, dearest sister, but speaking Heaven's own truth," replied Annie. "How beautifully

you have painted this picture," continued she, bending over the Witch-Hazel, and looking at it; "and how like cousin Clarence it is. You have put it, I see, in that pretty jewelled case, that fusty, musty old General somebody, whom no one remembers—"

"He was our grand-uncle, sister Nannie."

"Oh, well, dear Reny, grand-uncle, or great grand-uncle, he did not become that pretty case nearly so well as its present occupant, and you in your heart knew it, when you dismissed him to make room for Clarence."

"I put his picture in another case mamma gave me, and rolled it in linen, and laid it by from the dust and light—"

"Oh, you are a dear little, careful, pains-taking sister; and always do just right; while poor I am ever too giddy to think of anything but chasing butterflies, and gathering wild flowers—"

"Do not dispraise yourself, dear sister Nannie, for have you not the best, and warmest, and most unselfish heart in all the world—"

"Except your own, sweetest, dearest Reny."

The Indian maiden listened quietly and attentively to the sisters, her bright eyes growing dimmer and dimmer, and at last, when she spoke, her voice was as tender and soft and sad as a wood-robin's.

"Does the 'White Fawn' love the dark-eyed Antelope?"

"You heard my sister say so," replied Irene blushing.

"And the young Antelope loves the pretty pale-face maiden?"

"So he told me," modestly answered Irene.

The young Indian girl sat for some minutes in sorrowful thought, glancing occasionally from Irene to where Norwood sat; when, rising suddenly, she put the riband around Irene's neck, saying, "Take back the beautiful face again. Witch-Hazel cannot steal the dark-eyed Antelope from the White Fawn." And she abruptly left the sisters, and was soon hid from their view by the forest trees.

CHAPTER VI.

THE RENCONTRE.

"She came like a dream in the dawn of life,
She fled like a shadow before its noon;
She is gone, and my peace is turned to strife,
And I wander and wane like the weary moon."

SHELLEY.

Night, like a pall, came slowly and softly down, to close the tearful eyes of the captive sisters; but the dark night found them still wakeful and weeping. Spirits, however, had meantime been at work for them that their dim, straining eyes, could not behold.

"Hist! beautiful White Fawn, don't scream, it is I, the Witch-Hazel; all is ready, and now the pretty pale-face maidens can go home to their own lodges, and sleep on their mother's breast. Ha!" and the Indian girl gave a low laugh of triumph: "but they all sleep hard now, and snore;—all who were set to watch. The Witch-Hazel gave them plenty poppy-juice in their drink."

"Are you—are we—are we *really* going? shall we——"

"Hist! hist! whisper soft: wake Indian chiefs—Indian sleep with one ear open. Witch-Hazel gave only *watchers* poppy-juice."

Noiselessly, the Indian girl led the trembling sisters out of the low, dark cabin given them to sleep in. Without, in the dim moonlight, stood Clarence. In the utmost dread, they stepped over the old woman who lay, heavily snoring, across the entrance of the lodge. She was placed there to watch them,—an old crone, picked out from all the others, as one who never slept. The Witch-Hazel sang her to sleep for once in her life with the mysterious, though silent song, that is hid in the leaves of the poppy.

"The Witch-Hazel will be your guide through the woods," said she to Clarence, in her low, almost voiceless whisper. "Pale-face would get lost. Indian girl at home in the woods."

The little party crept stealthily on, Clarence half

carrying the almost fainting Irene. When they had proceeded but a short distance, their steps partially aroused from sleep a huge bear close to them, who, uttering a deep, low growl, turned over to sleep again.

A quick scream from the pale lips of Annie followed the bear's growl, and in an instant more the forest seemed alive with Indians. Torches gleamed in all directions, and the night, before so still, was loud with noise and light.

"Down, down!" quickly uttered the Witch-Hazel, in a whisper.

An almost impenetrable copse of underwood grew close beside them; they crouched down on the instant, and crept into it. From this comparatively secure place Norwood could watch the motions of the Indians, who were hurrying to and fro, some of them having gone off on a wrong trail in search of the fugitives; for the Witch-Hazel, with the precaution and cunning of her race, had taken care, as they proceeded, to cover their foot-prints with the dry leaves around, in such a manner that they could not at once be detected.

In that dread torch-glare, and surrounded by those savage yells, Irene had fainted, and lay a helpless, though precious burthen, in the arms of Norwood; while Annie and the Witch-Hazel were calm and watchful.

Of a sudden, as the torches glanced now close beside

the spot where they lay, and now away from them, a burst of music, his own beloved country's music, fell on the glad ears of Clarence, and in another instant, by the flickering light, Norwood recognised the familiar faces and uniform of his friends. Placing Irene tenderly in the lap of Annie, he darted forward, as swift as thought, to join and assist the welcome aid. Close in his footsteps, though unperceived, the Witch-Hazel followed.

The Indians were mostly taken by surprise. Some rushed for their arms, many fled precipitately; while others, ready armed and prepared for any emergency, fought with savage fury. The great numbers of the Indians rendered, for a long time, the result doubtful as to which party would conquer.

Clarence was now at the side of his uncle Norwood, and now encouraging those under the command of his friend, Ernest Grey. Loading and reloading the rifle he had seized, he sent ball after ball into the enemy's midst, with the desperation of one who had more than life at stake.

A low, stifled scream smote on his ear, and the form of the devoted Witch-Hazel, wounded and trembling, fell into his arms. The arrow aimed at the heart of Clarence, had entered her loving bosom. With the quick eyes of her people, she had seen the deadly shaft dart from the unerring bow of Pontiac, and knowing its sure aim, had thrown herself before him in time to receive

the deadly weapon into her own life. Clarence bore her quickly away and bound up her bleeding breast. With a mother's tenderness he bathed her drooping brow in the ice-cold water of the spring close at hand. But all his efforts were of no avail, and, in a short time after, he had the unutterable anguish of seeing the martyred being breathe her last soft, uncomplaining breath in his arms.

When the first gray streaks of dawn looked down into that dim old forest, they saw nothing of the midnight's noise and strife. Not a red-face remained in the silent encampment, save those that lay there to rise no more.

The villagers, with the friendly troop under Ernest Grey who had arrived so opportunely, had all returned with their wounded, and with the Indian prisoners they had taken, to the village.

Clarence had the sisters conveyed on a litter, and the departed Indian maiden on another, while he walked sorrowfully by her side, conscience-stricken as though his hand had laid her low—forgetful of his love, and of all, save the great grief he felt in seeing that beautiful form so clay-cold and still.

CHAPTER VII.

CONCLUSION.

"Love knoweth every form of air,
And every shape of earth,
And comes, unbidden, everywhere,
Like thought's mysterious birth.
The moonlight sea and the sunset sky
Are written with Love's words,
And you hear his voice unceasingly,
Like song in the time of birds.
* * * * * *
In the darkest night, and the bright daylight,
In earth, and sea, and sky,
In every home of human thought,
Will Love be lurking nigh."

WILLIS.

FOR was it not by admitting this viewless guest, unbidden and without knocking, into her heart, that the generous Witch-Hazel was betrayed from warm living life into the cold arms of Death? And for years after Clarence could not think of her beautiful sacrifice for him, without a fearful shudder. It took time and change of scene, in his own beloved England, with the ever untiring, gentle, gentle love of his gentlest Irene, to smooth from his heart the recollection of that night of horror, when the self-forgetful Indian maiden lay pulseless and soulless in his arms.

But the tender, loving Irene, won him back again to himself, and in after years, as Sir Clarence and Lady Norwood, they were a pattern to all wives and husbands—love abiding with them, and making their lives beautiful with harmony and joy.

Strange to say, Annie Norwood found her Ernest in Ernest Grey, and a more loving two made one never were found on Time's record. If you do not believe me, dear reader, go for yourself to the mountain-kissed village of Norwood, and in the beautiful and matronly great-granddaughter of the bright Annie, living, at this moment, a happy wife and mother, with her dear ones around her, in that same old time-worn homestead, you will find a voucher for every word with which I have tormented or delighted, (as the case may be,) your ever-valued and valuable self.

REMORSE.

BY JOHN MALCOLM.

"A wounded spirit who can bear?"

I.

The silence of this sleepless night
Is fearful and profound,
Without a voice to tell its flight
And break the stillness round—
Save when yon bell's funereal tone
Proclaims another hour is gone.

II.

No moonbeams, wandering o'er the sky,
The realm of clouds illume;
And but the cold pale stars on high
Are glimmering through the gloom—
Deep solitude reigns all abroad,
And none is present now but God.

III.

With dark and heavy thoughts oppressed,
(Like phantoms of the dead,)
The haunting horrors of unrest
Come trooping round my bed,
And to my wounded mind impart
The midnight madness of the heart.

IV.

They speak of better days misspent,
Health's premature decay,
Of powers for nobler purpose lent,
Life's treasures cast away;
And show the fearful change between
The thing I am and might have been.

V.

I might have passed my golden youth
In bliss to guilt unknown,
Possessed of beauty and of truth—
Her heart was all my own—
To me, alas! how vainly given—
I spurned the sweetest gift of heaven.

VI.

And deep in the delirious bowl
I drowned the sense of sin,
And with oblivion drugged my soul,
To hush the voice within,
That wakes in solitude to scare
My ruined spirit with despair.

VII.

It calls upon me in the night,
In wild and warning tone,
Till starting up in pale affright,
I waken all alone—
To prove the heart-appalling power
Of silence at the mystic hour.

VIII.

I feel my low and lost estate,
Yet still am passion's slave;
And now repentance comes too late,
To torture, not to save:
I loathe myself—but cannot free
My soul from sin's captivity.

IX.

And oft I would that I were dead,
But some inherent fear
Still hovers o'er the dying bed,
And charms my spirit here;
For conscience hints beyond the tomb
The horrors of a darker doom.

THE BIRTH OF VENUS.

BY MISS E. A. STARR.

From the mid sea's lightest foam,
With its silvery break and close,
To the west wind's wooing tone,
Blushing Aphrodite rose:
O'er the ocean's placid hush
A roseate flush,
With a blissful mild surprise
In her tender dewy eyes,
As with dreamy trancing motion,
Floating o'er the swelling ocean,
Fixing all their ravished sight
On her splendour's lovely light,
Tritons bear the rosy car
To the Cyprian isle afar.

Graces now, with light caresses,
Clothe the snowy dimpled shoulder,

Crown the wavy golden tresses,
Bind the garments that enfold her,
With the Cestus' mystic power,
Beauty's dower;
Vernal morning's freshest prime,
Budding lilies, budding thyme,
Vernal odour's faintest essence,
With a charmed enticing presence,
All the lovely limbs pervade
Of the heart-entrancing maid,
And her mouth its sweets discloses
Like a hedge of summer roses.

Quicker blushes, warmer light,
Trembling glances, melting spells
Softest transports now invite,
And her virgin bosom swells
To a deeper, tenderer feeling,
Whose revealing
Is of life's most dear sensations,
Rarest blisses, sweet mutations;
Beauty's winged attendant hovers
Lightly round, as he discovers
New-born raptures, timid fires
Kindling all her young desires,
Flutters almost wild with joy,
Round the Goddess frail and coy.

Zephyrs wait her gracious coming
Far among the clustered isles,
Singing birds and insects humming
Tempt her course with frolic wiles;
Ah, to fresh rejoicing beauty
What glad duty
Pay creation's loneliest bowers,
Captive to her gentle powers,
As the eager billows greet
With thrilled touch her glowing feet—
Nature's homage—while the soul,
Yielding to her sweet control,
Woos her transient charms, to bide
Types of beauty glorified.

THE PLANTER.

A TALE OF THE WEST INDIES.

In the year 17—, a young man went to Demerara to inspect a newly-acquired estate. His name was John Vivian. He came of a tolerably good family; possessed (without being at all handsome) a dark, keen, intelligent countenance; and derived, from his maternal uncle, large estates in Demerara, and from his father, a small farm in his own country, a strong constitution, and a resolute, invincible spirit. Perhaps, he had too much obstinacy of character—perhaps, also, an intrepidity of manner, and carelessness of established forms, which would have been unsuitable to society as now constituted. All this we will not presume to determine. We do not wish to extenuate his faults, of which he had as handsome a share as usually falls to the lot of young gentlemen who are under no control, though not altogether of precisely the same character. In requital for these defects, however, he was a man of firm mind, of a generous spirit, and would face danger, and stand up against oppression, as readily on behalf of others, as of

himself; and, at the bottom of all, though it had lain hid from his birth, (like some of those antediluvian fossils, which perplex our geologists and antiquaries,) he had a tenderness and delicacy of feeling, which must not be passed by without, at least, *our* humble commendation.

Exactly eight weeks from the day of his stepping on board the ship, Vivian found himself standing on the shore of the river Demerara, and in front of its capital, Stabroek. In that interval, he had been tossed on the wild waters of the Atlantic—had passed from woollens to nankeens—from northern cold to tropic heat—and now stood eyeing the curious groups which distinguish the colonies, where creatures of every shade, from absolute sable to pallid white, may be seen—for the trouble only of a journey.

But we have a letter of our hero's on that subject, written to a friend, which we will unfold for the reader's benefit. Considering that the writer had the range of foolscap before him, and was transmitting news from the torrid to the temperate zone, it may, at least, lay claim to the virtue of brevity. Thus it runs:—

"Well, Dick,—Here am I, thy friend, John Vivian, safely arrived at the country of cotton and tobacco. Six months ago, I would have ventured a grosschen that nothing on this base earth could have tempted me to

leave my native land: but the unkennelling a knave was a temptation not to be resisted; and, accordingly I am here, as you see.

"Since I shook your hand at B., I have seen somewhat of the world. The flying-fish—the nautilus—the golden-finned dorado—the deep blue seas—and the tropic skies—are matters which some would explain to you in a chapter. But I have not the pen of a ready writer; so you must be content with a simple enumeration.

"My voyage was, like all voyages, detestable. I began with sea-sickness and piercing winds; I ended with headache and languor, and weather to which your dog-days are a jest. The burning, blazing heat was so terrific, that I had well-nigh oozed away into a sea-god.

"But now comes your question of 'What sort of a place is this same Demerara?' I'faith, Dick, 'tis flat enough. The run up the river is, indeed, pretty; and there are trees enough to satisfy even your umbrageous-loving taste. It is, in truth, a land of woods—at least, on one side; and you may roam among orange and lemon trees, and guavas and mangoes, amidst aloes and cocoa-nut, and cotton and mahogany trees, till you are tired. Stabrock, our capital, is a place where the houses are built of wood; where melons, and oranges, and pine-apples grow as wild as thyself, Dick; and where black, brown, white, and whitey-brown people,

sangaree and cigars, abound. Of all these marvels, I shall know more shortly. I lodge here at the house of a Dutch planter, where you must address me under my travelling cognomen. John Vivian is extinct for a season; but your letter will find me, if it be addressed to 'Mr. John Vernon, to the care of Mynheer Schlachenbrüchen, merchant, in Demerara.' That respectable individual would die the death of shame, did he know that he held the great 'proprietor,' Vivian, in his garret. At present, I am nothing more than a poor protégé of Messrs. Greffulhe, come out to the hot latitudes, for the sake of health and employment.

"You shall hear from me again speedily: in the mean time, write to me at length. This letter is a preface merely to the innumerable number of good things, which I design to scribble for your especial instruction and amusement. It bears for you only a certificate of my safe arrival, and the assurance that I am, as ever, your true friend,

"VIVIAN."

Vivian was, in truth, tolerably pleased with the banks of the river, fringed as it was with trees, and spotted with cottages; but when he actually found himself amidst a crowd of black and tawny faces,—amidst hats like umbrellas, paroquets, and birds of every colour of the rainbow, and children, almost as various, plunging

in and out of the river like water-dogs or mud-larks—he could not conceal his admiration, but laughed outright.

He was not left long to his contemplations, however. A score of blacks were ready to assist him with his luggage, and at least a dozen of free negresses and mulattoes had baskets of the best fruit in the world. He might have a wheelbarrowful for sixpence, and the aid of a dozen Sambos for an insignificant compliment in copper. Neglecting these advantages, Vivian made the best of his way to the house of the Mynheer Schlachenbrüchen, the Fleming, which was well known to all the clamorous rogues on the quay. The merchant was not at home; having retired, as usual, to sleep at his plantation-house, a few miles from town. Our hero, however, was received, with slow and formal respect, by his principal clerk, Hans Wassel, a strange figure, somewhat in the shape of a cone, that had originally sprung up (and almost struck root) somewhere near Ghent or Bruges. Holding Vivian's credentials at arms' length, this "shape" proceeded to decipher the address of the letter through an enormous pair of iron spectacles. In due time, he appeared to detect the handwriting of a correspondent; for he breathed out, "Aw! Mynheer Franz Greffulhe!" and proceeded to open a seal as big as a saucer, and investigate the contents. These were evidently satisfactory; for he put on a look of benevo-

lence, and welcomed the new-comer (who was announced as Mr. Vernon) to Stabroek. "You will take a schnap?" inquired he, with a look which anticipated an affirmation. "As soon as you please," replied Vivian; to which the other retorted with another "Aw!" and left the room with something approaching to alertness, in order to give the necessary orders.

The ordinary domestics of the Fleming, were much more rapid in their movements; for Vivian had scarcely time to look round and admire the neatness of the room, when a clatter at the door compelled him to turn his eyes to that quarter. He saw a lively-looking black come in, with a large pipe of curious construction, and a leaden box containing tobacco, followed close by his co-mate, Sambo, (another "nigritude,") who bore, in both hands, a huge glass, almost as big as a punch-bowl, filled to the brim with true Nantz, tempered, but not injured, by a small portion of water. Sambo appeared justly proud of his burden, which he placed on the table in its original state of integrity; for, after looking for a moment lovingly at the liquid, he turned round to Vivian, and said, exultingly, "Dere, massa!"

But we will not detain the reader with any detail of our hero's movements on his arrival in the colony, excepting one or two, which have direct reference to our narrative. He was introduced to Mynheer Schlachenbrüchen and his wife, each of whom, were our limits

larger, might fairly lay claim to commemoration. As it is, we must pass them by, and content ourselves with stating the fact of their (the merchant, at all events) treating Vivian with more consideration, than his ostensible rank demanded, and introducing him to their acquaintance. The person, however, into whose society Vivian was more especially thrown, was a young girl, who performed the offices of governess, &c., &c., in the house of the Mynheer Schlachenbrüchen. The visiters of the family avoided her, as though she had the plague (even the Mynheer himself preserved a distance); and the consequence was, that Vivian—himself rather looked down upon, by the colonial aristocracy—felt himself drawn nearer to the friendless girl, and assiduously cultivated her good opinion.

This, however, was not a thing to be easily attained. Sophie Halstein (for that was her name) had few of the qualities commonly ascribed to thriving governesses: she was, indeed, an acute-minded and even accomplished girl; but she was as little supple, demure, or humble, as Vivian himself. In fact, she received our hero's advances with indifferent cordiality at first; but the magic of sincerity will win its way; and they accordingly, at last, became excellent friends. The thing which surprised our hero the most was—how it was possible for the dull, gross, unenlightened blockheads of the colony to feel, or even affect, a disdain for one

who was evidently so much their superior. At last, the truth came upon him: She was the child of—*a quadroon!* She was lovely, graceful, virtuous, intellectual, accomplished, modest,—a model for women; but she had a particle—(scarcely apparent, indeed, but still there *was* a particle or two)—a few drops of blood of a warmer tinge than what loiters through the pallid cheeks of a European:—and hence she was visited by universal contempt.

"Ten thousand curses light on their narrow souls!" was Vivian's first exclamation. "She shall be my friend, my—my—sister. The senseless, brutal wretches!—they little think that, under the mask of Vernon, the wealthiest of their tribe is amongst them, and that he respects the little Pariah beyond the whole of their swollen and beggarly race." A very short time was sufficient for him to form a determination to rescue the object of his admiration from her painful state of servitude. Not being accustomed, however, to deal with the delicacy of ladies, he plunged at once into the matter, with headlong rashness.

"You are badly off, Miss Halstein?" said Vivian to her, one morning, in his very bluntest tone.

"I do not complain, sir," replied she, coldly.

"I am sorry for you," said he, hesitatingly, "and would help you."

"Spare your pity," returned the lady: "we have

neither of us much to thank Fortune for. Yet you are content, or seem so; and so also can I be. We will talk on another subject."

"S'death!" exclaimed the other, recollecting his incognito; "I had forgot. Pardon me—I was a fool. You will think me mad, with my offers of help, and my show of pity; but it is not so: I am sane enough, and some of these days you shall confess it. Come,—will you not go with us up the river? We are to run up almost as far as The Sandhills to-morrow, to visit the Reynestein estate and the Palm Groves, which belong to the rich Englishman, Vivian. Perhaps you were never there?"

"I was born there," was the reply; and it was somewhat tremulously uttered.

"Ha! then you will be delighted to visit the spot, no doubt. Did you know the late proprietor?"

"Too well," said she; "he was—a villain."

"How, madam—?" Vivian was forgetting himself again, at this attack on his uncle's memory: but he hastened to recover. "I mean the *last* owner," he resumed, "whose name was, I think,—Morson."

"I knew him, sir; and, as I have said, too well. Do you know by what luck it was that he obtained the Palm Groves? No? Then I will tell you, sir. His predecessor was a careless, easy, and very old man. By a series of unforeseen reverses, by the failure of cor-

respondents, and the roguery of friends, he became involved at last. All that he wanted, however, was a little money for present exigencies; with that, and a course of economy for a few years, he might have retrieved his broken fortunes. His most intimate friend and neighbour was this Morson. Who, then, was more likely than he to help him with a loan of money? He was rich and childless; but the old planter, whom I have spoken of, had one single child—a girl. Pity, therefore, as well as friendship, might move Morson to aid him in his extremity. And he *did* aid him—at least, he lent him money, at the instigation of his manager—"

"Seyton?" asked Vivian, interrupting her.

"Yes, Seyton," replied she, "who coveted the old planter's daughter for a wife, and who thought that, if the parent were ruined, his child would be glad of any refuge. He dreamed that she, who had interfered often between him and his victims, would forget all her old abhorrence, and unite her fate with that of the most barbarous tyrant that ever disgraced even a West Indian colony. Well, sir,—to end this tedious story—"

"It is most interesting to me," said Vivian—"deeply, deeply interesting;" and his glowing eyes and earnest attention were sufficient proofs that he spoke truly.

"Well, sir,—the end was, that Morson advanced the money; that Seyton intrigued with the slaves, and caused many of them to revolt and run away into the

woods; and that the poor old man fell from trouble into want, and from want into absolute despair. His plantations were useless; his crops perished on the ground, for want of slaves; his mills and buildings were burnt by unknown hands; and finally, his hard and avaricious creditor, the relentless Morson, came upon him, and took possession of all his estates, for a debt amounting to one-sixth of their value. The old man"—Miss Halstein's voice shook at this part, and betrayed great agitation,—"The old man soon afterwards died, and his only child was cast upon the world to earn her bitter bread.—This is all, sir. I have given you the history of one-half of Mr. Vivian's property: perhaps the other" (she spoke this with some acrimony) "is held upon a similar tenure."

"God forbid!" said Vivian. "But Seyton?—Did he urge his suit?"

"He did, and was refused. And therefore it is (for he is a bad and revengeful man) that I am fearful of coming upon an estate of which he is, essentially, the master. In the absence of Mr. Vivian, his power is uncontrolled; and there is no knowing what claim he might urge against me. He once hinted that I was born a slave on the Palm Grove estate, and, as such, belonged to his master—I, who am the own daughter of Wilhelm Halstein, to whom all, but a few years ago, belonged."

"*You!*" exclaimed our hero, "Are *you* the person whom Vivian intercepts? He shall do it no more. Rest content, Miss Halstein. Vivian is not the man to injure any one, and least of all yourself. Go with us to-morrow—I beg, I pray, that you will. I pledge my honour—my soul, that you shall not be a sufferer."

The lady still refused, however, and it was not till the old merchant (Schlachenbrüchen, to whom Vivian had spoken in the mean time) had also given his solemn promise to protect her, that she consented to go. She was a little surprised, indeed, at Vivian's urging the matter so vehemently; but as the merchant seconded his requests, she could not continue to refuse.

A row up the river Demerara,—past Diamond Point, to The Sandhills, need not call for any particular description. We will suppose that the party had arrived at the Palm Grove estate, which the merchant (authorized by a power transmitted by Vivian from home) had come to overlook.

The party were introduced to Seyton, a ferocious-looking man, of middle age, who, with a mixture of self-consequence and ambiguous civility, welcomed the merchant and his companions. He took no notice of Vivian, indeed, but when he saw Miss Halstein (who leant on our hero's arm) his eyes sparkled and his lip curled, and turning to the merchant, he said, hastily, "Before you leave the estate, there is a point of some

consequence that I must take leave to mention, respecting this young person:" and he touched her, as he spoke, with the point of the cane that he carried in his hand.

"Stand off, fellow!" said Vivian, angrily, "another touch, or another insolent word, and I will lay you at my feet."

The other started, and examined our hero's appearance, cautiously and sullenly. He saw nothing, however, except an athletic figure and a resolute countenance, and retreated from collision with so formidable an opponent. He did not, however, retreat from his demand.

"Observe, Mynheer," said he, addressing the merchant once more—"I speak as the agent only of Mr. Vivian. This gentleman will scarcely blame me for insisting on the rights of my principal."

"By no means—by no means," replied the merchant. "All in good time. We will talk of that, presently. In the mean time, we will look at the balances. After that, we will ask what your larder contains; and then—for the rights you speak of. Eh, Mr. Vernon—is not that the way?"

"Certainly, certainly," said Vivian. "Miss Halstein will leave all to you: I am quite sure that she may do so safely."

Two or three hours were sufficient to overlook the

accounts, and to dispose of the refreshments, which were offered with some degree of parade to the visiters, at the expense of the estate. Vivian ate heartily, and without scruple, of the produce of his own property; and everything unpleasant seemed forgotten, except by Miss Halstein, when the party (which had been augmented, as agreed upon, by the arrival of the Syndic, from Stabroek) prepared to go.

"Now," said Seyton, "I must once more draw your attention to my demand. I claim this—lady, if you will,—as a slave. She was born on the estate, has never been made free, and belongs of right to my principal, Vivian."

"Bah! man," exclaimed the merchant; "I thought all that was past. Surely, good wine and excellent Nantz, must have washed all such bad thoughts out of your head. Come, let us go. Sophie, girl, take hold of Mr. Vernon's arm, and—"

"By your leave, it must be so," said Seyton, imperatively. He rung a bell, and eight or ten black slaves appeared. "You are at liberty to go, gentlemen; but the lady remains with me. Have I not the law with me?" added he, addressing the Syndic.

That officer assented, adding, however, that all depended on the will of Vivian. The lady might, indeed, be entitled to her liberty; but, until she proved her freedom, she must remain the property of the planter.

"That is sufficient," said Seyton, "I am Vivian's representative."

"Then I am lost," exclaimed Sophie.

"Pardon me," replied the Syndic, "Mr. Seyton is superseded. Mynheer, here, has the power of appointing a manager over this property. Besides which, Mr. Vivian himself has arrived at Stabroek—"

"Ha!" said Seyton; "then no time is to be lost. Superseded or not, Mr. Vivian shall not lose his property. Do your duty, fellows," added he, addressing the slaves, "Seize upon that woman, in the name of your master, Vivian."

"Back, I say," said our hero, pulling out a brace of pistols, and pointing them towards the advancing negroes. "Back, men, and be wise. And you, Mr. Manager, or whatever you are,—take heed how you overstep your duty. Know, sirrah, that your master does not think your false accounts, the worst part of your bad history. Your cruelty to these poor slaves beneath you, has come to his ears; and for that he dismisses you his service. For your impudent and unfounded claim upon this lady, whom your master *loves*—"

"What!" exclaimed Sophie; but the merchant restrained her surprise.

"Whom your master loves, woos, and whom — if heaven is propitious (he says this doubtingly and hum-

bly) he will win.—For *this* atrocious insult there is no punishment great enough. Yet, if any attempt be made upon her, you shall at least be chastised to your heart's content. Be satisfied that I do not jest, and remain quiet."

"We are all armed, Mr. Seyton," said the merchant; "you had better let us depart quietly."

"She shall not go," replied Seyton, foaming with rage. "Once more seize upon her, men! seize upon her for your master, Vivian. Till he comes, I will be obeyed at least."

"*He is here!*" said Vivian, rushing between Sophie and her adversaries—"He is here: he overlooks you, and will punish you. Look, slaves, I AM VIVIAN,—*your master!* Obey me, as you value life or happiness."

"What he says is true. This is, indeed, Mr. Vivian," said the merchant;—and the Syndic corroborated his tale. All was quiet in an instant. Yet Sophie Halstein still looked overcome. "What is this?" inquired the merchant: "You ought to be rejoiced."

"I am," she replied. "But,—Mr. Vivian, you have something to forget. Can you forgive me?"

"I cannot," answered Vivian; "unless with the Palm Groves, (which from this moment is all your own,) you take an incumbrance with it."

"And that is—?" said Miss Halstein, inquiringly.

"It is *myself*, Sophie," replied Vivian, tenderly. "Prithee, be generous; and think what a way I have wandered from home. Take pity on me, and give me shelter with you at the Palm Groves."

"We will talk of this hereafter," said Miss Halstein gently, and dropping her eyes upon the ground.

"What a strange lover he is," whispered the Syndic to the merchant.

"That is true enough," answered the other. "Yet would I venture a grosschen that he succeeds. He is a fine, intrepid, persevering young fellow; and such men seldom fail in anything that they set their hearts upon."

—The old merchant was a true prophet. For before three months had elapsed, the pretty Sophie became lawful mistress of the heart and household of Vivian. The Reynestein flourished; but the Palm Groves became their home.

I KNOW THOU HAST GONE.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

I.

I know thou hast gone to the home of thy rest,—
Then why should my soul be sad!—
I know thou hast gone where the weary are blest,
And the mourner looks up and is glad!
Where love has put off, in the land of its birth,
The stains it had gathered in this,
And hope—the sweet singer that gladdened the earth—
Lies asleep on the bosom of bliss!

II.

I know thou hast gone where thy forehead is starred
With the beauty that dwelt in thy soul,
Where the light of thy loveliness cannot be marred,
Nor thy heart be flung back from its goal;—
I know thou hast drunk of the Lethe that flows
Through a land where they do not forget,

That sheds over memory only repose,
And takes from it only regret!

III.

In thy far-away dwelling, wherever it be,
I believe thou hast visions of mine,
And the love that made all things a music to me
I yet have not learnt to resign;—
In the hush of the night, on the waste of the sea,
Or alone with the breeze on the hill,
I have ever a presence that whispers of thee,
And my spirit lies down and is still!

IV.

Mine eye must be dark—that so long has been dim—
Ere again it may gaze upon thine,
But my heart has revealings of thee and thy home,
In many a token and sign!—
I never look up, with a vow, to the sky,
But a light like thy beauty is there,
And I hear a low murmur like thine, in reply,
When I pour out my spirit in prayer!

V.

And though—like a mourner that sits by a tomb—
I am wrapped in a mantle of care,

Yet the grief of my bosom—oh! call it not gloom!—
Is not the black grief of despair:—
By sorrow revealed—as the stars are by night—
Far off a bright vision appears,
And hope—like the rainbow, a creature of light,—
Is born—like the rainbow—from tears!

THE ALPINE PASTOR.

A TALE OF SWITZERLAND.

THERE could scarcely be imagined a spot more isolated from the world, its fashions, its allurements, and its cares, than the little valley of the Lac de Joux. Embosomed amongst the deepest recesses of the Jura, at the farthest western extremity of the Pays de Vaud, it lies encircled by a rude barrier of rocks and forests, as though Nature had never intended it to be known but to the wild tenants of the woods and streams. Yet here have human industry and contentment found a dwelling-place; and the silvery lake, shining like a mirror from its dark framework, reflects on its calm bosom, hamlets, churches, and cottages, smiling in neat array along its shores; the wild rocks echo to the tinkling bells of herds and flocks; and the Sabbath chimes ring out, with each return of the holy day, to summon the shepherd from the mountain, and the woodman from the forest.

But it is not alone to rustic occupations that the inhabitants of this interesting valley are devoted. They are remarkable for their ingenuity in numerous mecha-

nic arts; and watch-making, in particular, is carried on amongst them with great success. The fruits of their labours are sent to Geneva, to be inclosed in costly exteriors, and from thence forwarded to various parts of Europe; and many an elegant time-piece, with its loves and graces, and dancing hours, or musical box, encased in gold and jewels, admitted to adorn the gay saloon of London or Paris, has owed its original construction to the rough hands of the peasant of the Jura.

On approaching the valley from the interior of the canton, many miles of dreary solitude must be traversed. Dark woods of pine, huge masses of rock, or wide tracts of mountain pasture, afford no other traces of man than the occasional glimpse of some lowly chalet,* its weather-stained sides and rugged roof, scarcely distinguishable from the dusky objects which surround it. After a constant ascent of considerable length, the road begins to wind down a steep defile; and a sudden turn presents to the view the valley at its full extent, lying stretched at the feet of the traveller; the lake, like a sheet of silver, filling up almost the whole of the long narrow hollow; the village of Le Pont sweeping round the curve of one end, and that of L'Abbaye, (so called from an old monastic establishment which formerly occupied its site,) discovered more in the distance.

* Chalet, the summer cottage of the Swiss herdsman.

The Lac de Joux is but little resorted to by the tourist, yet there is in its vicinity much to interest the lovers of nature. The Dent de Vaulion, one of the highest summits of the Jura, forms the most striking feature of the landscape. It rises on the lake side almost perpendicularly, a shelf of bare and inaccessible rock; but in another direction, extends into woods and pastures, and may be ascended with facility, in the little vehicles of the country. Nothing can exceed the brightness of its mountain verdure, the sylvan gloom of its distant forests, and the beautiful grouping of the tufts of larch and birch trees which feather its sides: clear springs come gushing through its glades; goats and cattle browse its fresh pasture, shaking their bells at every step, and so familiarized with man, that they will even come up to be caressed by the stranger. Several Chalets are passed in the ascent, where the herdsmen readily afford repose and refreshment; and the traveller may, if he desires, be initiated into the mysteries of the pastoral science, the making of curds and cheese, to which these good people devote themselves during the summer. The view from the summit is of surprising extent and magnificence, commanding the whole of the Pays de Vaud, great part of the plains of Burgundy, distant chains of Alps, and lakes without number.

At a short distance from the village of Le Pont, is a series of singular cavities, (called by the inhabitants, *les*

Entonnoirs,) partly the work of nature, and partly of art; where the waters of the valley find a subterraneous vent, and after disappearing for the space of half a league, return to the light in the source of the Orbe, gushing from between a lofty wall of rocks, and then gliding away at once, a full-grown river, over a bed of green mosses and variegated pebbles, to which the liquid crystal gives a thousand beauties. This spot has been compared to the consecrated fountain of Vaucluse; and there are not wanting those who assert, that even Petrarch himself could scarcely have denied to the

"Chiare, fresche e dolci acque"

of Val Orbe, still more eminent claims to immortality than those of Avignon.

Not very far from this beautiful source, is situated the Grotte aux Fées, a romantic cavern in the side of the steep rocks overhanging the river. Its entrance forms a spacious archway, embowered amongst the shadowing branches of ancient beech and pines. Many a wild tale is told of this grotto, and the adventures to which it owes its name; but it is chiefly interesting as the scene of an annual festival, when the inhabitants of the neighbouring village assemble to dance within its ample portico, after a trial of skill at shooting with the cross-bow. The prize bestowed at these meetings is a

spinning-wheel, which is presented by the victor to the most virtuous maiden of the community.

But we are wandering away from our own little valley, to which let us return, as to a scene less rich indeed in loveliness, but not less fraught with interest: for though its rocks be barren, and its climate cold, and its soil unfavourable to the vine and the fruit-tree, it has charms of its own in that placid lake, those quiet green shores, and happy homesteads; and more than all, in the primitive virtues which flourish within its bosom.

"Annette, Annette, make haste! and Jeanneton, don't keep us waiting all day!" cried some little voices from behind a garden hedge, close by the side of the lake. A wicket gate stood invitingly open, — I was tempted to peep in; and instead of being punished for my curiosity, was rewarded by the sight of one of the prettiest pictures I ever looked upon. At the farthest end of the garden was a grass-plat, terminated by an arbour of rustic trellis, which five or six little blooming girls were busily decorating with garlands of flowers, ribands, and red berries. Down one of the walks, two of their smaller companions were slowly making their way, tugging along huge branches of larch and mountain-ash, and with their little aprons filled with stocks and marigolds; for it appeared that the garden had already been rifled of all its growing treasures for the adornment of the Bosquet, whose original clothing had been but a

scanty drapery of honeysuckle and sweetbrier. On the grass-plat was spread a table, the upper end of which reached into the arbour, with benches round the other sides; and beside it, sat upon the ground, a little rosy girl of five or six years old, guarding with dignified importance a small wicker cage, from whence, through thick festoons of embowering chickweed, issued, ever and anon, the fairy notes of a piping bullfinch.

By going to the assistance of the distressed damsels in the walk, and bearing their ponderous boughs in triumph to the arbour, I speedily ingratiated myself into the favour of the whole company, and they soon became very communicative in their answers to my inquiries as to the object of all this joyous preparation. "It is the name's-day of our good Pastor," said the eldest of the group, "and we are going to give him a fête, and he is to sit upon this bench, under the arch which we have just finished;" and she pointed to the front of the arbour, round which, on a groundwork of dark-coloured moss, they had ingeniously contrived to form, in letters of yellow everlasting, the inscription—*A notre bon Pasteur.*

"And I am going to give him my bullfinch, which can pipe more than half of Les Armaillos,"* said the little Caton:—"And François and Pierre are gone to the

* The Ranz des Vaches of the Pays de Vaud.

Dent de Vaulion to gather strawberries, and to bring fresh curds and cream," cried another:—"And father is bringing cherries, and cakes, and good things of all sorts from Val Orbe; and we are to have music and dancing:"—"And, better than all," vociferated a third, "they are going to give him a gold watch, such a beautiful"——

"Hush, hush!" cried Marie, the tallest and gravest, "not a word of the watch; you know that is to be a secret. Oh! I hope the gentleman won't say anything beforehand about the watch."

I promised inviolable secrecy, and proceeded to make inquiries about this beloved Pastor, whom all seemed so delighted to honour. More eloquently than ever did my new friends now launch forth in his praises.—"Oh! he is so good, so very good," cried little Caton. "Last winter, when I was ill with a fever, and mother thought I should have died, he would come twice a day up the mountain through the snow, and bring me things to make me better, and tell mother not to cry, and talk to me about heaven, till I thought I should not be sorry to die, to go to such a happy place."

"And he teaches us our catechism, and our prayers, and all the good things we know," said Marie; "and preaches us such fine sermons, and explains the Bible so that even little Caton may understand it. And when people are sick, or too weak and old to go to church, he

will go and read and pray by their bedsides for hours together. And mother says, this is not like the same place since he came amongst us; for that we used all to be such wild, naughty children, we could never be taught to say our prayers, or to learn the ten commandments, and now we are never so happy as when we go to the Presbytère on Wednesday and Saturday evening, and between churches on Sunday."

"Has your good minister been here for many years?" asked I. "No, sir, not a great many," answered Marie; "but oh! I hope he will stay with us for a very, very long time:—but see! here comes father,"—and away ran the whole party toward the cottage door, which opened at the other end of the garden, from which issued a sturdy-looking peasant, with a loaded pannier at his back, followed by his comely helpmate. They at first looked at me with some surprise; but soon discovering the sociable terms on which I seemed to have established myself with the young ones, they bade me heartily welcome, and invited me to stay and partake of the evening's festivities, which they said would commence at six o'clock. I thought, however, the presence of a stranger might be some interruption to the business of preparation; and remembering, moreover, the portentous warnings of mine hostess at Le Pont, of the ills that would betide me if I were not punctual in returning to my dinner at three, I preferred taking my leave for the present, thankfully ac-

cepting the privilege offered me for the evening. Vain, alas! were my intentions of punctuality—the village clock struck four as I made my sortie from the garden, and I had more than a league to walk, ere I could hope to "take mine ease in mine inn;" on finally reaching which, the presiding Amazon met me (to reverse the usual reading) with a countenance "more in *anger* than in *sorrow*," and sternly ushered me into what she dignified with the title of the salle-à-manger.

My ideas were too much occupied with the scene I had left, and was going to revisit, to allow me to pay great attention to her or her wrath. In conscious delinquency, I silently swallowed the organic remains of a dish of trout, of whose premature decomposition I knew my truancy had been the cause; nor did I even venture to suggest that the delay of one little hour could not have added much to the admirable antiquity of the doughty chanticleer which constituted the rôti; or of the venerable parallelograms of aniseed-cake, with the accompanying modicum of cheese, full of holes and odours, that followed under the name of dessert;—that "eternal pair," which, with all the pertinacity of "Di tanti palpiti" and the "Hunter's Chorus," pursue the wayworn traveller from one end of Switzerland to the other. Dinner will in due time be demolished, be it tough or tender; and a little before the hour appointed by my friends of the morning, I was retracing my steps towards L'Abbaye.

It was a lovely July evening: the lake shone like a mirror,—bright rays of sunlight streamed through the dark pines, and steeped in rich gold the mountain verdure.

As I wound along the water-side, my ears were greeted by sweet strains of music; and on drawing nearer to the village, I saw that the shore was crowded with gay groups of peasants, all in their holiday attire. A band of native musicians were playing the Ranz des Vaches, and a joyous chorus of young voices swelled the strain of this

"Old song, the precious music of the heart."

I soon found myself once more within the precincts of the garden, which was now so crowded, that I had some difficulty in making my way toward the arbour. The good pastor was seated beneath his arch of triumph, surrounded by twelve of his oldest parishioners; and the table before them was amply spread with all the luxuries my little friends had so much vaunted. I was quickly recognised, and duly presented to the hero of the feast, who received me with infinite courtesy, and insisted on my sharing the honours of his rural dais. I pleaded my unworthiness in vain, and was finally constrained to accept of this unmerited distinction. Nothing could be more pleasing than the manners and appearance of the Pastor. I had expected to find him old and

venerable; but, for the sake of his little flock, I was rejoiced to see him a man still in the prime of life, whose healthy and happy countenance gave hopes that his useful labours might be pursued for a long course of years. With smiles of benevolence he received the warm greetings of his rustic friends, as from time to time they approached him;—the old hobbling up to invoke blessings on his head,—the young presenting their little offerings of fruits and flowers,—sturdy fathers shaking him heartily, yet respectfully, by the hand,—and happy mothers bringing their infants to look at the good minister who had already consecrated them in their innocence, and would in time instruct them in their responsibility:—all seemed, in short, to look upon him as the centre of everything most sacred and dear to them—as the dispenser of their best comforts for the present, and their holiest hopes for the future.

The little Caton played a very busy part in this pleasing drama. Her offering, it appeared, had long ago been made and accepted; for Bully and his bowery cage hung up in triumph within the honoured precincts of the very arbour itself; and he occasionally contrived to make himself heard, through the pauses of the music on the shore, which now played lively tunes to groups of happy dancers, footing it blithely, if not lightly, on the smooth greensward that reached down to the water. When the *gouter* was finished, and just as Monsieur J.

was proposing to me a stroll amongst these merry groups, the most aged man of the company came forward, and after a short address, homely, indeed, in expression, but replete with the true eloquence of the heart, presented to the Pastor, in the name of his little community, a beautiful gold watch, in the construction of which, he assured him, that the father of every family in his parish had had some share. They had no better way, he added, of showing their gratitude to him, whose every hour was employed in their service.

The good Mons. J., surprised and delighted, seemed almost at a loss how to acknowledge the precious gift. He was still more overcome, when the old man suddenly touched a spring, and the watch struck up the well-known air, "Où peut-on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille?"*

Tears stood in the eyes of the amiable Pastor, at this new proof of the devotion of his flock. "Dear friends and dear children," cried he, "you have here enshrined the sentiment which has possessed my heart ever since I

* "Where can one be happier than in the bosom of one's family?" This beautiful air, which really was employed in the manner here recorded, is associated with another anecdote of a very different nature. It is said to have been the favourite of Napoleon; and in the midst of the horrors of the Russian retreat, the soldiers had it continually played to him, as the only reproach in which they dared to indulge.

have dwelt amongst you, and which, from this day, will be cherished with redoubled fervour. Never will I forsake you—never can I forget your affection. I pray God to continue his blessing on my humble labours, that, through his grace, I may walk amongst you whilst living, repose beside you when dead, and recognise the same dear family in heaven!"

* * * * * *

Years have passed since this happy evening; long and far have been my wanderings, and no tidings have ever more reached me from the little valley of the Jura: yet my heart often turns to the interesting scene, and would fain hope, that happiness and peace are still presiding over that innocent flock, and the good Pastor of the Lac de Joux.

CHILDHOOD.

BY MISS EMILY TAYLOR.

I LOVE to bid myself adieu, with all the motley train
Of hopes and fears and fancies thick, and be a child again:
To hear the simple voice proclaim at once the spirit's thought,
Is it not worth a long, long tale, with utmost labour wrought?

The joyous, cheaply-purchased mirth, belief so quickly won,
Complete oblivion of the day, when once its work is done;
The free, unburdened strength of soul, given out each hour anew,
And springing up, as light as air, fresh objects to pursue.

But better still it is to win a child's confiding love
Reposing in its perfect peace, as angels rest above;

Well may the guilty shrink to meet that undeserved trust,
But joy to him whose conscience says the childish faith is just.

There are sweet musings stored for him, upon his midnight bed;
Bright faces meet him in his dreams, and hover round his head;
The spirit of a younger time leads on to latest years,
And childhood's gay and mirthful song is ever in his ears.

Joy to him! Life to all around a cheerless waste may seem,
A dream of heaven is in his heart—a bright prophetic dream:
Who can destroy *his* bosom's peace, to whom that lot is given
To feel his spirit peopled thus, and say, "OF SUCH IS HEAVEN!"

EMILY DE VERE.

BY MARIE ROSEAU.

Emily De Vere stood ready equipped for a ride—no, not quite, for the riding-hat was not yet donned; for Emily wanted the fresh air to fan her brow as long as possible, before putting on that last article of equipment. If there was female vanity lurking in that finely-formed head, then there was another object contemplated; for the eyes of young Henry Rivers were eloquent with admiration as they rested upon her, and to him it seemed a pity to encase that beautiful head, with its luxuriant hair, in the heavy riding hat. . . . . .

But Emily appeared quite unconscious that she was the object of his gaze; her thoughts being evidently intent upon something else. Strange, too, for there were few who could boast of such a list of attractions as Henry Rivers. He was remarkably handsome—dignified without being haughty, and extremely winning in his manners. His moral and intellectual qualities were of a high order, and he was heir to a large and unincumbered estate. The day was most delightful, and the

scenery around her father's country-seat very beautiful: perhaps these engrossed her attention for the time, even in rivalship of her handsome companion.

The very moment of starting arrived: her head was hastily covered, the horse mounted, the maternal injunctions not to ride too fast, or to be too daring, were smilingly received, and in a short time the equestrians were out of sight.

Emily seemed but little inclined to converse, and her companion, as if he wished to talk, yet was at a loss for subjects. Occasionally the beautiful scenery called forth a burst of enthusiasm from the lady, in which the gentleman joined with a little less warmth; but at other times they were both quiet and subdued.

They were returning, and within sight of Mr. De Vere's house, when Henry Rivers suddenly found an interesting topic of conversation; and, as they rode slowly along, he talked in a continuous strain for some minutes, and then paused and looked earnestly in his companion's face. It was averted from him, yet he could see that it wore a troubled expression. She seemed to hesitate as to her answer; not from indecision of mind, but from an inability to pronounce the words. Not long, however, for she soon spoke in broken sentences what seemed to give him a painful surprise. By this time they had reached the house. He silently assisted her to dismount, politely declined

her father's cordial invitation to dine, and then with a distant bow to both departed.

"What have you done to Henry Rivers, Emily;—he was as cool as an iceberg?" Mr. De Vere asked, turning to where his daughter stood. But she was not there; having passed hurriedly through the hall to her own room.

Mrs. De Vere, ever anxious where her daughter was concerned, followed to ascertain the cause of the apparent agitation.

This was soon done, for Emily had never known one secret unshared by her mother. *You* have already guessed it, dear reader; and I need not tell you that Henry Rivers had made an offer of his heart and hand to the lady, both of which had been declined.

"And your answer, my love?" asked Mrs. De Vere.

"In the negative, mamma; what else could I do, when I did not love him?"

Her mother was silent; and this silence, Emily feared, denoted disappointment. She looked anxiously in her face and said in a tremulous tone:

"You would not have me marry where I do not love, would you, mamma?"

"No, certainly not, my darling; but I wondered how such attractions could fail to win your heart—unless, perhaps, it was pre-engaged."

The last two words were spoken quickly, and as if

with no apprehension of such being the case: yet the mother's eyes were fixed intently upon her daughter's face, as if hoping to discover the impression they had made upon her. It was very much flushed, and she answered, hurriedly:

"Oh, no, no, no, mamma; do not talk to me of any other love but that which I bear for you and my father. I will stay with you always, until—" she paused here, as if not knowing how to finish the sentence.

"Until you marry," Mrs. De Vere said.

"No, I do not expect to marry; I should have said, until I die."

"Or, what is more likely, until your parents die."

"The young often die first; but we will not talk of any parting for the present, but hope to live in happiness together for many years here, and then for ever in heaven."

One month from that time, Emily De Vere stood alone in the adjoining room. It was quite late in the afternoon, and the air was soft and balmy; yet the room was darkened, and the windows closed tightly, with one exception. One sash near the bed was partially raised, and the shutter slightly opened, emitting a few faint rays of light, which revealed its occupant—sleeper, I might have said—yes, sleeper to the fullest extent; for it was the sleep of death which sealed the closed lids of

Mrs. De Vere, and Emily felt the deep agony of being motherless. Yet the awakening from that sleep will be the realization of perfect bliss, and in years to come, more than at the present, Emily will be grateful for this confident hope.

We will go back one year into the past, that you may know more of Emily De Vere.

Through the woods to the right of her summer home, there is a glimpse of the spire and white walls of the village church. One year ago, the old pastor, who for many years had ministered to the people in holy things, finished his work, and was called to receive the reward of the faithful. Edward Grey, his successor, although quite young, was well qualified to fulfil the duties of his high vocation. His eloquent voice persuaded, and his deep-toned arguments convinced; while his own blameless course served as a living example to all. Possessing talents which might have enabled him to shine in any learned profession, with earnest purpose he had engaged them all in the service of Him from whom he had received them, and with meek humility cared only for the honour which is from above, not seeking to gain the praise of man. His personal appearance was prepossessing to a high degree, and in the gentle, yet grave composure of his countenance, few would have failed to recognise the minister of God.

Emily was a regular attendant at his church during

her residence in the neighbourhood. Many praised the punctuality of her attendance, and some wondered that she never allowed any plan of amusement to interfere with the weekly lecture or prayer meetings. She went because to her it was sweet to go there, and she felt so near to heaven beneath the roof of that humble country church, that it almost seemed as if the pure air of those holier regions was breathed upon her. All wrong feelings seemed to be banished with her entrance there, and few thoughts intruded at variance with the sanctity of the place: and these the very tones of the minister's voice dispelled at once. The tones of his voice—perhaps there was more of earth and less of heaven in these feelings than Emily was aware of; for the heart is ever prone to deceive. Perhaps the beautiful face of the speaker, and his eloquent tones, had their part in producing this, as well as the faithful sermons which he preached. But if it were so, Emily was long unconscious of it.

The new pastor often visited the De Veres while they were in the country, and never failed to call upon them when business obliged him to go to the city during the winter. The visits were always received with pleasure, for his many excellencies had won from all affection and respect, almost amounting to reverence. He seemed interested in each member of the family—equally so; for Emily received no greater share of his attention

than the rest; and there had never been anything in his conduct towards her, from which she might infer that he felt a deeper regard for her than that which was evinced towards her parents.

Affliction brings to view new phases in the character which would otherwise remain in obscurity. The pastor's visits were, of course, more frequent during the severe illness of Mrs. De Vere; and he was thus brought into closer intimacy with the family. He could not but admire the gentleness and affection of Emily as, untiringly and soothingly, with her own hands she ministered to the wants of her mother: striving to command her own feelings and speak words of hope, when her own soul was fainting under the affliction: only desiring that her heart might be perfectly resigned to the will of her heavenly Father, whatever it might be. And when her mother's death revealed that will, there was no murmuring; but still the same earnest desire to acquiesce in the all-wise decree. Religion had been once a beautiful theory to her. Now she was practically experiencing its sustaining and purifying influence.

Shortly after his wife's death, Mr. De Vere was entirely prostrated by a paralytic stroke, with which he had been for some time threatened. He gradually recovered the use of some of his bodily faculties, but the disease left his mind feeble, and his temper querulous and dissatisfied. There is an ennobling power in great

afflictions, which often gives us strength to bear them uncomplainingly; but it is the minor troubles of life—the little every-day trials which come to all, so irritating in their tendency, that are hardest to be borne. In this the influence of Emily's better nature might be readily seen, in the patient manner with which she bore the caprices of her father, and strove to soothe him into a more gentle spirit; cheerfully giving up all her time to him.

Among the new duties which she was called upon to perform was that of reading to her father all the commercial and political intelligence of the day; and one morning while thus engaged, Edward Grey called. He apologized for the interruption, upon seeing how they had been employed, and begged that Emily would continue her reading, as if he were not present. As Mr. De Vere evidently desired this, she finished the somewhat lengthy political oration.

"How I wish Henry Rivers were here; he could inform me so well about what is going on in the world, now that I am so completely shut out of it," Mr. De Vere said with a sigh, as soon as Emily had concluded.

Neither of his companions answered, and he continued,—

"What a strange fancy that was of his to go off to town at this warm season, and after he had given out his intention to remain here for a month or two longer."

Edward managed to change the subject, for, with ready tact, he saw that it was an unpleasant one to Emily: but from that time the absence of Henry Rivers was a constant source of regret to Mr. De Vere, and poor Emily was forced day after day to listen to these complainings. Then a new way of overcoming this difficulty occurred to him. It was that he should marry Emily, and come to reside with them; and she was called upon to hear constantly the rehearsal of some of his plans for the completion of this project, until she trembled lest he would communicate them to Mr. Rivers.

And think you that the heart of Edward Grey was proof against all Emily De Vere's loveliness and gentle endurance of trial? Oh, no; it was given up without one contrary effort. Nor was Emily long ignorant of this, for true love will find many ways of giving evidence of its existence. Yet both felt that Mr. De Vere was in no fit state to receive the avowal of it.

Autumn came, and the invalid began to talk of a return to the city; but the physician gave them no encouragement to proceed in any preparations, for he knew that his patient would be quite unable to undertake such a journey. These fears were realized, for he soon became so weak as to be confined to his bed.

A great change was visible as death evidently ap-

proached. He became quiet and subdued, and grateful for all the attentions he received. The young minister was his constant companion, and with all the humility of a child, the old man listened to his words of holy counsel. Thus he lived on for weeks, still seeking to improve his knowledge of heavenly things: he had laid aside all his earthly wisdom, that he might become a child of God.

One calm evening, while the rays of a Sabbath sun were yet lingering around his bed, he took Emily's hand and laid it in that of Edward Grey.

"Take her," he said, "with my blessing. I know that you love her; I had formed other plans for her, but they are all gone now. I once wished to see her the wife of one who would rank high among men—now I have no such desire. One glimpse of eternity is sufficient to change all the maturest plans of earthly devising; and the least in the kingdom of heaven is now greater to me than any such."

And then he peacefully closed his eyes, and slept in death.

ALLAN LORIMER.

A TALE OF SCOTLAND.

It was on one of those bright, still, spring days, when heaven and earth are conjoined in peace, that seems too beautiful ever to be broken, and when the hearts of the children of toil and poverty are not only reconciled to their lot, but feel it, in perfect contentment, to be the happiest that Heaven could have bestowed, that Allan Lorimer, a mere boy doing man's work, was levelling, with spade and pickaxe, a rocky mound, that, to an agriculturist's eye, somewhat disfigured the small field in which it rose, as it prevented the plough from turning over a fair furrow from hawthorn hedge to churchyard wall, its encircling boundaries. The mid-day hour of rest had come upon him, heedless of its approach, till, resting on his mattock, he saw standing beside him, with her milk-can and basket of oatmeal cakes, his little sister Anna, whose figure, at the same stated hour, let fall its shadow on the knoll where he had for weeks been working, as duly as the hand on the dial-stone in their own garden. The loving creature sat down before his feet,

under the shadow of the only birk that yet was spared; and after grace was said, and all the while unconsciously playing with the uprooted wild flowers, she sang, without bidding, first one and then another of her brother's favourite ballads. Just as she began to sing, so did a lark that had been walking without fear, close beside them on the old lea, and at the close of her tunes, Anna knew that she must have been singing for no short time, as the lark had finished his journey to and from the heavens, and dropped in silence just as she herself was silent. Her brother did not thank her, as usual, for her sweet songs, nor ask any of his usual questions about the domestic proceedings; but his eyes remained fixed on the church, that stood with its spire a little loftier than the few pine trees, and when she playfully leant upon his shoulder, and warbled snatches of a merry kind, he still sat buried in his own thoughts, and to all her sportive interrogatories, returned no answer. At last, rising up, and lifting his hands and eyes to heaven, he exclaimed, "Gracious Father! if it be thy will, accept me as a servant of thy Holy Word."

It was in no transient fit of enthusiasm that the prayer was uttered; for the hopes it breathed had been long gathering at his heart, and for a year past had given a shade of solemnity to his naturally cheerful character. Much by himself at work in his father's fields, he had meditated on holy things with a profounder feeling since

his only brother died; and often, as he looked towards the nook in the churchyard where that dear companion lay, it seemed to him that he too might become a student and, following in the footsteps that had too early been led into the grave, be called to the ministry, and to his friends of the hamlet preach the promises of the Saviour, even in the church of his own native parish. And now, during this one serene hour, those wishes and hopes had gained a wonderful strength within him, till they amounted to a sacred trust. Perhaps his innocent sister's hymns—little as he had seemed to heed them—had touched some secret springs in his heart—the voice of the lark in heaven—the cooing of the doves in the belfry—the shadow of the grove over the house of God—the many quiet heaps above the buried—and especially the stone at his brother's head, on which the verse of inscription had been chiselled by his own hand, and was as distinct in his memory as when he read it in the Bible. The change that had long been imperceptibly going on, was now complete; and from that hour he considered himself dedicated to the service of his Maker.

When he communicated his resolution to his parents, it may be said that their hearts sang together for joy. Their William had been taken away a few weeks after his admission into holy orders; nor had that fatal decline suffered him to open his lips in public prayer; and now that time had let other feelings mix with sorrow, they

had a pride in looking, every Sabbath day, on the words that followed his name on the tombstone—"Preacher of the Gospel." It seemed now that Heaven had inspired the soul of their remaining son. No doubts, no misgivings were theirs; although no treasure had they in store, for the savings of many years had gone to the education of him who had been taken away, yet there had been, and ever would be, a blessing on the few fields of Holm-Brae, that lay so sweetly sheltered to the sunny south; and the father, while he lifted up his hands to heaven, felt as if strength were added to till the earth, and that his youth was restored.

Allan continued to work in the fields as before, alone or with his father,—only shorter hours. By sunrise he was at his books, and at evening the village schoolmaster, no mean scholar, read along with him, taking up the subjects where his deceased brother had left them, and using the volumes he had bequeathed. How slow the progress of the idle or indifferent! But Allan, though with far other feelings, studied as intensely even as the convict, who, knowing the day he is to die, for the first time begins to learn the very alphabet, that he may be able to read the Bible before taken from his cell. Nature had given him strong and fine talents, that had indeed been hereditary in his humble race. And then, when he sat in the room that had been his brother's, all his faculties were expanded—all his

feelings became more elevated and pure. He often heard his voice—he sometimes saw his face, pale but with a smile—and when at night he returned thanks to God for the progress of the day, he could have thought in the dusk, that he was kneeling at his brother's side, as he used to do when a little boy. Thus, before the corn was stacked, and the ingle shone at merry harvest-home, Allan Lorimer was fit to go to college, without shaming his preceptors, either the dead or the living,—and to college he went, with a blessing from those to whose gray hairs he was to bring the halo that is indeed divine—the light of honour which a dutiful son sheds round the temples of those who gave him being!

The son of poor parents from a remote part of the country, and altogether unknown, without introduction to one living soul, with manners and appearance which, although not wanting in natural graces, were yet plain even to rusticity, and a disposition somewhat retiring, not in pride, but independence,—for a little while, Allan Lorimer attracted not the attention either of his teachers or fellow-students. But as the session advanced, his name began to emerge from the crowd; and before the Christmas holidays, he was distinguished not only as an assiduous but successful scholar. Some few lingering remembrances of his brother's academical fame still survived, and now and then elder students, for his sake, made voluntary tenders of their friendship. The spring

found him no longer a solitary being, studying in the uncompanioned passion of knowledge within his dim cell, but elate in hope and ambition that daily brought their own reward. New worlds opened before his imagination and his intellect. Things formerly dark and obscure, grew clear and bright; feeling kept pace with thought; and as he became acquainted with the spirits of the dead, his heart glowed with finer, deeper sympathies with the living. He felt now that he had gained a firm footing, and that his course was rapidly progressive. He walked the college courts now erect; not a shade of fear or despondency clouded his intellectual countenance; and he looked with a bold eye on the great city's throng, confident that he would one day achieve the honourable, the holy object of his soul's desire. The winter, with all its long, dear devoted nights, many of them utterly sleepless, so haunted had they been with the voices of bard, orator, and philosopher of old, nor less with "those strains that once did sweet in Sion glide"—the winter was over and gone, and with all his human affections strong as death, Allan Lorimer returned to the humble house of his parents.

It was on the cotter's Saturday night that he returned; and he had lingered for awhile in the little dell, with its broomy braes so close to the house that the waterfall was heard within, in order to relieve his heart of its exceeding joy, and also that he might cross the threshold

at the well-known hour of prayer. His father had just opened the Bible; there his mother sat sedate; and Anna's sweet face was in the shade of her devout simplicity. Before he could speak, the eyes of the family were turned toward him; and it was more than an hour before they attempted to sing the psalm. The voices of the parents first faltered, then were mute; but no nightingale on earth, no lark in heaven, ever poured out such melody, as that child rejoicing by her brother's side in her evening hymns.

And did Allan Lorimer continue to love his father's house, those that dwelt therein, and all their lowly ways, and all their meek virtues? Had he communion with the thoughts dearest to them, and that filled up the measure of their contented existence? Could he turn from those glorious books that unfolded to him a new being, with all their assemblages consecrated in the light of antiquity, to the humble creatures sitting silent, or with few words, by the ingle-side, wearied with toil, and ready at nightfall for their dreamless sleep? Yes, the roof of heaven, with all its stars, was not to him more beautiful than the roof of the hut in which he was born. Not all the fields of Elysium contained a spot so blessed as the fields where, for his dying brother, he had so often wept; where, with his father, he had walked in the calm of so many Sabbath evenings, and worked through so many week-days, heedless alike of sun or

storm. And what was the little he knew, when set beside that knowledge in which his father, and his mother, and his sister walked before God? Therefore did Allan Lorimer again put on the dress of a tiller of the ground: his right hand had not forgot its cunning: and when the meadows by the burn-side were heavy with midsummer, the wide swath fell beneath his sweeping scythe; while his father, not yet old, but somewhat declined, took the lighter task with Anna, who was growing to womanhood visibly before their eyes. The neighbours saw the youth working like a hired servant beneath a kind master's eye, and not a tongue in the parish was silent in his praise. Everybody prophesied good of such a son; and many prayed that the good old minister might be spared till Allan Lorimer, one of themselves, and born and bred like themselves, might be his successor. Thus, winter after winter, summer after summer went on; and Allan Lorimer was now a man, with all the intelligence and knowledge becoming manhood. There was no need now for him to work on the farm; even his father might do so or not at will, for everything in town and country had prospered, and there was complete competence at Holm-Brae. It stood in a very garden, so bright was the cultivation of its enclosures; the old house, like its possessors, renewed its youth; the heritor was now an Elder; in another year his son was to be called to the

ministry; and the whole parish was proud of him from hall to hut.

One evening, Allan Lorimer was walking by himself near the old Castle, that was still inhabited by the family to whose ancestors it had for many generations belonged, when he met several persons hurrying along in great distraction. From them he learned that the young heir had climbed up to a dangerous height on the cliffs, and that it was found impossible to afford him any assistance.

On arriving at the foot of the rocks, Allan saw father, mother, and sister, all gazing in despair on the youth, who, paralysed with fear, was clinging to one of the ledges, on the very brink of destruction. In his boyhood, Allan Lorimer had been of an adventurous and daring character; and often, in search of wall-flowers, or the starling's nest, had he passed along the face of that precipice by paths where even the goat would have hesitated to clamber. In a few minutes he was by the side of him placed in such jeopardy; and then, seeming to whisper words of encouragement, descended the rock, and besought all who were standing there to be calm, for that life would be saved. With that promptitude and decision, before which the most dreadful danger often seems to change into a mere dream, Allan's scheme for the youth's preservation was carried into effect. He soon re-ascended, and fastening a rope round the body of him who had lost all power of motion, he lowered him

down from that dizzy platform, and soon heard, not a shout, but a deep prayer of thanksgiving for deliverance —a confused prayer of words, sighs, and even groans, so agonizing was the blessedness that tore the hearts of them who had lost all hope, and now poured their kisses on one almost miraculously saved from death.

Had Allan Lorimer been rude in manners, in person, and in mind—the most ignorant and uncultivated peasant in the parish—yet had he, after that hour, been a pleasant sight in the eyes that then were too horrified even to weep, and welcome to the Castle all the days of his life. But Allan, although humbly born, was indeed one of the especial favourites of Nature. Happy to have been the instrument employed by Providence to save the life of a fellow-creature, yet he felt and knew that there was no merit in what he had done; and without the slightest emotion of self-applause, he listened to the fervent gratitude of the youth's parents and the praises of the crowd. But these parents had vowed, before they rose from their knees, to honour and love their son's deliverer, and to hold him thenceforth in a friendship that was to endure for ever. To them, his calm, sedate, and thoughtful eyes had an expression that seemed no less than angelical; his few solemn words turned their souls away from him, not in forgetfulness, towards the throne of the Most High and Merciful; and, unknown to each other, they at the same moment thought "what a friend may

this man, so fearless in his faith, become to our beloved son, whose life, before our very eyes, he has been chosen to save!"

So Allan Lorimer, after a few weeks, became an inmate of the Castle. To him was committed the charge of the high-born heir's education, and before the first Sabbath, he was beloved even as a brother and a son. Over all that dwelling, and over the habits and manners of its possessors, there reigned that air of elegance, delicacy, and refinement, which perhaps is found only in its perfection among those who have been born in more exalted life. But with that quickness of perception and feeling with which, along with all nobler qualities, he had been gifted by the prodigal hand of Nature, he soon, almost instinctively, acquired that which he sought not to imitate; while he lost nothing of that modest demeanour so becoming below the cottage roof—nothing of that respectfulness in presence of high birth, which dignifies the independence of the humble, and bestows on him whom it characterizes, the charm of a touching propriety. His new friends, who knew but little of the ways in which poor men walk, could not but regard with wonder manners by such slight shades distinguishable from their own; while each successive day brought to light more and more of that worth that makes the man, and that, thanks be to Heaven, full frequently grows up to strength and beauty in the hamlets that sprinkle

Scotia's long-withdrawing vales, or cluster round the spire of the village church.

The young heir of that house was endowed with the virtues of his ancestors; but his spirit had too long run riot in the unchecked wildness of youth, and had been in danger of yielding even to the seductions of vice. But now he felt himself constantly in presence of a superior nature. It was impossible very grievously to disobey the mild command of that voice and eye; and then the remembrance of the hideous hour when he seemed falling down into death, came across him with fresh impulses of gratitude and affection. By degrees he flung aside all caprice, all waywardness, all selfish will; grew enamoured of the liberal studies, without which high rank is a dishonour, and learned from the pure and pious life of the peasant's son, what are the essential and prime qualities of the gentleman.

Far and wide as the eye could reach from the battlements of the old Castle, lay the hereditary possessions of the family; but hitherto the youth had seen with little or no emotion—perhaps scarcely noticed them—the smoke-wreaths rising up from the woods or vales from a hundred cottages. Now, in company with his friend, he walked all over the domain, and, day after day, visited some tenant's house. Everything he saw was wisely explained to him, without exaggeration or concealment, in the very light of truth. The joys and the sorrows of

poor men, their happiness and their hardships, were laid before the eyes of him whose privilege it was to relieve or protect them; and as his heart expanded with a wide and thoughtful humanity, he upbraided himself for his utter ignorance of his fellow-creatures, and in no single vow, but in the calmness of habitual resolve, meditated gracious and beneficent plans for their comfort and welfare. In proportion as he loved was he beloved: the smiling maidens dropt their courtesies with a sweeter blush as they met him on the braes; and the old men bowed their gray, uncovered heads with more affectionate reverence when the noble boy passed through among them along the churchyard into the house of God.

The gratitude of the poor, the feeble, the afflicted, was given to those from whose hands flowed the streams of charity and beneficence. Their prayers, their blessings, were for that ancient house: but the son of the peasant, their own Allan Lorimer, of whose famed learning all in the parish were proud—the Christian, whose holy life, young as he was, they held up as an example to their children,—neither was his name forgotten in their mid-day meditations in the fields, nor in their morning and evening prayers by the newly-awakened or expiring hearth. "Ay, the Lorimers, of Holm-Brae, always walked before God, ever since the white head of him, who died in the cause of the Covenant, lay on the green-sward before his own door, drenched in a martyr's blood.

It seems that in these our peaceful days, the spirit of that saint has descended upon him; and the day may not be far distant, when we shall see him lifting up his hands in prayer within our own church, and when our hills and valleys, yea, the very lilies of the field, shall rejoice in the first Sabbath of his ministry!"

There was no change in or about Holm-Brae, except that gentle and, to themselves, imperceptible change, which steals over a household released from the pressure of poverty, and left at liberty to give outward expression to all their humble affections. A neater book-case now held the old man's small library; the linnets sung in a handsomer cage; curtains of a somewhat costlier material shaded the parlour window; the entrance had its trellised porch; there was now a regular avenue (formerly a mere cart-road) from the lane to the house, with a pretty white gate; the garden was enlarged on its southern exposure, by the breadth of a flower-border; the bee-hives stood beneath a little straw-roofed shed; and another, of larger dimensions, was filled with anemones, auriculas, and ranunculuses, old Allan Lorimer being a famous florist, and now at leisure to attend to ornamental gardening, for which he had the native Scottish genius. He saw his son removed into another condition of life, indeed: but he felt that the removal had strengthened all the ties that continued to bind his heart to his humble birth-place. Every Saturday

night he was with his parents, talking of former years; and every Sabbath he walked home with them from the kirk. Not one of his old friends was forgotten; and he sat among familiar faces in all the cottages around, with perfect sympathy with the thoughts and feelings of their simple inmates, and deeply interested as ever in all the on-goings of lowly life. To his capacious mind the rural virtues appeared now in more affecting beauty: in the light of knowledge, the poor man's lot, with all its trials, was seen to be a lot of peace; and as he sat beneath the shadow of the sycamore, the dreams of imagination blended with the holiest feelings of the heart. In that pensive twilight, filial piety was indeed to him its own exceeding great reward; for he knew that the household was beloved of Heaven!

Allan Lorimer was now in holy orders, and about to be appointed successor to the old minister of his native parish, when his pupil, who had for some months been unwell, was pronounced far gone in a consumption. The anxiety of his parents was suddenly changed into despair; and, as for his mother, she seemed to be hurrying to the grave along with her son. The youth, whose fine face now wore an unearthly beauty—so sunk and yet so bright—and whose tall figure, in health so graceful, was almost ghostlike in decline, never slept, night or day; but on the very confines of death, seemed inspired with a more restless animation. The brightest visions

arose before his fancy, and he would speak with an eloquence overpowering to the hearts that tenderly loved him, of all his airy schemes and plans for that life which others saw to be so near its close. The very air he breathed made him more than happy—wildly elate—and carried him, as on the wings of hope, into the glorious future, without seeming to tread the earth. Oh! sad, sad was the lustre of those eyes to his father's soul; for he knew that, ere long, it would be extinguished in the dust. All saw that he was dying, except the joyous victim himself; and who could bear to break the gracious delusion of nature, and speak of the grave to one whose whole being overflowed with life? Allan Lorimer availed himself of their hours of prayer to bring the truth slowly, calmly, and solemnly before him; and the same buoyant spirit that had made life so beautiful to his eyes, enabled him, after the disclosure, to look forward unappalled to death. The comforts of religion, administered by one who had to him been father, brother, and friend, almost entirely subdued the frail and ineffectual longings for life, that beings of the dust retain as long as their dwelling is on the dust. While Allan Lorimer was in the room with him, his countenance always had a smile: an hour's absence was like a cloud before the sun; and a promise had been made—a holy promise—that at the last he would

be kneeling at the bedside. O, blind as the worm are we, alike in our hope and our despair!

The father of the dying boy was loth that he should be buried in a foreign land; yet, sometimes in a dream, and even when awake, he believed that the air of Italy might restore him, and that there, beneath that genial climate, he might be kept alive for years. Allan Lorimer grasped at the same weak hope; and, as the sufferer was to any event resigned, a blind farewell was taken—Oh! shall it be an everlasting farewell!—and they two sailed away together, on a voyage, as it might almost seem, to another world!

All was still and silent about the Castle. The lady never lifted up her head, and no longer thought on her son as among the living. Her husband, in tending her sick bed, sometimes forgot him upon the seas. And are there not strange, dim, and incomprehensible hopes that sometimes arise suddenly in the inmost regions of our being, unallied to reason that disowns them all, but that will not be put down, no, not by all the death-pang agonies the soul can suffer, departing and again returning, as if they loved the wretched,—even like beautiful white sea-birds hovering in the gloom of the tempest, and unwilling to flee utterly away, even to a place of rest?

At Holm-Brae all was peace, disturbed but by a thoughtful sorrow. The lord of the Castle often came

and sat down beside the old people, looking for comfort in their faces, and finding it in the habitual calmness that characterizes the whole manner of the pious poor. Frequently something like hope breathed up through the hush, and after joining with the humble household in prayer for the dying—perhaps the dead—he knew not how it was, but in spite of all the predictions of the most skilled, and his own forebodings, he felt a sort of instinctive assurance that his son would return. "Not a fire is put out at night in a single dwelling in all the parish," would the old man say, "till the inmates have knelt in prayer to God for your son?" And when he thought of this, and looked abroad from his high window over the night scene, he felt the influence of all those ascending prayers, and remembered that mercy, to the eyes of us mortal creatures, is the holiest attribute of Him who inhabiteth eternity.

The first letter that arrived from abroad, was in the handwriting of their son; and for awhile both parents were without power to open it. It held out no hopes of his recovery, but breathed, throughout, a perfect spirit of resignation and gratitude. Day after day it was read over and over again, many hundred times, that some expression, some one single word of comfort, besides the calm character of the whole, might be detected and devoured. In a few weeks it was followed by another equally tranquil; and the father thought, but durst not

utter the thought, from fear that the very sound of the words would destroy it, that since death had delayed so long to strike, he might yet change his purpose and lay down the fatal dart. A third letter came from his son, written it seemed with a firmer finger, and along with it, one from Allan Lorimer, cautiously offering hope along with consolation. The doleful gloominess of the earth and sky was on a sudden lightened; and when father and mother knelt down that night, they felt what thankless creatures they had been all their lives before, so blessed were their spirits in the very sickness of gratitude to the great God.

Meanwhile the worn and weary voyager had found rest in a sunny and sheltered Italian vale; and such was the restorative delight of the cloudless climate, that, although in all humility he was prepared to die, the hope rose with the love of life, and tears began again to flow at the thought of departing into darkness from so beautiful a world. Few, who had left their native land as he left it, had, he well knew, ever returned. Two or three months' sight of that heavenly sky, and their eyes closed for ever! Allan Lorimer, in all his hours of languor, lassitude, and sickness, was still beside his couch. He understood every motion of his eyes and hands, and could interpret even the sighs unconsciously made in disturbed sleep. The sick chamber was a place of silence, but the hush was the hush of intense wake-

fulness, alive to the slightest stir, and ready in a moment to give the cup, or smooth the pillow. And when the voice of that watcher was heard, it was in itself a medicine so cheering in its present meanings, so pleasant and so pensive with the music of remembered years! Far away as they were from the Castle, the youth, on his awakening from his day-sleeps, often for awhile thought himself in his own study at home; for there was Allan Lorimer with a book in his hand, and none else beside, and all peace and silence as in their lofty cell below the battlements. But the twitter of the martens was not heard, nor the thunder of the waterfall down among the wooded rocks.

Like flowers growing under the shadow of some old ruin, but not altogether unvisited by the sunshine, and therefore beautiful in their melancholy lustre as those expanded in the full light of day, were the feelings and fancies that rose within the heart of him who lived, it might be said, within the gloom of the burial-place, yet even in those mournful precincts, felt the warmth of restoring hope. His whole character was softened, subdued, and at the same time (so perfect was a Christian's resignation) sublimed. The querulous and restless impatience of disease, constantly soothed by the sympathy of a brother, subsided finally into utter calm; penitence had succeeded remorse for all the sins his youth had known, and none are sinless; and so unappalling now

was the thought of death, that there were seasons when he felt that to die would be great gain. But wasted as his frame was, and faint, feeble, and irregular too often the beatings of his heart, oh! how that heart yearned within him when the images of his father, and his mother, and his sister, passed before him during the night-watches! —when he saw the lighted cottage windows, burning like stars up and down the darkness; and heard, afar off as it was and beyond the roar of seas, the frequent psalm rising from glen and hillside, the sacred melodies of his native land!

Often has a sailor, in shattered bark and through raging surf, in safety reached the shore, and often has a gallant ship, with all her bravery on and scarce a breath of wind, gone down at sea. Out of almost hopeless jeopardy, Allan Lorimer saw that his brother had been brought by God's own hand: the prayers that so many hearts had been pouring out were heard; and the green earth closed on the yawning grave without its victim. The feet that seemed to be awaiting the swathes of the shroud, once more trod lightly among the flowers; that faint, sad smile, brightened into a happy expression, in which itself was lost; and his voice was like a musical instrument skilfully retuned. A day in one village, a week in another; a month in some fair town, and a winter in the Eternal City; and he, who had come to Italy almost to die, prepared to leave it with a new

life. He felt that for him a miracle had been wrought; nor did he fear to use that word in his prayers. Must we wait until we see the dead arise before we say, "A miracle, a miracle!" Faith sees them wrought within the confines of the clay, and looks from the Bible with a cleared eye over the daily revelation connecting Time with Eternity.

There was the voice of singing heard throughout the whole parish, and the waving of boughs was seen over bands of children, and flower-garlands brightened every humble porch, the day on which it was known that Allan Lorimer was to bring home the young heir of the Castle from the far-off country, that had seemed to the imagination of those simple people the very region of death. Not a single person was left at work in the fields; the key was turned in every cottage-door; even the very bedridden were brought out to knolls by the roadside; and when a signal was given that the returned were coming up the Brae, the old sexton began ringing the small kirk-bell, and a shout went circling along the hills all the way to the Castle. Within its walls, there was a solemn silence, broken only by the sobbing of a joy almost too severe. Again and again the parents embraced one another in secret, and sank down together on their knees; but the meeting came in its agony, and passed over; and then there was perfect blessedness, even on this side of the grave!

Allan Lorimer continued to reside in the Castle. Indeed, his presence seemed essential to the very life that, under Providence, he had saved; and his own parents, happy in his prosperity, were well content with his daily visits of duty and affection. At the Castle he was indeed beloved as a son: but could it be with a brother's eyes that he looked on that fair vision who kept gliding for ever before him, calling herself his sister, in her tearful gratitude; surrounding him at all times with the unconscious fascination of her joy-brightened beauty, and at nightfall touching his inmost spirit with her low, fervent murmurs, breathed at the holy hour of prayer!

Yes! brother and sister they indeed were, and to them sufficient were such pleasant names. Although she had grown up, during his long absence, from the simplicity of childhood into maiden pride, and was now the loveliest being his eyes had ever beheld, lovelier far than the divinest of the pale-cheeked and dark-eyed daughters of Italy, yet Allan Lorimer looked untroubled on her countenance, and untroubled listened to her voice. A dear and a solemn duty had been fulfilled by him in tending so devotedly that sick bed. Sitting there for so many days and so many nights, and often expecting to hear the latest sigh, he came to regard the family with feelings so profound in their sadness, so hallowed by their continual communion with the world of spirits, that even that love which innocence and beauty inspire could not

now invade his heart towards her whom he had so long comprehended in his most sacred sorrow. He had brought back to her embrace a brother for whom she had often wept as for the dead; and the reward he desired was not that heart so tender and so affectionate, not the beautiful bosom beneath which it beat; but that calm, deep, and unending affection, that brings no blushes to the cheek, no sigh to the breast, no tear to the eye, but in freedom and confidence bestows its daylight smiles on its object, and unconsciously shows itself in many a little token of gratitude and respect. Besides, Allan Lorimer was a man humbly born, and he looked on an humble life as the happiest of lots. Had love, as a passion, sought to take possession of his mind, his reason would have resisted the impulse. For believe it not, that we have no power over love! Let us know well ourselves and our condition—their natural powers, duties, and destinies; and with that aid from above, which is never withheld from them who beseech it in humility and truth, we may walk our way through the world, delighting in all that is beautiful, without being disturbed or enslaved, and blest with the due measure of all life's holiest affections.

It is the Sabbath day, and the little kirk can never hold that congregation assembled in the churchyard, and covering even the tombstones and the circle of the old mossy wall. Lo! a tent is pitched facing the Braes, and

from it the preacher will address his flock. Walking between the aged pastor, whose earthly services, in the eye of his great Taskmaster, are now near their close, and his own father, Allan Lorimer, in the sacred garb, is seen to approach. It is the first Sabbath of his assistant ministry, and his soul overflows with a holy joy. His friends of the Castle bow reverently to him as he passes by; he sees his own mother and his sister Alice, and almost thinks he hears them sob; on Alice leans, with downcast eyes, streaming with tears, one to whom he is betrothed, the orphan grandchild of the aged pastor who ere long must drop the body; and now he stands in his place in all the beauty of pious youth, with hands uplifted to implore a blessing! There is the church-tower,—there the shadow of the sycamores,—there the sound of the doves cooing in the belfry,—there his brother's grave! A lark at that moment rises, as if let loose from among the silent congregation, and carries up its hymns to heaven. For a moment that hour flashes back on his memory, when beneath the birch-tree on the knoll, he felt himself called upon by a voice within his own soul; and, ere he opens his lips in public prayer, he ventures to breathe to himself in a whisper, the words he then uttered before his wondering sister—"Gracious Father! if it be thy will, accept me as a servant of thy Holy Word."

THE DEW DROP.

BY MISS E. W. BARNES.

LIKE thee, I'd live, sweet gem! like thee,
In the lily's silent cell;
Or deck the rose's tinted leaf,
In its quiet, lonely dell.

Thou art the evening's pearly tear,
In beauty bright arrayed;
But, by the sunbeam's softest kiss,
Thou art, sweet gem, betrayed.

Yes, thou art evening's pearly tear,
By a pitying angel wept,
When, drawing twilight's curtain o'er,
Her vigil soft she kept.

Reposing in the harebell's cup,
No sigh thy heart hath riven;
And when the day-beam first awakes,
Thou art exhaled to heaven.

How brief thy life! a few short hours,
And it has glided by:
Like thee to live, indeed were bliss,
Like thee, like thee—to die!

But sister dew drops cluster round,
On bud and leaf and flower;
Say, dost thou love them glittering
Through the swift passing hour?

How cold thine answer! not a throb,
Their joy or grief to see;
Then give me back the wish I've breathed—
I would *not* live like thee.

I have the love of gentle friends,
And they to me are dear;
I'll not exchange my varied lot,
What art thou, but—a tear!

What are earth's golden hopes to thee?
Or heaven-undying joys?
Thou lingerest but a fleeting hour
'Mid this world's fleeting toys.

And thou'lt not live again! for thee
Yon heaven shall ne'er expand;

The loved, the lost, await thee not
Far in the " spirit land !"

And thou wilt pass away unwept,
For thee shall wake no sigh ;
Then give me back the wish I've breathed,
Like thee, like thee—to die.

THE GIPSY CHILDREN.

BY IGNATIUS L. DONNELLY.

On zephyr wings have flown your hours,
For pleasure doth no dial know,
And ye amid the springing flowers
Did never heed Time's onward flow;
But ran with him while he was gaining,
And prattled to the prattling brook;
Nor marked the rising wind's complaining,
Nor saw the tempest's frowning look:
'Mid woods that hid the sunlight's beaming,
Where grandeur slept in solitude,
'Mid depths where lay the still lake gleaming,
You've scared the heron from his food;
In mossy dells, in shady valleys,
Your feet have crush'd the floweret's cup,
And where the falling streamlet dallies,
Have thrown the sparkling waters up.
But lo! the thunder-chief is leading
His cloudy forces to the fight,

And forth from out the dusk are speeding
Their vengeful arrows tipt with light;
The winds, their gathered banners rending,
Sigh sorrowing along the hills,
And o'er the earth the rain descending
The summer-sunken brooklet fills;
The bright-eyed boy, himself forgetting,
Doth wrap his dog in garments warm,
And heedless of the tempest's wetting
Laughs o'er his friend amid the storm.
Thus, oft in life, mid pleasures playing,
When gipsy-thoughts go wandering wild,
And fortune's breeze is round us straying,
And summer's face is fair and mild;
We reck not of the tempest's wailing,
Nor of misfortune's heavy hand;
And think not of life's blushes paling
Beneath the touch of sorrow's wand.
We care not—till the thunder, breaking,
Calls home again the erring thought;
We know not—until wisdom, waking,
Is in the lure of folly caught.

THE NEW ATLANTIS.

AN AMERICAN LEGEND.

Beyond the Allegheny Mountains, and even in the regions of Canada to the northwest of the St. Lawrence, are many traces of an extinct race. Enormous earthen constructions of walls and ramparts, inclosing extensive spaces, more like the sites of cities than of fortresses or entrenched camps, are still visible. Not many miles to the north of Little York, the capital of Upper Canada, one of those aboriginal works may be seen, in such preservation that its form may be easily traced. Circleville, one of the most considerable towns in the State of Ohio, is built within a primeval enclosure of the same kind; and in the wild countries comprehended southward, within the courses of the Missouri and the Mississippi, still more interesting remains are met with—such as extensive cemeteries and places of particular sepulture—all indicating that, in some distant epoch of antiquity, a numerous population *did* inhabit there.

It is, however, remarkable, that in the midst of so many monuments of comparative civilization—compara-

tive with that of the Indians—no works of art have been discovered, except stone weapons, and, in one or two places, funeral urns, resembling, though in a rude degree, the Etruscan vases: and even these are supposed to be of more recent origin. The inference from this fact is, that the works alluded to, were either the hasty fabrics of invaders, or the temporary erections of a rude people under the tuition of some extraordinary mind. The Indians have no traditions on the subject; but if consulted concerning them, they speak vaguely, as if they were the relics of a people that had passed away. They have, however, among themselves, curious notions that the simplicity of the savage life was dictated to them by the experience of ancient wisdom; and the following legendary tale is an attempt to assign something like a poetical cause, founded on the circumstances of the country, for that remarkable opinion.

Before the discovery of America, a numerous people inhabited the savannahs and table land between the Mississippi, the Missouri, and the Pacific Ocean. They were a simple race, and lived by the arrow and the spear. They worshipped the Great Spirit of Nature in his manifestations, and in all things acted with heedless innocence and frankness of heart.

A tremendous hurricane, accompanied by earthquakes and the overflowing of subterranean waters,

visited the country : for many days, the winds raged as if the bridle had been thrown on the neck of the tempest ; the lightnings did not flash only, but burned, as it were, with shooting flames. It was a time as if chaos had come again ; and the terrified inhabitants of those spacious prairies and green savannahs, fled in despair from the rising waters of the great lakes, which overflowed their banks, and seamed the country with many new streams.

At last, the struggles and spasms of the earth and the air subsided, the torrents contracted their bounds and their devastations, calm was restored, the sun looked out upon the reviving world, and the waves of the lakes, the lagoons, and the ocean, unfurled their hoary manes to the morning.

Oroon, the son of a venerated chieftain who had perished, on the return of tranquillity, happened, with a vast multitude of his people, to be seated on a promontory, mournfully contemplating the desolation around, and irresolute of returning to their former homes. While they were ruminating there, some of the Indians, for such we must call them, who had been in quest of fish along the shore, returned in great agitation, and described an enormous creature which they had seen stranded, with many wings, and horns as tall as trees.

Oroon, attended by the multitude, went to see this stupendous thing; and, in approaching towards it, a

creature, much in form like themselves, came to meet them, and, with many reverences, by his gestures, implored their protection. Oroon received him with the kindness of his own innocent magnanimity, and according to the benevolent maxims which the Great Spirit dictates to his worshippers.

The name of this mysterious stranger was Atlanthus, as he afterwards taught the Indians to call him, when he had learned their language; and the mighty thing which they had imagined to be a creature of the ocean, he informed them, was a ship, which had brought him and many others in quest of their world.

Atlanthus was, according to the legend, a man possessed of more wisdom and knowledge than all the Indians. He not only expounded many things which their sagacity could not comprehend, but, with simple signs, he made a memory by which those whom he taught to know the secret, could recall the very language of the dead. Oroon regarded him with worship, and the Indians venerated him as something greater and better than man.

When he understood the Indian language, he taught Oroon knowledge, and science, and art; he instructed him to divide his people into classes, to build cities, to separate those who laboured in the towns from those who tilled the earth; he revealed to them the existence of a visible manifestation of the Great Spirit; and taught

them all those things which were esteemed great and glorious in the regions from which he had come.

Among the people of Oroon, there was an old chief of the name of Icab, who, when he saw the cities rising, and the licentious changes that were taking place in the old and primitive customs of his countrymen, reviled the innovations of Atlanthus; and, gathering together many of the elders of the tribes, with their families, he retired far into the inland country, to avoid the contagion of the new rites.

It had happened, a short time before the terrible devastation, that Oroon had chosen for his bride Arutha, the most beautiful daughter of the Indians: he loved her with his entire heart, and her affection for him was equally measureless. They were two in person but one in spirit; and the beauty of their attachment was the admiration of all the people.

When some time had elapsed, and the great city of Atlantis, which Atlanthus had planned, was lifting its magnificent forehead above the woods, Oroon observed with dismay, that Arutha was often dissatisfied with his kindness. She avoided him, she answered peevishly to his kindest inquiries, and shunned him when she could. At the same time, Atlanthus also was greatly changed. He retired from Oroon, and was often seen with melancholy looks, and as a man afflicted with some unspeakable anguish. The most skilful of the Indians were

called to administer to the strange malady of Arutha, but all their herbs and simples produced no effect; and Atlanthus's dejection seemed to be also incurable.

Oroon, greatly grieved at the decay of Arutha's affection, and deploring the equally inveterate distemper of Atlanthus, sent Arak, a messenger, to Icab, who was skilful in diseases, to beseech him to come and assist the invalids.

Arak went alone into the forest, and, after many days' travelling, he came to an open space beside a great lake, into which a vast river was tumbling over many cataracts. It was a scene full of the old solemnities of nature, and he stood contemplating it with that awe and dread which the spirit of solitude inspires. As he was looking on that calm magnificence, the old man, Icab, came towards him, and, with a severe voice, inquired why he had presumed to enter those unprofaned solitudes.

"Arak," he cried; "thou hast forsaken thy father's gods; and I can never more lift my hands above thee to implore, as I was wont, their blessing on thy young head. Oh, ye unknown, dreadful, and beneficent Powers, whom all artless creatures worship, pardon these tears, and forgive my weak heart, that would forget the sin of this young man, and which yearns to receive him still, as your Gracious Spirit has taught me to feel for all human kind. Alas! it is true that I could

not think such things possible, as that man would presume to select his God."

Icab then fell upon the neck of Arak and wept.

"I bring you," said Arak, "a message from the king."

"What would he now with me?" exclaimed Icab: "he might spare the little remnant left to me of life, to the deserted worship of the gods — the gods of his fathers, the ever-bounteous—that blessed the world from the beginning of time, nor permitted our happy tribes to be afflicted with civil discord, till that fatal hour when the cursed Atlanthus was cast from the sea upon our shore. Within these far-spreading bowers, we were happy in our innocence; with the morning light, our songs, as cheerful as those of the birds, rose to the Powers that blessed us; at night, when our frugal meal was over, we stretched ourselves beneath the boughs, and dreaded no danger from the dishonesty of man, for we had nothing then that could be stolen. Spirit of Nature! did I say nothing? Yes—we had happiness and purity, and confidence in one another; but the sea-outcast has cheated us of them all."

"He has given us better," replied Arak: "he has taught us to improve our condition; the woes that wait on crime; the hope of a second life; and that a glorious morning will brighten in the rear of death. But the king summons you to come to him."

"What does he want?" said Icab, with a sigh. "I cannot aid him in his schemes. When I behold, through the opening woods, his rising towns, sad omens and presages darken my spirit, lest the gods, whose secret throne of fires glows in the hollows of the mountains, burst forth, and sweep away the apostates and their perishable homes. But why does Oroon require me?"

"Arutha," replied Arak, "the queen, foregoes his love; and he desires that you would come with your skill, and restore to him her wonted affection."

Icab remained for some time thoughtful, and then said,

"Though she, too, is an apostate, yet I will go. Lead on: but never, save to take some gentle essence of herbs to quiet sorrow or to quench pain, shall my feet bear me to your city."

They then proceeded towards Atlantis, which when they entered, Icab looked around on every object with awe and superstitious dread.

Arak conducted Icab to Oroon, by whom he was received with filial affection, and who said to him that his appearance was as the cheering sun in the morning.

"Ah!" replied Icab, "and it has been night since we parted, and thou hast dreamt dreams in the woful time."

"The sleep," replied Oroon, with a smile, "was yours. Like the bird that drowses in winter, and,

awakening in the spring, finds nature renewed and full of blossoms and songs and life and joy, you come among us, wondering at the change. Would you have us resign the social arts and the pleasures industry makes ours, and have us sink back again into barbarity?"

"I wish," replied Icab, "only that you would cast off the vices which you put on with these gaudy garments: the virtues need no robes; they ever move in health and vigour, naked like our fathers.—But, Oroon, as I came to this stately dwelling, I beheld two great edifices—one too vast, too lofty, for any use of man; the other too grim and strong even for the most savage creatures of the wilderness. What are they?"

Oroon paused before he replied. "The first you spoke of is a temple hallowed to religious rites."

"What?" cried Icab, with pious horror. "Is, then, the God whom Atlanthus has revealed a local and limited being?"

"The God revealed to us," replied Oroon, "is the Father of nature, the Maker and Master of the ocean, the heavens and the earth, and all things in them."

"Then, wherefore," said Icab, "have you built Him a house, when the universe is full of Him? In light, in blossoms, and in melodious sounds, we recognise his beauty: in fruits, in sleep, and in the gladness of the pure breast, we taste his bounty: the vast and inaccessible skies, with their infinitude of stars, bear witness to

his greatness: in the strength of mountains, in the deep foundations of the mighty earth, and in the long-fetching of his breath in the tempest, we acknowledge his power: and when we question why it is that we are, and all this world is, we discern his undiscovered nature. Is it to Him that ye have built a house?"

"Thou wilt but see our works," replied Oroon, "in thine own contrariety. We have not reared the temple for his dwelling, but as a place wherein we may holily remember that He exists and should be adored."

"Does your knowledge," exclaimed Icab, "your civilization, your science, your orders, and your ranks, tend to make you forget Him? Our fathers never dreaded such an accident. They heard him in the roaring of the seas, and in the wrath of the thunder: they dreaded the flapping of his wings in the storm: they hailed his smile in the dawn: they felt his kindness in the day; and, like tired children on their mother's lap, they trusted to him in their weariness, and fell asleep: He was everywhere with them, and they with Him.—But for what purpose is yon other edifice?"

"It is a prison," replied Oroon, blushing; "an appointed lodge for such as wrongfully injure each other."

"Stop, Oroon, stop," cried Icab; "retrace your steps back to your old simplicity. Already your new-found arts require inventions to remind you that God is; they have taught you to prepare for men that shall become,

by these arts, more savage than the beasts of the woods: all this in a few short moons you have found already needful. Think what must be the end and issues of this civilization! If men already must be shut in dungeons, shall not the time come when there may be a race that must be put to death?"

Oroon made no reply, but only said, "Come with me and see Arutha, and, if you can, recall her love which has long been ebbing from me."

He then conducted the old man into the apartment where she was sitting alone. Icab looked at her steadfastly for some time; he marked, with a keen eye, the manner in which she regarded her lord, and then said, with a stern countenance, "I do not think you, Arutha, ill of any corporeal disease, but some infection has tainted your mind. What wrong have you done to the kind Oroon, that you regard him with such aversion?"

"Be merciful," said Oroon; "think how dearly I once was esteemed by her. Yes: the recollection of our former affection, compared with the unhappy vacancy of this present estrangement, is like a playful child gambolling on the other side of a grave. Be kindly to her, and apply your remedies with the soft hand of your wonted gentleness."

"Oroon," said Icab, "I pray thee retire; I would converse with her alone."

When the king had left them, he said to Arutha,

sternly, "You fear Oroon—what wrong have you done to him, that you so shrink in his presence? Arutha, mark my words—the cause of your malady springs from something in this new condition of things. Why do you look in such amazement? Then it is true, and the apostasy has changed your heart. Oh! pause, and, before a blacker horror falls on you, abjure the subtle stranger's altars; and on the mountain's top, that higher, purer, unbuilt altar, by all-seen nature raised to the all-felt God, lift up your hands, and deprecate your inconceivable doom!"

With these words Icab retired, and, meeting Arak, he bade him summon the elders of the tribes together. Atlanthus also came towards him, but he interdicted his approach, and accused him as the cause of miseries which were then impending over the country. At the same time Oroon came towards them, and, at his coming, Atlanthus obeyed the command of Icab, and retired. Oroon, who heard the command, said, "Now that he has gone, what have you to tell me?"

Icab looked at him with sorrow, and said, "The thunder in the summer's calm, and the Great Spirit in the woods and on the ocean, never speaks such horror as that which I must now declare."

"Tell me at once. Is my Arutha dead?"

"Curses descend on her!" cried Icab, extending his arms aloft. "Let fury come, and, as the winds

scatter the leaves of the forest, disperse her guilty ashes!"

"Thou art mad, Icab," said Oroon, "and thou speakest ecstasies of looser thought than the rack of clouds in the storm."

"The queen is false."

"False! What hast thou said? repeat the word—mine ears ring fearfully."

"Yes," said Icab, solemnly; "false with Atlanthus."

"Hoary liar!" exclaimed Oroon, as he struck him to the ground.

"Gods of his fathers," said the old man, as he lay at his feet, "accept my thanks for this. Now must his noble soul feel, by this dishonour in striking me, his own, his father's friend, what shame and wo, and evil and degradation, spring from the infection of the sea-outcast's guile."

Oroon stood like a statue for some time; and Icab rose and retired to meet the assembled elders, before whom he laid the proof of the guilt of Arutha and Atlanthus. She was sentenced to be placed on a rock, two bow-shots from the shore, the head of which was only visible at half-tide: a boat, with a dumb man bearing a torch, was to convey her to the rock, and kindle a fire, the extinction of which by the tide, would show when the waters overwhelmed her. The sentence

of Atlanthus was allotted to be pronounced by Oroon, whom he had so deeply injured.

Oroon would fain have avoided this dreadful task, but could not.

"Then," said he to the elders, "let Heaven punish him with health, and prolong his days, for he is noble, and the sense of guilt will be his punishment. Let no accustomed token of respect be withheld from him, lest the vindictive thought that springs from punishment defeat the intended horror of the sentence." Turning to Atlanthus, he addressed him with accents of the tenderest pity.

Arutha was then conveyed to the place appointed for her on the rock, and Atlanthus was taken down to the shore, where a vast multitude were assembled.

"What dost thou see?" said Oroon.

"A dim red flame."

"Nothing more? No sign?"

"Yes: ever and anon," replied Atlanthus, "it is eclipsed, as if some busy figure intervened."

"Arutha is there alone," said Oroon, in a deep and dreadful tone; and added, "does the light still burn?"

"It does."

"See you no other sign?"

"The swell of the rising tide rolls often between."

"Does it still burn? What means that universal sigh?"

"The light is quenched." In saying this, Atlanthus stabbed himself, and fell dead at the feet of Oroon.

"Stop!" exclaimed Icab; "touch him not, lest some new infection taint us from this hitherto unheard-of crime—self-murder. Now, Oroon, command the sacrifice—the atonement to thy father's gods."

At these words, Oroon called to the multitude to fire the town, and to burn all their works. This was done; and the Indians, throwing the garbs and vestments which Atlanthus had taught them to assume into the flames, abjured civilization for ever.

BIANCA.

A TALE OF VENICE.

BY CHARLES MAC FARLANE.

The sun was sinking behind the dark blue hills of Priuli, and lengthening the shadows of Venice across the rippling waves of the Adriatic, when two Senators, who were taking their evening promenade on one of the murazzi or outer terraces which the industry of man had gained and secured from a formidable element, perceived a trim galley on the purple line of the horizon, pressing forward towards the city.

"That should be a vessel of the state," said one of the Signors; "from whence may she be?"

"Why not from Constantinople?" replied his companion; "it is time that some of that conquering expedition should be returned to the 'Winged Lion.'"

"Saint Mark grant that it prove as you say!—But she keeps a gallant course, and will soon be here to speak for herself."

The two Senators, who, though both advanced in years, still glowed with that patriotic spirit which was

destined to raise the low-sunk islets of Venice to such unprecedented glory, leaned against a parapet wall that ran along the edge of the murazzo, fixing their earnest gaze upon the vessel, which, rapidly advancing, grew in magnitude to their eyes at every minute. She had been labouring on with all her long oars; but now the sun had set, and an evening breeze, a *vento di terra*, from the lofty mountains of Dalmatia roughened the gulf. The sails, already set, were properly bent to catch the favouring wind, and another and another sail was hoisted, until the hulk seemed to bear the proportion to them that the body of the sea-fowl does to its widely spreading and pure white wings. Nor could the flight of the gull or the albatross, be well more rapid or direct than the sailing of the Venetian galley. She rushed like "a thing of life" over the darkening waves, and presently the white foam was seen curling and the phosphoric light flashing before her impetuous bow. As she neared, the last gleams of day showed the proud banner of the republic floating on her lofty stern.

"My Tebaldo—my son, my only one—fell a victim to the liquid and unextinguishable fire of the Greeks at the first siege of their heretical capital—but there are other fathers than I in Venice, and mothers who love their offspring, and wives who adore their absent husbands, and of a certainty for some of these there is great joy. The galley is the 'Corriere' of the great

Dandolo, the swiftest vessel of our fleets, and she comes the harbinger of happiness to thousands. The rest will not be far behind."

The Senator who pronounced these words began in a subdued and melancholy tone; but his voice strengthened and his eye flashed as he continued, losing in the bliss of others, and in the contemplation of the glory of his country, the sense of his private and irremediable misfortune.

"Viva San Marco! Viva la Santa Chiesa!—and the republic of Venice that has placed the keys of Saint Peter within the boasted gates of Constantinople!" exclaimed the other Senator.

"Viva San Marco and the Republic!" rejoined the childless man.

Their aged voices had scarcely ceased to vibrate, when a loud, continuous shout—a shout of transporting joy and triumph, rose from the deck and the rigging of the galley, and made itself heard, despite of distance and the lash and roar of the waves that broke in foam at the feet of the two Senators. The next instant that soul-stirring acclamation was answered by another shout that absolutely smothered, while it lasted, the sounds of wind and wave; and turning round, the Senators saw, on the edges of other terraces, and on the scattered islets that afforded the best points of observation, the mass of the population of Venice, gazing like themselves on the

returning galley. In an instant numerous barks were seen to glide from the *canali*, and, dancing in fantastic groups over the heaving sea, to pull with strenuous oars towards the ship.

There was silence for a while. The galley, now surrounded by the barks from the shore, glided round one of the islets which had intercepted the prospect, and presently the crew saw all the low houses of the town, with the clear domestic lights gleaming from their lattices, full before them. The transport that then bounded in the hearts of the wanderers, the shout that then rose from the galley deck, must have been intense.

Soon the welcome vessel stood with her prow a few spans' length from the shore; and anon, with rapid manœuvre, she swung round, and lay with her broadside against the edge of the quay. Another shout and cry of triumph, and the captain leaped on shore, and bowed before the senators and citizens of Venice.

"Thou art welcome, Sanuti," said the foremost of the company; "thou art welcome as the confirmer of good tidings, but doubly welcome as a hero who has honoured his Venetian blood, by his deeds before the walls of Constantinople!"

The captain bowed more lowly than before.

"But Sanuti," resumed the Senator who had already spoken, "what of the fleet?—A portion certainly should be at Venice ere this, were it but to lay the trophies in

the temple of our Saint, under whom our arms have so prospered."

"I left the fleet to-day at noon—they had gained the height of Cape Torrella, and only let this fair breeze blow till midnight, and we shall see them at the rising of to-morrow's sun."

This news spread with the swiftness of lightning through the multitude, and thence through the whole city; and the childless Senator had predicted aright when he said, "that for some there would be great joy in Venice on this night."

That short summer night seemed of interminable length at Venice; but the morrow came at last, and in the gray horizon, at the very point where the "Corriere" had first appeared on the preceding evening, a broad white sail was seen. A sail, and another, and another, rose to the eye from that sober but brightening line, until the whole fleet was in view, and advanced, the orb of day rising in their rear, like a vast flock of wild swans, glancing their long white necks and buoyant white wings, in the golden beams of morning.

Meanwhile the fleet came on, spread out into the figure of a crescent. Every ship was distinctly visible through that fine transparent atmosphere; and as they glided over the placid waters towards their place of rest, the appropriate banner of each was clearly seen, and the impatient citizens on shore could tell the particular

galley, in which had sailed a son, a brother, or a friend. How many hearts beat at this recognition. "There is the *Stella!*" cried an old man, "my own brave boy commands there!" "And there the *Speranza!*" cried another, "and, God be praised! my Francesco's flag still floats on her mast-head!" Exclamations like these, and the eloquent outpourings of natural affection, were heard, every moment, to proceed from the congregated thousands, whilst the speaking faces, the expressive Italian countenances there collected, offered to the eye a picture on which the artist might have dwelt, with admiration and delight.

The fleet was now so near, that the sounds of their warlike music were heard, and every detail, to use the language of the painter, was distinctly made out. The bright and painted shields of the returning knights and squires were arranged on either side of the galleys; the warriors stood on the deck in their armour of mail, with the silver-inlaid morion on their heads, and the burnished arms in their hands; the broad lance, the battle-axe, and the steel-tipped mace, threw back the rays of the sun with dazzling brightness; the "winged lion," the standard of the republic, flew over their heads; the bannerets of the patrician families of Venice floated on the elevated stern-quarter of the war-ships, whilst the principal galley, which had borne the "blind old Dandolo" to the scene of his glory, was distinguished by a

vast white banner, on which was inscribed in letters of gold, the new, the proud, "the singular but accurate title of lord of three-eighths of the Roman Empire," assumed by the conquering Doge, and afterwards retained by the Venetian republic.

The instruments of the musicians, of which only the more clangous, as the cymbal or the trumpet, had at first been heard, now were all mingled and audible; with each passing moment they waxed louder and louder, until they burst on the ear with an overpowering peal—an air of war and triumph, to which the voices of the warriors and mariners formed an accompaniment. Then there rose to heaven a shout from those on shore that made Venice ring through her hundred islets, and the cymbal and the harp, "the shrill trump, the spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife," gave back a response to the galleys that, "gilded by the sun, and reflected by the waters," now fast approached land.

On shore, as on the sea, the spectacle was imposing. Venice, indeed, was not yet the splendid city that claimed the world's admiration; she could not yet boast that accumulation of ancient or modern art, which was afterwards to attract the stranger from many a distant land; but so early as this, or at the commencement of the thirteenth century, Venice was a city of importance —as remarkable as she ever could be, from her peculiar

situation—even beautiful and stately, if compared with the cities, her contemporaries, in any other part of the world than Italy. The *Campanile*, or lofty tower of St. Mark, did not yet pierce the clouds, nor did the temple then offer to the observer's eye that striking mixture of Greek and Saracenic architecture, those long-extending rows of arches, that forest of columns, all of precious marble, those beautiful mosaics, and that general richness and vastness which resulted from after ages of commerce, wealth and genius. But the bones of the blessed Apostle,—of the Evangelist whose name, says a Venetian historian, is associated with all the glories of the republic,—had reposed there ever since the eighth century; and the devotion of the Venetians had raised over those sacred relics an edifice really vast in dimensions, and not destitute of beauty. The obelisks of granite, and the elaborately sculptured pillars, stood not yet in the piazza or the piazzetta; the horses of bronze—those obsequious followers in the train of victory, those records of the mutability of fortune—stood not yet over the door of the temple, though they were soon to be there, for it was this returning fleet that brought them as a trophy from captured Constantinople. In fine, Egypt and Syria, Greece and the isles of Greece, had not yet been captured and despoiled of their glorious remains to ornament the proud "Sea-Cybele;" but, at the same time, some objects of art and antiquity had

been imported; some improvement from the study of them had been introduced in architecture and sculpture; and Italian genius, destined in after-centuries to rival that of Hellas, had begun to dawn, and Italian taste to show itself in the construction of their habitations, their churches, and public edifices.

The glorious dawn of liberty among the neighbours of Venice, the Lombard cities—that dawn that was destined never to reach its meridian splendour, but to expire in the night of a despicable and enduring slavery —was even then a faint light compared to that which emanated from the liberal institutions of the republic, where a hard-hearted oligarchy, anxious indeed for the glory of the state, but indifferent to human suffering and crime, had not yet seized absolute power, nor sent its victims in mystery across the "Bridge of Sighs." The city of the isles might, at this period, be compared to a hero, who, still young, had gallantly advanced on the career of glory, whose aspirations were lofty, and whose shield was not bedimmed with blood; and we, at the distance of centuries, may almost partake in the enthusiasm of the old chroniclers who record the triumph of her conquering sons returned from Constantinople.

The piazzetta, which is situated by the side of the church of Saint Mark, then contained the principal edifices of the republic; and it was here the knights and the captains of the galleys, that had now come to

anchor close to the quay, descended by stairs and platforms prepared for them and covered with laurels and flowers, banners and silks of Tyrian dye—and it was here their anxious feet again touched their native soil, and their relatives and friends received them to their passionate embrace. As one by one they stepped on shore, the people rent the air with their acclamations; the signiors of the republic, in an open balcony, bowed to them, as a herald repeated their distinguished names; whilst the bands of music pealed the notes of triumph, and the fair daughters of Venice "looked and smiled a welcome." The general picture of joy and grief—and grief there was in the midst of all these rejoicings, for many returned not to bless the eyes of affection, but remained in the country they had conquered, and many had sped to those regions whence there is no return—this general picture would be far too vast even to be sketched here, and thus we will attach ourselves to the fortunes and feelings of one who figured in this day's pageantry.

Gherardo was the only son of the patrician Zani, and the most gallant youth of Venice. His love of military glory must have been great, for when the Doge, the incomparable Enrico Dandolo, invited him to follow his banner to the East, he was betrothed to Bianca Celsi, as distinguished for her beauty, as he for his valour. Yet, on the threshold of the hymeneal temple, he did

not hesitate; he would go where glory and his countrymen summoned him; when the Doge's exploits were achieved, he would return to Venice, and, more deserving of her, lay the laurels at the feet of his young bride. He had been, he had prospered—Constantinople had witnessed his valour—and now, returned, the piazzetta echoed with the name of Gherardo. He had received the embrace of his aged father without alarm at his tears—for overwrought joy will weep even as sorrow does; he had been pressed in the arms of the friends of his house and his infancy; and he now advanced to a gentler circle, composed of his female relatives and friends, who, stationed at a balcony, murmured the hero's name, and his welcome back to Venice. But, what meant the omission?—Bianca was not among them—Bianca, his spouse, was not there to welcome him with eye and tongue. His voice trembled as he hurriedly asked where she was. An inconsiderate and cruel voice in the crowd, answered, "Bianca is no more! she sleeps with her father in the church of Saint Theodore."*

"No more!" moaned the young warrior, and his flushed face became pale as the monumental marble, and, but for his friends, he had fallen to the earth like one struck by lightning. When he partially recovered

* St. Theodore was the patron saint of Venice before St. Mark.

from the first shock, he again raised his eyes to the ladies' balcony; she was indeed not there—where she must have been had life and love animated her. That absence confirmed the truth of the ill-omened voice; his eyes dropped despondingly to the earth, where, now in his youth and his glory, he could have wished to see a grave open for himself. His old father fell on his neck and wept aloud.

For some moments the mind of Gherardo wandered, and his soul was benumbed; but the sight of Alessio, the brother of Bianca, advancing through the crowd, recalled him to consciousness and anguish. "Is it even as they say?" cried he hoarsely, and stretching out his hand to his friend. Alessio grasped his hand with one of his, and, dashing away the tears from his averted face with the other, he replied in a suffocated voice, "Alas! and alas! it is even so—Bianca expired yesterday; and as the galley, your precursor, was appearing, my sister was on the road to the sepulchre!"

Such irremediable wo where so much bliss was expected—such an awakening from all the ecstatic dreams and aspirations that had given him strength in battle, and cheered him over the tedious or stormy waves—such a return—such a welcome—such an end to all his fond and passionate hopes was not to be supported. With a deep groan he swooned away, and the young hero, so lately the happiest among the happy—the most

animated where all were animated, was borne in a lifeless state to the sad halls of his father.

It was long ere he returned to life and reason; and oh, how dreadful was his return to the latter! He would have given the world for some opiate or drug, capable of repelling thought and recollection. He closed his eyes to the gay light of the sun—he would have shut out its rays for ever! He was deaf to the assiduous advice and consolation of his friends who thronged about him—he was mute, too, and asked not a single question as to the malady or decease of his bride. Was it not enough to know, that she was for ever torn from him—dead!—what mattered the mode or the circumstances that had led to such a fearful result? At last he spoke, but it was only to request his father that he might be left alone. The afflicted Signior, with words of affectionate condolence, and prayers that his son would raise his thoughts to the contemplation of that Being in whose hands were life and death, and to whose omnipotent will it was duty to submit, left the room with tears, and was followed by all the company. When in the silence and solitude of his own chamber, Gherardo looked around him, he felt more than ever the extent of his loss. He rose from the couch on which he had been reclining, and advanced to a curtained recess at the end of the room—he drew the curtains—the sight was a cruel one! There was the *talamo*, or splendid

nuptial bed, his friends had prepared and decorated for his return—there, on the rich velvet and the flowing silk, were the embroidered rose-wreaths mixed with the laurel crowns, and the initials of his name entwined with those of the name of his Bianca. And hungry Death was feeding on her roses, and her name, in the mouths of men, had become a note of wo—in his ear a sound of despair! He threw himself on the ground at the bed's foot, and, burying his burning face in his hands, gave vent for the first time to a copious flood of tears.

As thus he lay, humbled in the dust, with all his thoughts in the dark and narrow grave, the sun shone brightly on Venice, and her thronging thousands, replete with joy, sang their songs of triumph and shouted the names of their gallant warriors and the captains of their galleys. It could not be, that *his* should be forgotten, for who had borne himself more bravely than he? and as a crowd passed in front of his paternal abode, their united voices proclaimed, "Gherardo! Gherardo! Long life and glory to Gherardo, the soldier of St. Mark!" The sounds struck his ears, but *now* they could elicit only a bitter smile.

The passing hours did not restore tranquillity to the bereft bridegroom; but, as the shades of night descended, a wild idea,—an uncontrollable impulse invaded him. "And shall my fond eyes obtain not a last glance of

that being of love and beauty? Shall my Bianca," reasoned the passionate youth, (if such movement of the feelings can be called reason)—"my betrothed, be consumed by vile worms, and I not see the loveliness she must have carried to the grave? She died but yesterday —she must still be beautiful!—Yes! I will see her once again! I will once again press those lips though they be cold—cold!"

At a late hour, he secretly left his father's house for the well-known church—alas! he was to have been married there! A handful of gold gained over the *sacristano*, who unlocked the door of the temple and retired. Gherardo stood alone, a few paces from Bianca's tomb. A few lamps burned here and there, dimly, before the effigies of the Virgin mother and of the most conspicuous saints; the moon shed an uncertain light through the painted glass of the lofty and narrow Gothic windows; but away among the massy columns, and through the long aisles of the church, there fell the obscurity of "the valley of the shadow of death;" and sounds there were none, save the fast-coming sighs of the hapless lover. The hour, the spot, the awful stillness, were all calculated to overpower the mind with indescribable emotion; the age was one of extreme superstition, and our young soldier's philosophy had not taught him to rise superior to the popular credence; the state of his feelings too—and nothing is more

imaginative or creative of ideal horrors, than a certain stage of grief—contributed to delude the senses; and as the cressets trembled, and the moonlight, strangely coloured by the stained glass through which it passed, gleamed now brighter, and now fainter—now resting on this object of somewhat grotesque architecture of the church, now on that—he saw, or fancied the spirits of the departed rising one by one, and mournfully waving their hands, as if warning him against a sacrilegious intrusion on the regions of the dead. Through the postern door by which he had entered, and which the sacristano had left ajar, there suddenly blew a gust of the fresh night-breeze, that moaning among the columns and over the hollow marble pavement of the church, sounded in his ear like a voice, but not of earth—like the united lamentations of sad, or guilt-burdened spirits. He clung to one of the pillars for support, and was for some moments incapable of motion. His natural courage, and the intenseness of the feeling and purpose that had brought him thither, soon however came to his aid, and he strode with hasty steps to the cappella, or lateral recess of the temple, beneath which was the tomb of his bride's family. Here, in this deep recess, the moon could not shed a beam; but he was guided to the door of the sepulchre, by a lamp that flickered on the altar of the cappella. Hurried, breathless, he laid his hand upon that door; massy, and

bound with heavy iron and with bronze, it required a great effort to open it—he pressed his muscular shoulder against it—it receded; but as it turned on its unwilling hinges, it produced a hoarse rumbling sound that echoed like thunder in the vault beneath, and caused him to start back with trembling limbs and cold sweat on his brow. Again, however, desperation—love—the determination to see the lifeless form of his beloved, conquered his awe, and the repugnance for disturbing the peace of the grave; yet he paused, ere he plunged into the horrible, palpable obscurity, that lay beyond the door of the tomb, and, crossing himself, murmured a prayer to the blessed Virgin who saw his wo and might pity or pardon his sacrilegious audacity. He then rushed down a few steps, through a short dark passage,—and, himself like a spectre, entered the narrow chamber of death. A lamp beneath a crucifix burned at the head of the avello or sarcophagus of Bianca, and a grated window near the roof of the vault admitted the rays of the moon, that fell almost perpendicularly on that cold white marble. He grasped at once, the heavy cover of the coffin—had he hesitated, he might have been effectually deterred from completing his sad, wild enterprise. His nervous arms removed the weight, and then his eyes rested on the shrouded form of his Bianca, whose head was enveloped in a veil of pure white, and her "decent limbs com-

posed" beneath an ample white robe. His brain reeled at the sight—and the lamp which he had grasped fell from his hand. When he recovered strength to proceed, the light from the grated window fell full in the open coffin: and, as his trembling hands withdrew the veil, a clear broad ray of the moon illumined the face of his lovely bride. * * * And could this be death?—Why even thus she looked when life and love coursed through her young veins!—even thus, when after a day of joy she slept a balmy sleep, a night of peace! And were not the long loose tresses crossed on her innocent bosom the same as erst, and the pale smooth brow, and the broad eyelids with their long black fringes, and the cherub mouth, with lips slightly apart, as if smiling in some blissful dream! "No, this cannot be death!" cried Gherardo, deliriously: "she sleeps—she only sleeps —Oh wake! in pity, wake, my Bianca!—my love—my wife!" He was silent for a moment, and gazed on her beautiful moonlit countenance, as if expecting she would really rise at his passionate adjuration. "Bianca!" continued he, "my own Bianca! why dost thou slumber thus!—dost thou await the warm kisses of thy lover to awaken thee? I give them thee!" and throwing himself across the marble coffin he pressed his quivering lips to hers. But how did his whole soul rush to his mouth, when he fancied he felt the breath of life on those pale lips! He pressed them again—if it was a delusion, it

continued—for the mildest, the most subdued of breathings seemed to pass from her lips to his. He raised her from the sarcophagus, he placed his hand on her heart—and language has no power to paint his emotions, when he felt—plainly felt that heart palpitate beneath his hand! Another moment, and her eyes opened, whilst a low murmur escaped her lips. Gherardo clasped her wildly in his embrace, and leaned for support against the sarcophagus, where, as they stood, mute, motionless, and pale, almost like statues in the moonlight, it would have been difficult to tell which of the two, or whether both, had not been awakened from the sleep of death.

The chronicler's tale is told. The ignorance of the physicians, and the immediate sepulture after death usual in the south, had consigned Bianca to the grave, from which the passion and impetuosity of her lover saved her so opportunely. The fair Venetian passed almost at once from the marble sarcophagus to the nuptial bed of silk and velvet. The church, where the echoes of her funeral dirge might almost seem yet to linger, pealed with the notes of her hymeneals; and her bridal coronet of white roses was supplied by the tree that had furnished flowers for her funeral.

FRANCESCA;

OR THE DETHRONEMENT OF AN IDOL.

BY KATE CAMPBELL.

"Oh, the idol on the pedestal,
Is a very lovely thing!
Better be one of the common crowd
Who come a worshipping."

Oh, yes now, dear reader! we have no doubt but that in your own mind, you have quite decided on a long, romantic story about an Italian!—who shall be beautiful, and passionate, and unfortunate!—who shall love, and perhaps die for love! (who knows?) such things *do* happen sometimes. Then Francesca is an Italian name, that is certain! but what when I tell you, that it is also quite as certain, that *our* Francesca was not an Italian; that unfortunately for your story, she drew her first breath in the cradle of Liberty; that the only particle of romance connected with her, was her name, which a foolish father gave her, because in his young days, he had fallen in love with a beautiful picture with that title, which he kept ever after hanging

up in his chamber, to the no small discomfort of his pretty wife. She, though the least inclined of all persons to jealousy, was wont when passing that picture, to breathe a quiet prayer for its destruction, which prayer seemed never to be answered, for Francesca, (the living one of course,) grew tall enough to reach the carefully covered frame of the portrait, and still it remained there, guarded as by a talisman from every misfortune. The only satisfaction the little wife seemed likely to obtain, was this—that the young Francesca, as she came bounding up the steps of life, plainly became every day more and more unlike her namesake, and the little wife clapped her hands with malicious joy at her grave husband's disappointment.

"Yes, you dear Harry," she would sometimes say, mockingly, "it is really quite surprising,—the likeness between our dear girl and the picture! particularly about the eyes and hair—they match amazingly well,—do you not think so?"

Then would Captain Clare strive hard to look exceedingly vexed and indignant, at the childishness of his little wife; but, as we are all apt to find in similar circumstances, the more he tried to subdue the rebellious risibles, the more intractable they became, till at last with his large mouth distended from ear to ear, and every white tooth in full display, he would burst into a hearty laugh, which was quite terrible to hear—at least

to those who were unaccustomed to it; but the little wife was more likely to scream with delight, and nestling upon his knee, join merrily in the mirth which her saucy tongue had provoked.

And like the mother, the daughter grew;—arch, and smiling, and joyous, with a profusion of lovely blonde curls, from which her sun-bright eyes flashed out with their eager, roving glances; so that you will easily perceive, dear reader, that that stately-looking portrait, with large, sad eyes, is not *our* Francesca, but in very truth, the exact counterpart of the one in Captain Clare's bed-room.

Foolish Captain Clare! who could not suppress a momentary feeling of disappointment when he noted this fact, but notwithstanding his sober forty years, had mapped out a story in some unkept corner of his brain, wherein his pretty daughter was a heroine, and a queenly beauty, who should live to make a name for herself, and die—not to lose it!

But never a queen gave out such ringing, gushing strains of melody, as burst from the care-free heart of Francesca! Never a queen clapped her dainty hands with such an air of rapturous happiness, or laid upon couch of down, a head so clear, a pulse so light and bounding!

Yes, and while Captain Clare was thus dreaming, and plotting, and planning, Francesca had her own little

vision too,—safe in her heart, and glancing sometimes from out the brown shadows of her large glad eyes. It was not an ambitious dream by any means; Charlie Catherwood was not ambitious; he was always quoting Willis.

"What is ambition? Tis a glorious cheat," &c.

And if Charlie thought this, it must be so: she had a great deal rather believe *him*, than Mr. Willis; papa said, "poets never wrote from the heart; they only 'piled up agony' for the use of other people."

Captain Clare never thought how heartily Charlie Catherwood and Francesca Clare were loving one another; yes,—that they had even got so far as to talk about the nice little cottage over the hill; how sweetly the honeysuckles and clematis clambered up the rough walls, and how delightful that little love of an arbour would be in summer time, to sit and read and sew in. How they were for ever wondering, when in the world the Dunglisons would move, as they were always going to do, but had never done yet? It would be utterly impossible for them (Charlie and Francesca) to live anywhere else; it was so romantic — only think; gray stone, and honeysuckle, and clematis!

No, indeed! Captain Clare had other views in his eye. He was thinking seriously of selling his fine old farm, and removing to the city; just as if that would make Francesca more like the picture.

Ah, Captain Clare! you might just as well give up your air castles, for they cannot be realized.

"Going to move to the city! why, papa! how cruel to leave us!" and Francesca burst into tears.

"I am not going to leave you, puss;" said the Captain all amazement, "leave whom?"

"Why Charlie and me," sobbed the maiden.

"Charlie and you—what do you mean?"

"Why Charlie and I are going to be married, and live in Dunglison's cottage," whispered the girl, ceasing to cry, that she might blush becomingly.

"Thunder! what the ——!" cried the Captain with the voice of a trumpet, and a spring from the floor, which brought his organ of benevolence in violent collision with the ceiling.

A pause ensued, broken only by the convulsive mirth of Francesca, who, sitting on the floor, strove vainly to stifle her laughter with the folds of her handkerchief. Captain Clare rubbed the prominence on the top of his head, and grinned horribly. Charlie Catherwood was peeping in at a side window.

Now the Captain tried harder than he had ever done in his life before to look grave. He drew down the corners of his mouth, he straightened out the twitching eyebrows, he winked, he stamped, he blew his nose violently, but alas! in vain; open went the wide mouth,

out in bold relief stood the white teeth, and Francesca, with her mother's own ringing laugh, sprang into his arms, and with her head against his shoulder, and her laughing eyes peeping into his face, felt immediately supremely happy.

"Oh you dear, good papa! I *knew* you would not be angry!"

"You good for nothing puss! what did you mean by laughing at your father, hey?"

"Ah dear papa! you went up so funny! and it cracked so loudly—your head, papa! pray, do you think it is hurt? Let me feel. Why papa, what a mountain! yes actually a mountain! Oh, I am so sorry."

"Yes, you good for nothing—I dare say—what did you mean by startling me so? What was all that *yarn* about? Something about Charlie, hey?"

"It was no yarn at all," cried the girl indignantly, "no, indeed, but a very serious thing."

"And Charlie and you are actually going to get married—my little Francesca to marry a farmer! I had planned better than that, I can tell you."

"I do not believe you," said the girl, with a saucy smile; "I have no doubt that you had settled upon some grand match for your old, ugly Francesca in the picture; but for *me*, why you never dreamed of me, or you had seen long ago that I loved Charlie."

"Yes, yes," said the Captain, "it is quite certain that

it was wholly an imaginary Francesca about whom I was thinking. It is very true, that you will never personify her; but in future we will take down our stately idol, and place upon its pedestal, something of flesh and blood—"

"And *heart*, papa."

"Yes, heart; which I am willing to concede, *my* Francesca did not possess. After all, you are a very darling little girl, and worth a thousand pictures, for all you have never said, 'by your leave, sir.'"

"But I asked *mamma*," said the girl, blushing.

"Heyday, and what did mamma say? Come, madam, how is this?" he exclaimed, quite vigorously, as the little wife opened the door and looked in upon the living tableau.

"Yes, yes; you may scold away just as much as you please," she cried, advancing with her finger raised archly, and divining in an instant what had taken place; "but I very well knew that nothing would wake up your senses but some desperate measure, and see, now you have not looked so bright for a twelvemonth."

"Ah! that is because I have just found out what a good little Francesca I really possess; and after having devoted seventeen years to the possession of the 'unattainable,' have suddenly found that that which I have within reach is ten times more precious."

"And I may have Charlie, papa?"

"That's right, my daughter; never allow the attention to stray from a disputed subject, till you are sure that there will be no *inconvenient* returns to it. Yes, you may have Charlie, and my blessing on you."

"And the picture?" said the little wife spitefully. "Now, I hope I may burn it; yes, that will be perfect bliss."

"Oh no, no;" cried Francesca, "I must have it; may I not, papa? it should be mine, and it will look so pretty in the little parlour, where the *honeysuckles and clematis* run over the windows."

"Settle it with your mother, my dear," Captain Clare replied, laughing, as he extricated himself from the clutches of his wife and daughter; and settled it was when, six months later, the Dunglisons removed, and Charlie Catherwood took possession of "Lowfield Cottage," and Francesca Clare.

ERMINA.

A FACT METRICALLY RENDERED.

BY JAMES C. MOFFAT, A. M.

Ermina's eye is sad, to-day,
And her brow o'ercast with care;
But whence the grief, that could find its way,
To one so young and fair?
It was not thus when her step was light,
In the joyous dance but yesternight.
Her lips have plighted a true-love vow,
Which the glowing heart had framed,
And the youth is upon the deep sea now,
Whom her loving bosom claimed;
But long, she knows, he will not stay
In distant clime, from his bride away;
And it is not for this that her eye is wet,
And the stamp of grief on her brow is set.

Her father's wrath is strong—
A tempest while it lives;

And she fears the action wrong,
Which such occasion gives,
Nay, feels her conduct as despite
To all a father's native right;
But little apprehends the dark
Emotions, which have set the mark
Of his resentment on the head
Of him she has so rashly wed.

His summons calls her to appear
Before that father, proud and stern.
With many a fluttering hope and fear
She hastens forth her fate to learn.
"Thou art not ignorant," he said,
"What duties men consider meet
To be from child to parent paid,
And thou art far above deceit:
Then tell me, have I learned the truth
In what has lately met mine ear—
And was there, then, no other youth
Whose language thou couldst love to hear,
Than he, on whom thy father's sight
Can never without hatred light:
The offspring of that stock, whose wrong
Has followed up our house so long?—
It is enough—thou need'st not speak,
I read thy folly on thy cheek."

Ermina's agitated frame,
Too frail to bear such terms of blame,
Trembled throughout. She knelt beside
His chair, and fondly sought to hide
Upon his knee the throbbing brow
And burning cheek, disclosing now
Her secret, while the heartfelt tears
Rushed to her eye and told her fears.
"I had not thought my child could be
A masker—a deceit to me,
Or could approve herself in aught
With sorrow to a parent fraught.
But learn, and bear it on thy heart,
My only child although thou art,
And more beloved too, God knows,
Than all the rest His earth bestows,
That from the hour, in which by voice
Or sign thou seal'st thy grovelling choice,
I shall erase thee from thy place
Within my soul, before my face;
And here must thenceforth cease to be
A refuge and a home for thee.
I add no more. Let this suffice—
I am not one to temporise."
He ended, and his wrathful mood
Seemed with his closing words subdued;
While poor Ermina strove, in vain,
To check her tears and mental pain,

Nor struggled long. O'erflowing grief
Soon found its natural relief.
She wept aloud, and truly felt
Her wrong; but, even while she knelt
Before him and contrived to shield
Her face and much it had revealed,
Knew well she could no longer cloak
What must his darker wrath provoke.
"Belovéd father, I confess
My error and my thoughtlessness—
More thoughtlessness, indeed, than sin,
Couldst thou but judge me from within.
Since that dear one was laid in dust,
In whom, so long, I wont to trust,
To whom I could presume to bear
Each deepest feeling, humblest care,
On my own heart have I relied
Too much for such a feeble guide;
But did not dare, nor deem I should
Upon thy larger cares intrude.
Yet had I known thy wrath so strong
With one so lovely and so young,
Never had word of mine conveyed
The feeling, which had disobeyed,
Nor should my tongue that vow have spoken
Which cannot be withdrawn or broken—"

He heard no more. His lips grew pale,
So did the storm of rage assail
His judgment, all restraint was quelled,
And passion sole dominion held.
He rose, and with a voice and breath
Husky and labouring with wrath:—
"To him! to him! Then henceforth share
With him my hate; but never dare
Pollute my sight. Go, meet thy shame
Under his deep detested name—
Or, may the kinder wrath of God
Lay thee beneath the churchyard sod.
I could endure to see thee lie
With icy pulse and shrouded eye—
In that were grief no tongue could tell;
But this—'tis degradation—hell."
He ceased, and hastily withdrew.
How much she suffered others knew;
But, in its depth, it was not more
Than what her tortured father bore.
Friendships may fail, nor leave a trace
Of ruin on their former place;
The love, which animates the young,
Pass, like the words on flattery's tongue;
But not thus lightly are displaced
The affections of a father's breast;

Though crushed, though mortified, till shame
Forbids to meet the attacks of blame,
Though scorning to be reconciled,
They cling to the offending child;
Survive when most severely tried
In war with anger and with pride,
And if they perish, leave behind
A blasted desert in the mind,
Which ever after, scathed and bare,
No dew shall cheer or spring repair.
Ah, he who deems he can remove,
Dishonoured from his house and love,
His erring child, must ill foresee
What he is doomed to bear and be:
Unless 'tis love of Heaven supplies
The strength and claims the sacrifice.
But Herman's spirit never knew
The truth of the Most High as true;
In strife, in peace, in good and ill,
Owned no superior to his will—
A legislator feeble, blind,
A very leaf before the wind;
Even Reason totters on her throne,
If left by Heaven to reign alone,
By every weakness lending force
To passion in its rebel course;

And thus his breast, in days gone by,
Had been a scene of anarchy,
And years no wiser rule could hold,—
They had but made the youthful old,
And chilled affection's generous burst,
Which half ennobled sin at first;
As winds, that toss the woods of spring,
Abroad their flowers and odours fling,
While serely shrieks the tempest's rage
Among the withered boughs of age.
But his fair child—how could he bear
Her image from his heart to tear—
That image still recalling one
Beloved and long since dead and gone?
He half repented—"Take the low
Detested offspring of my foe
Into my bosom!—sooner take
The crawling, loathsome, deadly snake."
The thought was maddening and represt
The father rising in his breast.
And so his fiendish hatred fed
That the black cloud his soul o'erspread.

How strange is Fact, the only spring
Of all the wonderful and new,—
A game, which Fiction's falcon wing
Must not in every flight pursue!

For fable's boasted world lies
In commonest realities :
And even these she must arrange
Into creations not too strange,
In probability must mould
  Her boldest fabrics, for the eye
Of narrow-visioned man will hold
  Itself as competent to try.
But, independent fact displays
Her wonders to the admiring gaze
With an authority, which man
Dare not resist and cannot scan :
And while astonishing, defies
Fastidiousness to criticise.

The breeze that played
O'er the dewy blade,
  In the balmy morning hour,
And wafted thence,
On the gratified sense,
  The breath of herb and flower,
Has died away,
As the burning day
  Ascended in its power.
And the sultry lurid noon
  And bronzing light, on high,

Announced a tempest soon,
For wrath is in the sky.
While, slowly from the south ascend
Dark, ponderous clouds, that meet and blend.

A lightning flash has gleamed
On the bosom of yon cloud.
Though far away it seemed,
And the thunder is not loud,
Yet, therein pealed the opening gun—
The elemental war begun.
The slumberous piles, whose pillowy towers
On the horizon stood for hours,
Arrayed in snowy brilliance, now
With night enwrap the mountain's brow.
The heavens a fiercer wrath have found,
And nearer comes the thunder sound.
The lightnings gleam with keener glare,
Filling the hot electric air.
To the rushing wind from yon angry cloud
The lofty pines their heads have bowed.
It stoops to earth and licks the dust
In its headlong sweep that thunder-gust.

Old Herman's heart did quake with fear
As he saw that tempest gathering near;

For he thought of the cause his rage had given,
And trembled before avenging Heaven.
Could all his treasures now have brought
Back to their source that word and thought,
How well did it seem to him he could spare
The whole, to have crushed them in silence there.
And as the thunder, peal on peal,
In long succession, rolled above,
His troubled soul began to feel
Revivings of paternal love.
He, for a moment, could have pressed
His pardoned daughter to his breast;
Nay, hastily arose to find
Her ear, and speak his altered mind;
But thoughts of hated Brenner came
Before him, and he cursed the name—
Cursed his own weakness, to give way
To fears, before a mere display
Of floating vapours, which, 'twas plain,
Were big with only drops of rain.
And streams of vivid flame, which he
Knew well was electricity,
Which must, by laws of *Nature*, pass
From every *plus* to *minus* mass—
Why, he could grind the same from glass!
He turned, and fiercely paced his room,
While darker grew the tempest's gloom.

A sudden glare of fearful light
Flashed, for an instant, on his sight.
With simultaneous rattle broke
High overhead the thunder-stroke;
A shock, as if the firmament
Of heaven were asunder rent,
And with it rose a piercing shriek
Which all his spirit stirred.
He rushed, alas, too late, to seek
His child, o'er whom he dared to speak
So late, the blasting word.

Beside her chamber windows lay
The motionless and blackened clay
Of her who, on that early morn,
A frantic father's curse had borne.
The thunderbolt of God had sped,
Justly, on the offending head;
But all the vengeance of the skies
Upon the living sinner lies.
A few brief hours of punishment
Were in that morning's sorrow sent;
But they have ceased, and surely pain
Can never touch that heart again:
But who would choose the lone, the dim,
The dismal life awaiting him?

DEAD AND NOT DEAD.

A MONASTIC LEGEND.

BY J. A. ST. JOHN.

What can we suffer worse? Is this, then, worst?—*Milton.*

"I was born to little or no fortune; but my parents, who were engaged in business, had been sufficiently favoured by Mammon to enable them to bestow upon me an education which lifted me above my original condition. With ideas which might have appeared too lofty and aspiring even in a prince, and which had taken possession, God only knows how, of my whole soul, I saw myself doomed, however, as soon as the period of my studies should be over, to descend from my high spiritual contemplations to the level of vulgar life, where the mind, if it be not tarnished and degraded, becomes tame and servile, and loses the fine relish of enthusiasm. Inspired by such feelings, I returned to my father's house, in the street of St. John, where my family had from time immemorial vended silks and other vanities to the matrons and maidens of the city. I was not, however, immediately required to forsake my studies and

give up my days to the pursuit of gain, my father having in his mind certain plans and schemes respecting me, which the event that shortly after took place dissipated for ever, without even allowing me to come to the knowledge of what they were.

"Nevertheless, I took pleasure in visiting occasionally the shops and warehouses of my father, where the fairest and loveliest of the damsels of Caen might every day be seen, cheapening those wares which, when properly disposed about their persons, only sharpened the darts of desire, and rendered more efficacious the snares they insidiously spread abroad for the souls of men. Among this crowd of fair beings, there was one whose presence disturbed my spirit exceedingly. This was the only daughter of the Count de Mathan, a maiden who was just then about to step upon the threshold of womanhood, adorned with as much beauty and innocence as ever accompanied the female soul in its transition from the state of the girl to that of the woman. Her eyes, which is frequently the case among the women of our city, as you have no doubt observed, were as blue as the summer sky; her features regular and delicate; her hair of the richest auburn; and her complexion so singularly fair, that her neck was scarcely to be distinguished from the snowy lace or cambric which concealed a portion of it.

"By degrees, the idea of this beautiful creature formed itself a home, as it were, in my mind, from which it

seldom departed, even when sleep, or the chaste spirit of meditation, had banished all other earthly things. All beings tend more or less powerfully towards the other beings in the universe which most resemble them; but love is as the attraction of two spheres of equal magnitude, which hurries irresistibly the one towards the other, and ends by reducing them to one. Isabelle de Mathan had now unconsciously become the world to me. Her presence was paradise, her absence hateful as death. Perhaps there was too much earthliness in my passion; perhaps it was exclusively the beauty of her person which at first lit up the fire in my breast; perhaps my heart was not sufficiently purified from the taint of sin—and therefore the Lord afflicted me! As God shall judge me, I know not: but I loved as man never before loved woman.

"My sole pleasure now was to place myself as often as possible near her; and whether it be that there is an atmosphere around beautiful persons, which, whoever enters is happy, or otherwise, I cannot determine; but assuredly, the felicity which I experienced in the presence of my beloved resembled, as far as earthly passions may, that which, they say, is tasted by beatified spirits, if it may be said without profaneness. Night follows not more regularly the footsteps of day than I did her. If she went to the theatre, I was there; if she mingled among the crowds upon the public walks, I mingled among them also; if she repaired to the house of

prayer, or to the altar of God, I still hovered near her, as the lapwing hovers over its scarcely fledged progeny, instinctively seeking the use of its wings.

"That she was conscious of being the object of my admiration I now know; but hitherto I had not spoken. At length Providence seemed to offer me an opportunity of declaring myself. I had followed her as usual to church; the priests were chaunting the solemn service of the mass; numerous youths were pacing the floor of the sanctuary to and fro, swinging their censers, and scattering about the hallowed perfume of the incense; a little boy, decked in priestly garments, was bearing aloft a tall silver cross, which glistened in the sunbeams then streaming in through the painted windows above the principal altar, when the church became suddenly darkened. Presently the stillness of the atmosphere became oppressive, the church grew still darker, and the crash of thunder and the glare of lightning terrified the worshippers. Flash after flash entered the windows and shot along the aisles. The spirit of fear was upon us all. We thought of death, and each man saw the hue of a corpse in his neighbour's countenance. At this moment I stole a glance at Isabelle. She was pale and awe-stricken, like the rest; but there was I know not what of splendour about her forehead, of meek pride in her eye, which threw a kind of divinity around her, which seemed as a buckler against danger. The service meanwhile proceeded;

but in a tone into which a sense of imminent danger had infused a peculiar solemnity. The priest had just entered upon the sublime portion of the Psalms which had been selected as the lesson for that day, when an indescribable but fearful noise was heard over head. It appeared at first like the blasting of rocks, when the mineral powder is rending the bowels of the mountains, and hurling their shattered fragments aloft into the air. Then the roof of the church opened with a tremendous crash, and fragments, vast, black, and smoking, like the crust of a volcano, thundered down upon the pavement, crushing the people to atoms, and seeming to shake the very globe itself. Shrieks, groans, screams, and yells of terror and pain, instantaneously filled the temple, though few attempted for the moment to escape. I saw Isabelle standing in the midst of the terror-stricken multitude, with hands clasped, and eyes round and glaring with horror; and, without reflecting or knowing what I did, I instinctively seized her in my arms, and fled with her through the cloisters into the street. Here she recovered her reason, which had been momentarily extinguished, and looking wildly about, exclaimed, 'My mother! my mother!' Without uttering a syllable in reply, I rushed back to the church, and attempted to enter; but the multitude had now found their way to the door, and were rushing out like a torrent, the young and the strong treading down and trampling upon the weak, and creating more hor-

rors than the fragments of the lightning-blasted spire. Nevertheless, in this flood of passion, there were numerous proofs of the innate goodness of human nature. Love, like the spirit of God, was in the midst of them, prompting to deeds of heroism and self-devotion. Mothers, always pre-eminent in love, faint, wounded, and bleeding, but rendered powerful by terror, were bearing out their children in their arms; husbands were hurrying along with their wives; and young men, who should be immortal for their piety, were snatching from destruction the gray hairs of their fathers, thus proving that love flows back as naturally to its source, as onward to its offspring. It was in vain that I endeavoured to stem this living torrent. As often as I opposed myself to its fury, and tried to force my body between that of the fugitives, I was dashed back like a reed, which is thrown into a winter stream. At length, however, the building was empty, and I made my way in. Small fragments were still dropping down, and the place was filled with dust. No living creature was to be seen; at least none that exhibited signs of life, though I more than once thought I heard a stifled groan among the heaps of rubbish. I called; but there was no answer; and finding that all search was fruitless, I now returned to the spot where I had deposited my precious burden. Here, to my surprise, I found the whole family united, awaiting my return, in order to overwhelm me with gratitude. The old Count had saved the life of his consort. His

little boy had escaped, no one knew how. I was pressed into their carriage, and accompanied them home. This was the second stage of my misfortune.

"Thus introduced into the family of the Count, the humbleness of my birth was for a time overlooked, and numerous opportunities were afforded me of rendering Isabelle acquainted with the state of my heart. It was long, however, before the secret of my passion passed my lips; but, when, in a moment of high excitement, while prudence slumbered, and the natural timidity of love was forgotten, it burst forth in spite of me, I found that, whatever might be the aristocratical feelings of her family, my beautiful mistress entertained no prejudices respecting blood or rank, but regarded all human beings as God regards them. This discovery appeared to elevate me to the summit of human happiness. I loved and was beloved; which, in the blindness of my sinful state, I considered to be all that was requisite to constitute complete felicity; and if Providence had then vouchsafed to proffer me the fulfilment of all my wishes, I should have asked for no more. Even now, when, from this calm and holy retreat, I look back upon those moments of delirium, I cannot regret that my soul has passed through them; so much do they seem like glimpses of the beatitude that is to come! You know the gardens of Montvert. There, in the warm serene summer evenings, when the sky was paved with curled clouds, between which the evening star showed at in-

tervals its small bright disk of gold, we walked together, with beating hearts, frequently too happy even to speak, and satisfied with gazing at each other's faces. My heedless, impetuous disposition soon brought a cloud upon my happiness. Forgetting that if Isabelle was omnipotent over me, she was not so over fate, and circumstance, and the world, I neglected to conceal my passion for her, which, being perceived, caused me at first to be coldly received by the Count, and shortly afterwards to be excluded altogether from his house. It was beyond his power, however, to shut out my image from the heart of his daughter. In proportion as the love of others was withdrawn from me, hers threw its balm and its perfume more profusely upon my heart; and assuredly to be well with her would have been more than recompense sufficient for being at open war with all the rest of mankind. When I could no longer be seen at the chateau, Isabelle, with a young friend of her own sex, contrived to elude the vigilance of her relations, and to meet me in the neighbouring forest, in the cottage of a poor old woman, on whose fidelity we ventured to rely.

"Circumstances having deprived my mistress of the countenance of her companion, our meetings were discontinued; until at length, impatient and unhappy, I in an evil moment besought her to venture forth alone; but, for greater security, to come disguised in man's apparel. She consented; for to what will not the con-

fiding nature of woman consent, when it is love that petitions? It was a mild, moonlight night in the time of harvest; and the smell, I well remember, of the ripe corn, which lay in sheaves upon the ground, filled the atmosphere, and called up every primitive and patriarchal association. I felt, as I stood beneath an old oak, waiting for my beloved, as if the golden age of the world had returned; and, verily, it had a real existence for me, as nature never could have looked more smiling and beautiful, even in Paradise, than it did to me at that hour. At length I discovered a figure, which I doubted not was that of Isabelle, approaching through a glade of the forest, and I instantly bounded away to meet her. She was yet at some distance, however, when a man rushed out upon her from between the trees, and bringing her to the ground with a single blow, was again lost in the darkness of the wood. All this was the work of a moment, and took place before I could advance ten steps towards the scene of horror. In another minute I was supporting my mistress in my arms, but the wretch had stabbed her to the heart, and in his haste had left the dagger in her body. This I drew out as gently as I could, but her life came with it; and she expired with my name upon her lips. Her blood had flowed over me, as I held her in my arms, and pressed her to my heart; and had drenched my clothes completely. This told against me afterwards; but at the time I received every drop of it with eagerness, as if I had thought it

would have been a crime to allow so divine a life to be spilled upon the unhallowed ground. Who was the murderer, or what could have been his motive, I fear will never be known, till the day of doom shall reveal the secrets of all hearts; but as my spirit hopes hereafter to hold communion with God's spirit, I am innocent of this fearful deed, though no asseverations of mine will ever, I know, absolve me from suspicion on earth, or cease to cling to my name, even when my soul shall have returned to him who gave it.

"That I neglected to pursue the murderer, is true. My enemies are welcome to what they can infer from that. But I was too completely absorbed at first by interest about the fate of my mistress, and afterwards by grief and anguish and horror, to give a thought to the demon who had reaped down at a blow all the hopes of my heart. Little, however, did I then think that *I* should be suspected of a crime worse than that of Cain —of a crime for which the very devils would have excluded me in abhorrence from hell!—Oh, my Father!—But I must dash away these burning tears from my cheeks, and proceed. In the morning I was discovered by some peasants of the neighbourhood close to the bleeding body of Isabelle, with the dagger in my hand, and madness in my eye; and was dragged away to the chateau. The salutary horror against crime, which Nature has implanted for wise purposes in our souls, now made strongly against me. It was thought that in some fit of

jealousy, or frenzy, or for some unaccountable motive or another, I had murdered my mistress; but that, repenting afterwards, the terrors of a guilty conscience had chained me to the spot. In the bitterness of my suffering I confessed, also, to every one, that I alone had been the cause of her death, which was true, inasmuch as it was for my sake that she had exposed herself to danger. These circumstances were quite enough to convince her family and the world that I was a murderer, and they hurried me away to prison, where every ordinary criminal regarded me with detestation. These feelings still continued in powerful operation when my trial came on. I was condemned, protesting my innocence, and professing my readiness to die to have that innocence believed.

"When sentence had been passed upon me, I was taken back to my cell, into which I was thrust without pity, like some ferocious beast, for whom man could entertain no sympathy. I had now but two days to live. The world, with all its vanities, seemed to steal away, like the unsolid footing of a dream, from beneath my feet; and eternity, like an ocean, shoreless, fathomless, dark, tremendous, came rolling towards me, to swallow up my being in its mysterious tide. God alone can comprehend the anguish which then fastened, like a demon, upon my soul. In the transports of my agony, I began to believe myself actually guilty of the murder. How, I began to say to myself, am I sure it was not I?

Perhaps, in some access of frenzy, I stabbed her; and the idea of the man who flitted across the glade, inflicted the wound, and disappeared for ever, is a mere creation of my brain, maddened by guilt, and seeking to unburden itself of the weight of crime! Then, however, more sane thoughts would follow. I was conscious of having loved her to the last moment. No cause for anger, for unkindness, for strife, had arisen. Our passion, like the summer sun, had risen, and set in calm and tranquillity. She died pronouncing my name, and I would perish with hers upon my lips. Perish! Hah! With that thought came shuddering, and fear, and doubt, and horror. Was I prepared to render before the throne of God, an account of all my actions, thoughts, wishes, desires? Should I not be in some sort a suicide, since it was by indulging a passion which I then began to consider unlawful, that I had brought death upon the object of my idolatrous affection, and now was about to bring it upon myself? To die as a murderer upon the gallows, a butt to the scorn and hatred and abhorrence of mankind! To feel, as it were, while living, the fingers of death among my heart-strings—to be sucked into the whirlpool of oblivion—to descend, scarcely yet cold, into the grave—or, more horrible still, to be thrown like the carcass of some worthless animal upon the dissecting table for the amusement of anatomists! And then, my father,—my mother!

"Alas! too, how dearly did I then perceive the imperfections of civil society—the terrible responsibility which man takes upon himself, when, under whatever pretence, he deprives one of his fellow-creatures of life! Here, a number of men had clubbed together, as it were, to commit in their blindness and ignorance a deliberate murder, after which, they would sleep quietly in their beds, and imagine they had done God service! There was some mystery in the faces of the people about me. Their features, whenever any of them approached me, were screwed up into an expression of determined unbelief. They would see nothing but a murderer in me. They discovered guilt in the very vehemence with which I protested my innocence. The priest, poor man! who came to probe the condition of my soul, thought me perverse and hardened, because I would not acknowledge the commission of the crime. Then life, mere existence, the privilege of breathing the common air, appeared of unspeakable value. The very fly that crawled in the dim light, upon the wall of my cell was endowed, in my eyes, with a dignity, a glory, and an elevation in the scale of existence, of which the blind fury of my fellow-creatures was about to deprive me.

"But agony as well as happiness must have an end. Before the morning of execution arrived, a kind of apathy had seized upon me, under the influence of which the circumstances and persons about me ap-

peared like the creations of a dream, agitating, loathsome, horrible, but still capable of being endured. The feelings that weighed most fearfully upon me was the certainty of my fate. Had there seemed to be a chance, however trifling, of escape, my mind would have laid hold of it, magnified it, and by placing it, if I may so speak, close to the intellectual eye, would thus have almost entirely excluded everything else, as the universe is hidden from the natural eye by a small pebble or a leaf. This is the mental process which enables the soldier to go heedlessly and coolly into battle. But there appeared to be no chance for me. I felt myself linked by an indissoluble chain to a cluster of horrible circumstances, and had only a few steps more to take before I could find myself in the united embrace of death and infamy, whose tortures, for aught I knew, might only be the forerunners of those of hell. I then felt most exquisitely the capacity of the immortal spirit within me to suffer. My body seemed nothing more than a veil of gross matter, thrown round the form and lineaments of a god, to lay him open to the approaches of pain, as the garment of the centaur was wrapped in inextricable folds round the body of Hercules. My ideas, which, during the preceding part of my life, had seemed to be merely the reflex and images of things, were now transformed into so many demoniacal essences, endowed with life and inextinguishable activity,

and intent upon devouring the brain that had conceived and nourished them.

"At length the fatal moment arrived: I was placed in the hurdle, the horses moved forward, and the fiends who had collected together to see me murdered by the idiotic interpreters of the law, set up a shout, or rather yell of triumph, as if some new Python were about to be removed from the world. Perhaps the real murderer was there, with hell in his breast and in his eyes, looking on my seeming confusion. I once or twice looked around me, unintentionally; but quickly withdrew my gaze, on beholding the terrible expression which sat on every countenance. The lips were drawn hard against the teeth in a kind of hideous smile, which told most distinctly how glad they should all be to see the last of me. The sun, however, and everything in the creation but man, wore a kindly aspect, and this I took to be a revelation of the disposition of my Maker towards me. I now closed my eyes, determined to open them no more in this world, and sought by a desperate effort of the imagination to recall the tranquil delight, the blissful moments I had once enjoyed with Isabelle; and I swear to you, my brother, that so pure, so holy had my love been, that I thought it in that awful moment the best garment in which my trembling soul could appear before its Maker.

"The sudden stopping of the car at the foot of the gallows gave a horrible shock to my brain. I started,

and in spite of my resolution to the contrary, opened wide my eyes, as if instinctively, to take a farewell look of the pleasant world from which I was to be forced away for ever. The hideous post, the cord dangling from it, and the fiend in human shape who was to fasten it about my neck, were the first objects that presented themselves. I threw a wild hurried glance over the vast crowd now collected round: but lest the sight of them should awaken unkindly feelings, unbecoming the mind of a Christian at so awful a moment, I once more closed my eyes, and prepared to meet my doom. The executioner now led me up the ladder to the scaffold, placed the rope about my neck, and the priest, having performed his duty with me, struck the footing from under me, and I was suspended in the air. Death, for I may so call it, was in itself nothing. A few terrible convulsions—a fiery light in the eyes—a few confused pangs in the brain, and all was over.

"Whether the action of the thinking principle was ever totally suspended or not, is more than I can determine; but the moment in which the first ray of consciousness was shot into my soul, I seemed to be lying at the bottom of an immeasurable ocean, whose sounding waves were rolling in eternal murmurs over my head. A weight, like that of the whole world, seemed to be pressing upon my breast and upon my eyelids; and yet I appeared, even though my eyes were thus forcibly kept fast shut, to be conscious that I was sur-

rounded with dazzling light, while a mighty and magnificent creation, the exaggeration of the world I had left, stretched itself out before me. Oceans, mountains, cities, skies, and beings of celestial form and superhuman stature, thronged upon my inward sense, and oppressed me with their grandeur. Rainbows of immeasurable span appeared to throw their glowing arches over plains studded with gigantic flowers; cataracts foamed and thundered from inaccessible cliffs; and rivers of molten silver rolled, like vast shining serpents to the sea, over beds of golden sand.

"By degrees the glory of the vision faded away, and pain, sickness, and inexpressible loathing followed. At length my soul burst suddenly from this dream-like state; I became sensible of all that had passed; my eyes opened, and a sense of horror still more intolerable than anything I had yet experienced seized upon me. Indeed, I am almost persuaded that had I awakened in the nether world, and found myself in the fangs of demons, my sufferings could scarcely have been more exquisite than they now were. To confess the truth, I did not as yet feel at all sure that I was not in reality plunged into those dismal regions where 'hope never comes that comes to all;' for the first sounds which grated upon my ears were blasphemies, oaths, howlings and contentions, such as we commonly imagine to be the entertainment of the damned.

"Looking wistfully and fearfully about me, I found

myself in a large dreary chamber, into which some faint rays of a light, resembling that of day on earth, found their way I knew not how ; while to aid the effect of these scanty beams, a small iron lamp had been kindled, and placed upon a rude table at the farther end of the room, around which, a number of fierce-looking men, in military costume, were seated, engaged in gambling. One of these men, with a halbert in his hand, stood half-way between the gaming-table and the door, as if hesitating between pleasure and duty ; but at length the allurements of sin prevailing, he threw his weapon upon the ground, and joined the rest of the crew in their orgies.

" I now clearly saw my position. The horrible suspicions, suggested by the wanderings of my mind, that having passed through the valley of the shadow of death, I was really in hell, and that the hideous beings whom I saw before me were demons, quickly gave way as reason resumed its empire. I now felt thoroughly convinced that I was still alive and upon the earth ; and the love of existence not having been extinguished by all that I had undergone, I began to consider within myself whether I might not even yet escape. Who or what the men were whom I saw in the room, was more than I could conjecture—for my brain was still somewhat confused—but I did not for a moment doubt that they were placed there to keep watch over me, and therefore repressed the first natural impulse to throw

myself upon their mercy and implore their protection. I had now, indeed, learned to look for no mercy or justice from man — innocence was no shield, virtue no defence. I therefore eagerly watched my ruffianly guardians, quarrelling over their petty gains and losses, drinking deeper and deeper, and becoming every moment more regardless of their charge, in the hope that Providence might present me with some opportunity of escape. The daylight I perceived, to my great joy, was fading away. The lamp upon the table yielded but a dim and feeble light; and though the soldiers, in the intervals between the games, sometimes cast a careless glance upon the bed where I lay, not one of them ever came near me to observe whether I were alive or dead.

"Contrary to custom, the bed, which was hung with thick dark curtains, was open at the foot; and it was by that opening that I now hoped to escape. By degrees, with infinite care and caution, as the slightest noise might have roused the vigilance of my guards, I slided down to the foot of the bed, pausing every moment to observe whether my movements had excited their attention. Seeing that they still continued their amusement with much noise and brawling, I put out one of my feet between the curtains, and was about to descend upon the floor, when a man entered the door, which was exactly opposite the bed, with a bottle in his hand; and discovering the foot of the corpse, for I had

not had time to withdraw it, he uttered a loud shriek of terror, and dropped his burden upon the floor. The soldiers, alarmed by the cry, started from their seats; but being already intoxicated, and half furious with excitement, they listened to the man's story with scorn, and, cursing him heartily for the good liquor he had spilled, they bid him hastily to seek for more, and returned to their gambling. The poor fellow himself, no longer discerning the terrible foot, for I had now carefully withdrawn it, imagined that his own fears had deluded him, and rapidly retreated, leaving in his confusion the door wide open behind him.

"Convinced that I had no time to lose, as every moment exposed me to the danger of discovery, I now slipped down once more, and being barefooted, for the executioner had deprived me of my shoes and stockings, as well as of my coat and hat, I descended upon the floor without noise, and was fortunate enough to reach the door unperceived. Here, from the mirth and riot below, I discovered that I was in a tavern, and should probably have to pass through a crowd of persons before I could reach the street. However, I crossed a long corridor, and crept down the cold damp stairs, without encountering a single human creature, and began to conceive a hope that I should be able to discover some door or window by which I might issue altogether unperceived from the house. Having, however, searched about for some time in vain, the fear lest the soldiers

should miss me, and descend, harrowed up my mind, and rendering me desperate, I approached the room where the company were assembled, drinking and singing, as if from joy that the murderer of his mistress had received his reward. For a moment or two I stood behind the half-curtained glass door, trembling from head to foot, and eyeing with intense agony the throng of people through which I should have to pass. Among them were several soldiers, who, rendered vain-glorious by wine, were boasting of their valorous deeds, and tempting Fortune to present them with some new occasion of signalizing their courage. At this instant I opened the door, and I know not by what infatuation, put my head in, and looked slowly about the room. Had I known my own strength, I need have felt no alarm. They saw at once from my swollen neck and livid face that I was the hanged man, the murderer's corpse from up stairs, and the cheek of the most valiant was instantly blanched with terror, while their knees smote against each other, their teeth chattered, and their hair stood on end. The glasses which they were lifting to their lips were arrested midway—their eyes were fixed upon my horrible countenance—the angel of death seemed to have smitten them —and they were chained breathless to the spot, like the Babylonian king and his revellers, when the mysterious hand appeared writing upon the wall.

"In an instant I sprang into the room, and darting through the crowd, as though so many lifeless corpses

placed upright upon their feet by magic, was lost in the darkness of the street, while the drunken revellers were yet trembling where they stood, or striving to escape through the wall from the horrible phantom which their fears still presented to their imagination. Owing to the extraordinary terror which my presence had inspired, no alarm was for some time given; and, consequently, no pursuit set on foot.

"As soon as I found myself in the street, my guardian angel suggested the propriety of moving slowly. It was still early in the evening; but as darkness was abroad, there were, as usual, few people stirring, the Caennais, as you are aware, having a particular aversion to be out after dark. The smaller the crowd, however, the greater the danger, as my strange figure, which might have passed unnoticed among a vast multitude, was likely under present circumstances, to cause me to be detected. Indeed, I thought I could perceive, as I moved along, that the people made way for me with much the same sort of feeling, as that which induces them to make way for a rabid animal; though, perhaps, or rather undoubtedly, they regarded me as a poor mendicant, whom poverty, not the hangman, had reduced to a state bordering upon nudity. At length, discovering, as I roamed tremblingly and in terror, through the obscure streets, an old house which had fallen into decay, I contrived to slip into it unperceived, and crawling up the dilapi-

dated staircase, concealed myself among heaps of rubbish near the window.

"I had not been long in this place, before I heard a hue and cry in the street below; and, peeping cautiously out of the window, saw a number of gendarmes collected together directly opposite the ruin, and heard them enlarging upon the circumstances of my escape, and the rigours they should incur, in case I should not be retaken. From their conversation, I now learned that some suspicion being entertained, when I was taken down from the fatal tree, that life had not been totally destroyed, I had been placed upon a bed in a tavern, while a messenger was despatched to the principal authority of the city, then at his chateau, to know what was to be done with me in the event of my recovery.

"I now began to fear that my entering into the ruin had been observed, and that they were come with the lanterns and torches which they held in their hands, to examine it in search of me. Being greatly alarmed, therefore, I retreated to the back part of the house, and creeping out upon the window-ledge, dropped down into the garden, where I again hid myself among weeds and bushes, for some time; but, at length, finding that all was still, I ventured once more into the street, and keeping as far as possible from the great thoroughfares, emerged, in about half an hour, from the city, on the road to Bayeux.

"Grief and shame kept me from thinking of my

father's house, and whither else to betake myself I knew not. Strolling through the dark fields in a state bordering on despair, I at length knelt down beside a stone, to ask counsel of God by prayer, and having poured out my sorrows to him who is never deaf to the afflicted, I wept bitterly. After this my spirit appeared to be refreshed, and my eyes turned instinctively towards heaven, where the everlasting lamps of the firmament were burning as of old, and shedding a cheering and religious light upon the abode of mortals. The spell which had bound me to the world had now departed, and I felt that if God in his mercy would release me, I could be content to die that moment; though I still shuddered with horror at the thought of being precipitated into eternity by the violence of my fellow-creatures. The holy calm of religion descended upon my soul. My passions died away like a taper that is burnt out. The spirit of devotion took possession of me. I was rapt. Just then the bells of the neighbouring Abbey of Ardennes rung out solemnly but beautifully, to sound the brotherhood to their midnight devotions, and the sound spoke like the voice of an angel to my heart, and informed me what I should do. In the world I had now no abiding place. I was an outcast—a malefactor—a monster to be pursued to the death by the laws. Here, close at hand, was a place of refuge, where, as in the grave, the wicked must cease from troubling, and where the weary might be at rest. The dawn of my life had

been given up to the love of one of the noblest of God's creatures. That fair being, beloved and cherished even above my own soul, had now vanished like a morning dream, and with her the prime glory of the earth had also departed. Wherefore, then, should I again seek to mingle among mankind, seeing that though, to borrow the word of the Psalmist, I might go to her, she could never return to me? To smile, to indulge in one pleasurable feeling, after death had closed those beautiful and beloved eyes, which had been my earthly cynosure, appeared, in the frame of mind in which I then was, a species of impiety, an abasement of my spiritual nature, of which I should have blushed to be guilty. There being, therefore, among all created things, nothing more beautiful or pure than she, to which my spirit could attach itself, I at once elevated my affections to the source of all beauty and all purity, and sought for happiness in the bosom of God. There, at midnight, in the presence of the stars, I devoted myself soul and body to my Maker, and taking sanctuary in this convent, I became a monk, and shall never put foot beyond its precincts while life remains. Before many years revolve, however, I feel assured that my spirit will be united with her spirit before the throne of God.—Adieu."

MODERN LOVE.

BY ALEXANDER BALFOUR.

The sportsman Love, a youth of skill,
Since time began by all confessed,
For want of nobler game to kill,
An arrow aimed at Florio's breast.

To miss his mark was something new ;
He bent his trusty bow again ;
Three times his whirring arrow flew ;
And thrice the archer shot in vain.

Then at his mother's feet he flung
His well-stored quiver and his bow,
With sobbing heart and faltering tongue,
Cried, " Take these weapons, useless now !

" Three times I've aimed at Florio's heart,
And thrice has he my skill defied ;

My blunted shafts still backward start,
  While he nor shrinks nor turns aside."

The Queen of Love with fondness smiled;
  " Take up your arms, my son," she cried,
" I will avenge my darling child,
  And punish Florio's stubborn pride."

She strung his bow with auburn hair
  That flowed on Cynthia's snow-white neck,
And said, " Cheer up—for sport prepare;
  Your arrows now *must* take effect."

He trusted to the magic string;
  With steady hand his bow he drew:
Swift through the air, on viewless wing,
  The erring weapon harmless flew.

She gave a shaft, dipped in the beam
  Of beauteous Mary's bright black eye;
" This must be fatal, as the gleam
  Of lightning, darting from the sky."

Still dauntless, he received the shock,
  His indurated heart unmoved;
A feather on the flinty rock,
  Had just as formidable proved.

"Take this," she cried, "'twill vengeance wreak;
Its feathered wing with crimson glows;
It is a blush from Laura's cheek,
And sweet as morning's dewy rose."

It struck his adamantine form—
He fearless, grasped it in his hand;
Then glanced a look of haughty scorn,
And flung it shivered on the sand.

An arrow, winged with sparkling wit,
With keenness cleft the yielding air,
And Florio's naked bosom hit,
But failed to make impression there.

Each charm that e'er in woman shone,
Each virtue that adorns the mind,
Was hurled against that heart of stone;
Yet none—not one—could entrance find.

The archer had his quiver strained
Against a bosom stern and cold;
One arrow only now remained,—
He tipped its gleaming point with gold.

With feeble arm and careless aim
He reckless launched the gilded dart;

It shook the clodpole's trembling frame,
And deeply quivered in his heart.

"No more, my son, disgrace your arms!"
The Queen of Beauty cried, and frowned;
"What boots the loveliest female charms,
Since gold alone has power to wound?"

THE END.